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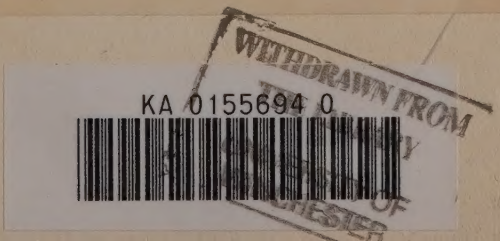

A SPEAKER'S COMMENTARIES

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A SPEAKER'S COMMENTARIES

BY

THE RIGHT HON.

JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER

VISCOUNT ULLSWATER

G.C.B., LL.D., D.C.L.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1905–1921

VOLUME I

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

On retiring from the Speakership in 1921 I was pressed by several friends and others to write an account of my experiences in the Chair, which I occupied for a considerably longer period than most of my predecessors. So far as I know, Arthur Onslow and Sir Charles Manners Sutton are the only two whose terms of office exceeded sixteen years, the length of the duration of my term of office. The former was Speaker for thirty-seven and the latter for seventeen years. A multiplicity of engagements both at home and abroad have, until lately, left me little leisure for the task. I have also been doubtful whether I could add anything fresh to the record of Parliament during the thirty-eight years of my membership. The vigilant eyes of descriptive writers in the Press gallery and their daily or weekly contribution to their several journals have given to the public a very detailed account of the personalities and proceedings of the House during that period. The Speaker is not "behind the scenes" like a Cabinet Minister. He has no secrets to reveal or to suggest. His daily, or nightly, work is done in the face of all. There is nothing hidden from the public gaze.

It is with some hesitation therefore that I venture to add another book of memories to the already long list of contemporary annals; but as it has been my good fortune to have known a number of persons, who have played important parts on the national stage, and to have taken some share in public affairs during many

years, a record of my life may not be without interest to the reading public. It is written with no literary pretensions but with an honest and sincere desire to describe faithfully events in which *pars parva fui*.

ULLSWATER.

July, 1925.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I	Early Recollections—My Father's Family—My Father	1
II	School—Lowther Castle	21
III	King's College, London—My Mother's Family—My Mother	42
IV	1872–1874. Northern Circuit—Tours Abroad—Robert Lowther	61
V	1874–1878. Cambridge Friends—Marshal to Judges	74
VI	The A.D.C.—The O.S.—Ampthill Park—Lord and Lady Wensleydale	97
VII	1879–1883. Called to the Bar—Chief Baron Kelly—Lord Justice Bramwell—Northern Circuit—London Society	127
VIII	1883–1885. Campsea Ashe—I Enter Parliament—Rutland—General Election of 1885	152
IX	1886–1888. My Marriage—I Re-enter Parliament—Appointed a Charity Commissioner	181
X	1889–1891. Trip to Tunis and Sicily—The Shah of Persia—Oberammergau—Appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs	200
XI	1892–1894. Venice Conference—Uganda Railway—General Election—Corsica	224
XII	1894–1895. British Columbia—Theodore Roosevelt—General Election—Visit to Greece	244

CHAP.		PAGE
XIII	1896–1897. Duties as Chairman—Hunting with Mr. Garth—Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria .	263
XIV	1898–1900. Death of Mr. Gladstone—Become a Privy Councillor—Visit to Holland—South African War	280
XV	1900–1902. Augustus Hare—Death of the Queen—King Edward opens Parliament—Obstruction—Hutton John—Education Bill . .	299
XVI	1902–1904. Coronation of King Edward—Mr. J. Chamberlain's Policy—Death of "Jim" Lowther	323

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Portrait of the Author in Speaker's robes. From a picture by Fiddis Watt presented to Speaker Lowther by members of the House of Commons over whom he had presided in five Parliaments . . . . *Frontispiece*

Colonel the Hon. H. C. Lowther, father of the House of Commons in 1867 10

The Hon. Mrs. William Lowther, mother of Speaker Lowther 50

Drawing by Charles Brookfield to illustrate a legal maxim that it is an act of bankruptcy for a debtor to pay no attention to a writ for a debt of fifty pounds . . 86

Baron Peake (Lord Wensleydale). From a pencil drawing by George, Lord Carlisle, about 1865 ; now in the National Portrait Gallery 114

Lady Wensleydale. From a water-colour drawing by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A. 118

Lord Justice Bramwell and Baron Cleasby. From drawings by the Author 130

Sir John Rigby addressing the House of Commons. Mr. Justice Fitzjames Stephen in pursuit of Mr. Digby Seymour and Mr. Waddy. From drawings by Sir Frank Lockwood 140

Mrs. J. W. Lowther at the Speaker's House . . . 180

Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. C. S. Parnell, and Sir Archibald Milman. From drawings by the Author . 230

CHAPTER I

Early Recollections—My Father's Family—My Father

My earliest recollection was of a tragedy—an infantile tragedy—but evidently a tragedy, otherwise the memory of it would not have remained till now. Whilst playing with some other children on the deck of the ship, which was taking my grandparents and myself to Petersburg in the year 1861, my hat blew overboard! I can see it now, floating in the wake of the steamer on the waves of the Baltic, and I can recall my consternation at this catastrophe, followed no doubt by an outburst of tears, soon, however, soothed by the tender sympathy of my devoted grandmother.

My grandparents, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, were on a journey to Petersburg to stay with my father and mother, and had taken me in their charge. My father was in the diplomatic service, and was at that time a Secretary in the Embassy there, the Ambassador being Sir Andrew Buchanan. I spent the winter at Petersburg, and have dim recollections of the view from our house on the Quay, opposite the fortress of S. Peter and S. Paul, now called, I believe, Fransouski Naberechnaia. The Neva was frozen over for many months, and had regular streets across it. I remember seeing an encampment on the ice of Laplanders with their reindeer in the islands, and on one occasion missing my nurse and wandering about forlorn until re-discovered. Another tragedy!

Of other events in that capital I remember nothing,

but in the following years we were in Berlin, and some of my life there still remains in my memory.

My father was then a Secretary of the Embassy there, and lived at first in a house, since pulled down, near a canal in the neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens. It had an Italian-looking tower and a small garden. When I was in Berlin some thirty years later, I looked for it, but the whole of that part of the town had been rebuilt, and it was gone.

In 1862 we moved into a flat in the Bellevue Strasse, the chief recollections of which are centred in a large white enamelled brick stove, such as was then, and possibly still is, customary in Prussian houses; and of constant messages from the inhabitants of the flat below, requesting that the children should make less noise.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on the 10th of March 1863, was celebrated by an illumination of gas-jets on the front of the Embassy house, which was then in the Pariser Platz, and I was taken to see the sight. It was a wild, windy night, and as the wind kept blowing out the flames, this provided an endless source of interest and amusement. Sir Andrew Buchanan was the Ambassador, and I then made the acquaintance of his family, an acquaintance which has continued to this day. Miss Louisa Buchanan, who subsequently married Sir George Bonham and died in 1923, was my first friend, for she showed me so much kindness and attention on that occasion that I became her devoted admirer. Another sister, Miss Fanny Buchanan, married, some ten or twelve years later, Mr. J. W. Clark of Cambridge, and with her I renewed my acquaintance when I became an undergraduate. Of George Buchanan at Berlin I have no recollection, but in later years I saw much of

him and watched with interest his career in the diplomatic service, which culminated in his Ambassadorship at Petrograd at the time of the critical and castastrophic scenes of the Romanoff régime, and concluded with his occupation of the post of Ambassador at Rome.

Another early recollection was that of a distressful scene when I formed part of the audience that witnessed some charades at Ampthill Park, in which my father appeared as Mazeppa, bound hand and foot to a rocking-horse. I was so overcome with emotion at this indignity to my beloved parent, that I burst into such lamentations as to cause my removal for the rest of the performance. This was in the year 1860.

The Crown Princess of Prussia, our Princess Royal, who had been married in 1858, was on close terms of intimacy with my mother. They shared the same tastes in literature, art and the humanities; and naturally my brother and sister and I were brought into frequent contact and communication with Her Royal Highness's children, including Wilhelm, subsequently the German Emperor, and now the ex-Kaiser. My recollection of him is that even then he did not readily brook contradiction, was masterful in our children's games, insisted upon always commanding our toy armies, and always claimed, though he had not always achieved, the victory. He would also insist upon my brother, Gerard, dipping his finger into the inkpot so that he, Wilhelm, should not be the only one to have, as he had, a black nail on his withered hand.

A children's fancy ball at the Crown Prince's palace gave us the opportunity for "dressing up." My sister Mary went in the dress of a Dalecarlian peasant, my brother Gerard as a Russian peasant, and I went in a suit of black velvet with powdered hair and tie wig,

intending to represent my ancestor, William, 1st Earl of Lonsdale. I wore a paper star in imitation of the Star of the Garter. The Crown Prince Frederick, who passed me in review, was not satisfied with the correctness of the imitation star, and taking off his own, pinned it on my coat and permitted me to wear it for a while. That is the nearest point I ever reached to being a K.G.

During that period I frequently saw the old King, later the Emperor William I, driving in and about Berlin, as well as most of the royal family, who played subsequently important parts in the Franco-German War of 1870.

Occasionally also I had an opportunity of seeing both Bismarck and Von Moltke, destined in the near future to become such prominent figures in the history of Germany. Even in those days militarism was the most prominent element in the life of Berlin: officers and soldiers in uniform were ubiquitous. The *Schildwache*, or Guard, at the gates of the town, used, as they do to this day, curious rests for their rifles, and as they turned out whenever any officer of distinction passed in or out, they were much in evidence and afforded a never-failing interest to my boyish curiosity. I particularly remember a very old general, whose name I think was Wrangel. He was a great favourite with all the children, because, as he rode about the town, he used to scatter handfuls of sugarplums to be scrambled for by his youthful admirers.

When my parents moved into the Bellevue Strasse, I was sent to a day school on the opposite side of the street. I have no very pleasant recollections of it, but I remember that we used sand instead of blotting-paper, that we were taken for walks in the Thiergarten and in the country, that every boy carried on his back

a little green tin case which he used as a receptacle for cockchafers, butterflies, or any objects of interest which he might happen to acquire, and that, when the weather was warm, we were conducted to an out-of-door swimming-bath in the River Spree.

At this time the American Civil War was raging, and, like most English at that period, my sentiments were in favour of the Confederate States. Now it happened that there was an American boy at the same school, whose sentiments were pro-Federal, and it became the delight of the German boys to set us on to an almost daily fight, in which, *bien entendu*, there was no reluctance on our part to engage.

In January, 1864, the Prussians and Austrians declared war on Denmark, upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, and I frequently saw trains full of Austrian soldiers in white uniforms as they passed round Berlin by the circular railway. This railway, long since abolished, used to pass round a great part of Berlin between high walls, and, where it crossed the main streets of the town, by level crossings, gave the opportunity for observation of which I availed myself. There was much excitement in Berlin over the storming of the Dannewerke and the siege of the lines of Düppel from which the Danes eventually retreated.

My other recollection of the Danish war is of the naval battle between a Danish gunboat, the *Rolf Krake*, and an Austrian squadron. Each country only possessed a few frigates (what a contrast to 1914!). These met in May, 1864, and the engagement resulted in the defeat of the Austrian ships. I was a passenger homewards in the liner *Batavia* from Hamburg to London, and as we passed near the spot in the neighbourhood of Heligoland, where a day or two before the engagement had taken

place, my boyish imagination was excited by visions of wreckage and drowning men, which, however, my anxiously watching eyes failed to discover.

During my parents' stay in Prussia they visited many of the picturesque old towns of the North; my mother being an admirable water-colour artist and never wanting in courage, would sit herself down in any street or public place which afforded a suitably picturesque view, and never heeding the crowd which such a performance was in those days bound to attract, persevere with her sketch until completion. My task was to endeavour to keep *Spitzbuben*, or vulgar little boys, from obstructing her view, in which I cannot claim to have been particularly successful. On one occasion my mother's enthusiasm for art led to an indiscretion. She was sketching in the outskirts of Danzig when she was arrested by a sentry, charged with espionage, and haled to prison. Fortunately the British Consul, Mr. White (afterwards Sir William White, our Ambassador at Constantinople), was within a few hours able to procure her release.

Mr. Robert Morier was at this time Secretary of Embassy at Berlin and my father was second secretary. In subsequent years Mr. Morier achieved much distinction in his diplomatic career in Madrid and at Petersburg. He was a big, burly man who believed more in the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo* as a rule for diplomatic conduct. My father, on the other hand, was a greater believer in the *suaviter*. Morier's mind was active, vigorous and masterful. My father's was slower, patient and official. The difference between their characters led to somewhat strained relations, which were accentuated by an incident the exact character of which never became known to me, but was due,

I believe, to a complaint sent home by Morier that soon after the decease of a royal personage at home, my father and mother had attended a party from which Morier had advised them to absent themselves. Be this how it may, the unfortunate differences between the two were never adjusted, but it was evident that the Foreign Office bore my father no ill-will in respect of the incident, as he was in due course appointed to succeed Morier in the post of Secretary of Embassy, now called Councillor, upon the latter being promoted to the headship of a mission elsewhere.

Amongst my pleasant recollections of Berlin are the winter parties in the Thiergarten, where I first learnt the art of skating, and some visits to the Opera House to see "ballets," which were then the fashionable form of theatrical entertainment and were more in the nature of a pantomime than of a Terpsichorean show.

A ballet called "Flick and Flock" was the first theatrical performance that I ever witnessed. It represented the adventures of two gentlemen who had been shipwrecked and by clinging to a telegraph cable reached the bottom of the sea. "Electra" was another fashionable ballet to which I was taken, and a visit to Kroll's outdoor theatre, in or near the Thiergarten, was an occasional reward for extraordinary virtue.

I was born on the 1st of April 1855, at 56 Park Street, the house of my grandparents, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, within a few yards of Oxford Street. The house has since been pulled down and in its place stables have been erected. I have always understood that there once stood, immediately opposite, the house in which George IV was privately married to Mrs. Fitzherbert. This house has also disappeared. I am told that I was

christened in water from the Jordan. I cannot vouch for this, but, if true, it should have given me a good start.

At the time of my birth my father was a Secretary in the Legation at Naples, then a Kingdom with whose Sovereign Great Britain maintained diplomatic relations. My mother had returned to London for "the event" post haste, but my father had remained at Naples.

My parents had no house in England. Being in the diplomatic service, my father had no occasion, even if he had had the means, to keep a home in England, as well as a house abroad; and at the house of my grandparents, whether in London or in the country, they always found a welcome and a *pied à terre*.

This leads me to give some account of my parentage, and for those interested in genealogies I have added in an appendix some branches of the family tree.

My father, William Lowther, was born on the 14th December 1821. His eldest brother, Henry Cecil, had been in the Life Guards, but had never seen any service abroad. He lived to succeed his uncle, William, 2nd Earl of Lonsdale, in the peerage and possession of the Lowther estates, and died in 1876. I remember him as a big, burly man, rather ferocious in aspect and alarming to young people, but not wanting in kindness or generosity, especially when acting as host at Barleythorpe in Rutland, where he was for some years, as his son, the present Lord Lonsdale, was for many years, Master of the Cottesmore Hunt. Although at times a strict disciplinarian, he was at other times too indulgent towards youthful peccadilloes.

Arthur Lowther, the second brother, was in the Rifle Brigade, but died at a comparatively early age, his

death having been hastened, it was thought, by the exertions which as a young man he had made in hunting a pack of beagles on foot. My father was the third and youngest brother.

My father's sisters were Cicely, Augusta and Constantia. Cicely married Talbot Clifton of Lytham Hall, Lancashire. I have always understood that my aunt Cicely entered into this matrimonial venture with great reluctance. She must in her youth have been a very handsome woman. Like most of her family, she was fond of sport and especially of dogs, of which in her old age she had a number. She was what is called a strong-minded woman, though no believer in women's rights, determined, obstinate, and in later years rather soured. She had many generous and unselfish qualities, and even went so far as to surrender the whole of her fortune to her younger sister Constantia, in order to enable her to marry the man of her choice. Her husband had become a Catholic, and as she was an ultra-Protestant of an uncompromising type, this difference in religious views led to some estrangement, which was not soothed by her husband's habit of making the sign of the Cross over any of her dogs he might happen to see. When I knew him, Talbot Clifton was an eccentric personage. He spent most of his time yachting. If ever any person was mentioned in his presence, he would enquire whether he was a good fellow, and being answered in the affirmative, was satisfied and made no further enquiry, but in the matter of his age would repeatedly ask for information.

The second sister, Augusta, was the last survivor of that generation. She married, rather late in life, Mr. Gerard Noel of Catmose House in Oakham, and surviving her husband, died in 1916.

I remember being present at their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, in 1863, and was accommodated on that occasion with a seat in the pulpit, from which elevated spot I first set eyes on Mr. Disraeli, who was among the congregation. The family house was 36 Bruton Street, which on the death of my grandfather was left to my aunt Augusta, and there Gerard Noel and she lived until they settled permanently at Catmose. Gerard Noel had a parliamentary career. He was one of the Whips of the Conservative party during Mr. Disraeli's administration from 1866 to 1868, and from 1874 to 1876. He then became First Commissioner of Works until 1880. He was the most tidy and precise man I ever knew. Immaculately turned out, punctual to the second, short in stature, a martinet in domestic concerns, of a ruddy complexion, his pain at seeing anything out of its proper place was at times carried to such a pitch as to verge on the ridiculous. He was very fond of gardening and particularly of shrubs, and had collected in his little garden at Catmose quite an interesting assortment.

The third sister, Constantia, I never knew. She married Colonel Wood and died at a comparatively early age in 1864.

To turn now to an earlier generation of my family. My grandfather was Colonel Henry C. Lowther, commonly known to us as the old Colonel or "old papa." As a young man he had served in the Peninsular War and was in the retreat to Corunna under Sir John Moore. On one occasion he rode a horse eighty miles with despatches, without either change or rest. He first entered Parliament in 1812 as Member for Westmorland. There he sat, as a silent member, for fifty-five years, and became the "Father of the House."

COLONEL THE HON. H. C. LOWTHER
Father of the House of Commons in 1867

When I knew him he was a tall man with a white beard and remarkably red face—short of speech and decidedly intimidating. It is said that he always referred to his elder brother as " My Lord " and to his sisters as " Lady Frederick," " Lady William," and so on. He was a fine horseman and hunted the Cottesmore hounds during his father's lifetime. Up to within a week of his death he was constantly in the saddle. His chief characteristics were extreme neatness, great punctuality and good manners. He also suffered from, or enjoyed (as the case may be) extreme diffidence in public speaking. It is recorded of him that on one occasion when he was compelled by circumstances to say a few words at a public banquet, his speech was limited to the one sentence, " Least said, soonest mended." On another occasion, at the declaration of a poll at which he had been returned as member over Henry Brougham, when the latter had made a long speech denouncing the Conservatives and all their ways, the Colonel only said " Gentlemen, I point to the poll." For many years he resided at Cottesmore near Oakham, but afterwards transferred to Barleythorpe, a small house and property also near Oakham, very conveniently situated as a hunting centre, which he left by his will to my father. He died in 1867, before his elder brother William, 2nd Earl of Lonsdale, and thus never succeeded to the peerage or property. There is a picture of him at Lowther by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of which I have a copy, representing him in the uniform of the 10th Hussars, standing by a cannon with the smoke of battle in the background. His wife, my grandmother, was Lady Eleanor Sherard, who died in 1848, and so I never saw her.

The eldest of that generation was William, 2nd Earl

of Lonsdale, who figures in fiction as Lord Eskdale in Disraeli's novels of *Coningsby* and *Tancred*. Though never a protagonist in the politics of the nineteenth century, he was always a firm supporter of Disraeli, was Postmaster-General 1841–1845, and President of the Council in 1852. He was Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmorland, and took the leading part in all the political life of those counties. He was a great art collector, buying much French furniture and many old Masters, chiefly on the advice of Mr. Baldock, Mr. Broadwood, and a well-known dealer named King, who amassed a large fortune and was considered as the best art connoisseur of his day. A great many of these treasures were sold at Christie's on the occasion of a sale which had perforce to take place about the year 1880, when my cousin St. George had succeeded to the possession of them. I remember him only in his declining years, about 1869 and 1870, when he used to delight in entertaining a large party of guests at Lowther for the summer. He was very kind to the young people who were assembled there, and provided us all with ponies upon which we were in the almost daily habit of riding forth, a numerous cavalcade, under the leadership of Mr. Baldock, to scamper about the extensive park at Lowther or over the neighbouring fells.

The sisters of these two brothers were Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, Lady Anne and Lady Caroline Lowther. Lady Elizabeth was a very beautiful young woman, whose portrait was painted by Sir T. Lawrence. As she was travelling through Orleans, she happened to be taken ill there. This detained her for some time, and taking a liking to the place, she remained there all her life. Some said that unrequited affection, and no malady, was the cause of her self-imposed exile. At all events, she never

married. I possess a miniature of her which depicts her as a handsome young woman with dark hair hanging down in ringlets. She died in 1869.

Lady Mary married Lord Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, youngest son of Henry, 3rd Duke of Portland, and was the mother of Mr. George Cavendish Bentinck, for many years M.P. for Whitehaven, and familiarly known as "Little Ben," to distinguish him from another Bentinck who was in the House of Commons, and, being very tall, was known as "Big Ben." Lady Frederick Bentinck was an excellent water-colour artist. Her drawings are in the style of de Windt, whose pupil she was. She held a considerable position in London society and had been offered, but had declined, the position of Governess to King Edward VII when a boy.

Lady Anne married Sir John Beckett, a successful barrister, and at one time Attorney-General. They resided in the large house at the end of Stratford Place, where Lord Derby now lives, and there as a boy I used to see my great aunt. I have no very clear recollection of her, but I remember a full-length picture of George IV sitting upon a sofa, which used to hang in the hall. I used to think this was Sir John Beckett. Lady Anne Beckett died in 1871. For some years before her death she had been blind, and in order to enable her to find her way about the house she had had tapes stretched along the paths through the rooms where she desired to be, by means of which she could find her way without assistance.

Lady Caroline was the most remarkable of the four sisters. She married, in 1815, Lord William Powlett, who became Duke of Cleveland in January 1864. Her reign as a Duchess was short, for he died in September 1864, but as Caroline Duchess of Cleveland she was a

well-known figure in London society for a great many years. Her town house was 69 Brook Street, and towards the end of her life she resided at Osterley Park, which she took on lease from Lord Jersey. Previously she had occupied Downham House near Thetford, but found with advancing years that the worries and labours of entertaining a succession of shooting parties were greater than she cared to undertake. At Osterley she was able to entertain a succession of friends in greater or lesser numbers according to her inclination. She was extremely kind to me and I was frequently a week-end guest. She was a very remarkable old lady, a typical *grande dame* almost of the eighteenth century. As I knew her she was rather short, always walked with a stick, of a somewhat masculine appearance, wore an auburn wig and spoke in a very formal, staccato manner, never slurring or clipping her words, but careful to bring out the value of every letter. A great number of stories are told of her, illustrating her old-fashioned precision and regard for the proprieties, her contempt for modern innovations in social life and her courage in dealing with trying situations. Late in life she suffered from a cataract in one eye, but when the time came for an operation, she declined the use of an anæsthetic and underwent the ordeal without flinching. Owing to her defective eyesight she was unable to write with any comfort, and so she procured a typewriting machine which she habitually used. This was about the year 1878, and is only remarkable from the circumstance that hers must have been one of the earliest typewriting machines made.

At Osterley she had a resident doctor and secretary, whom I regret to say she bullied rather unmercifully, Dr. White by name. On one occasion Dr. White, whose duty it was to read family prayers on Sunday evenings,

at which the whole of her extensive household attended, was performing this function in a manner which gave little satisfaction to the old Duchess. She stopped him and said: "Doc-tor White. I am unable to un-der-stand one word you say. Pray allow my nephew James Lowther to continue your duties." It was a trying moment for all of us. On one occasion the Doctor having been given some important letters to post at Southall, forgot all about them and foolishly reported his negligence. Not much was said at the time, but on retiring to bed in the evening the old Duchess, stopping at the door and turning to her guests, amongst whom Dr. White was standing, said: "Good night, gentlemen. Good night, ladies. Good night, fool." She did not allow smoking in the house, and any guests who felt the necessity for tobacco had to make use of the saddle-room in the stables, some little way from the house, for the purpose. She used, in London, to drive about in a chariot, which she pronounced "charrot," with two tall powdered footmen, holding canes, mounted behind her. I have also seen her walking down Piccadilly with her two footmen following immediately behind, and I have known her take the air in a boat on the Serpentine, making use of the services of the footmen to row her about. On one occasion Dr. White, in writing to her, had addressed her as "My dear Duchess." She is reported to have rebuked him in these words: "I am not and never shall be your dear duchess."

It is said that whilst she was Lady William Powlett, she was on intimate terms with the Duke of Wellington, and that on one occasion whilst she was sitting in a compromising attitude with the Duke, her husband entered the room. Quite unabashed, she said, "Lord William, please to leave the room." He obeyed.

A contradictory side to her character was the protection and friendship which she extended to some whom London society treated as outcasts. Prominent amongst these was Spencer Lyttelton, who by reason of having made untrue defamatory charges against a lady was "taboo" to most people. She always remained on friendly terms with him, notwithstanding his social offences, and permitted him to say and do things in her house, upon which no other person would have ventured. Once, on the occasion of a shooting party at Downham, she had given instructions to the head keeper, at the conclusion of the week's shoot, to enquire of the guns if they desired to take any game away. Spencer Lyttelton gave orders to the keeper to send, in his name, fifty pheasants and twenty hares to a well-known poulterer in Mount Street, who would doubtless credit them to his account. This was duly reported to the Duchess, who, however, got the best of it in the end, for on the party assembling at dinner, she produced an account for fifty pheasants at 2*s*. 6*d*. each, £6 5*s*., and twenty hares at 3*s*. each, £3, and duly presented it to him before the assembled company, explaining to them what had occurred.

On another occasion Spencer Lyttelton, knowing that it was always the custom at Downham for the guns to have a half-a-crown sweepstake on the first woodcock killed, had instructed his valet to purchase a woodcock in London and to bring it out with him in his pocket. At the first stand Lyttelton, who was not in sight of the other guns, called out, "Woodcock! woodcock!" and fired two barrels. At the end of the beat, when the guns met, he claimed the sweepstake, and when some doubt was expressed as to any woodcock having been seen, he called upon his servant to produce the bird. The servant,

putting his hand into his pocket, produced a woodcock all plucked and trussed, ready for the table!

The Duchess objected very strongly to the free and easy manners of the younger generation, and particularly to the way in which, when she expected a curtsey from them, the young ladies would shake her hand, "as though it were a pump-handle."

At the time when the Clifton Suspension Bridge was in course of construction and before it was completed, she and her husband, at that time Lord William Powlett, were invited to inspect it, and walk across, notwithstanding its unfinished and somewhat alarming condition. She did not hesitate, and started off, but Lord William declined to follow, upon which she complained to her guide of the poltroonery of "that fool William." Towards the end of her life, when her memory failed somewhat, she always referred to her butler as "Lord Bellamy."

Notwithstanding her eccentricities she had a large circle of friends, whom she entertained at Osterley, amongst whom I can recall Lord and Lady Chelsea (afterwards Lord Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Mr. Henry Mathews (Lord Llandaff), Sir H. Morgan Vane (father of the late Lord Barnard), Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan (the well-known actor and his wife), Lady Honoria and Lady Adelaide Cadogan, Mr. Augustus Spalding, and many others.

I revert now to the younger generation and to my father in particular. My father, who was born in 1821, was educated at a private school at Chester, to which he used to go and from which he used to return by coach; and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He entered the diplomatic service about 1840, and served through the various

grades of that service at Naples, Petersburg and Berlin. In 1866 he was appointed Minister to Argentina, but he never took up his post, for my grandfather, Colonel Lowther, dying in that year, my father succeeded him in the representation of Westmorland. Although he had served for twenty-seven years, he was never granted a pension. He fell between two stools. He was not qualified to draw a Minister's pension, and he had ceased to be a Secretary of Embassy. As he was also sound in body and mind, he could not claim one on the ground of ill-health.

My father sat for Westmorland from 1867 to 1892.

When I first remember my father, he was aged about forty, stood about 5 feet 10 inches, had fair hair and side whiskers, inclining to sandy, a good forehead, blue eyes and bushy eyebrows, a florid complexion, and a well-shaped nose and mouth. In later life he grew a beard. His portrait by Watts originally depicted him with whiskers. The portrait was finished, but owing to my father's absence abroad, had not left the studio, and Watts subsequently, on my father's return, added the beard before finally sending home the picture. Up to his death in his ninety-first year my father retained a wonderful head of hair which was the envy of his sons.

He was naturally a shy man and averse from publicity of any kind. When he was compelled to take a public part, e.g., at election meetings, he was a nervous speaker, though not without an occasional flash of sly humour. With his constituents he was retiring and distant, except in the case of a selected few, with whom he was on the most intimate terms of friendship and cordiality. By nature he shunned conflict; and, though not disinclined to an argument, would hasten to break it off, if it showed any signs of leading to a serious difference. He dis-

liked "scenes" intensely, and this often led him to avoid facing situations of difficulty or delicacy at an early period of their growth, with the result of having to deal with an aggravated position later. In private conversation he had much sense of fun, was fond of retailing anecdotes and of repeating quaint German expressions, and, though by no means a pedant, delighted in correcting verbal or grammatical errors in the conversation of his friends. He was a very good German linguist and well acquainted with the Berlin slang expressions of the period, when he was in residence in that capital; but he could also talk French fluently, and Italian adequately.

Having entered the diplomatic service early in life, he had few opportunities for pursuing sport up to such a point as to acquire proficiency in any of its branches, though he would occasionally hunt and shoot, and until he reached the age of seventy, was very fond of riding.

He was gifted with good artistic taste, and had a *flair* for picking up old needlework, furniture and knick-knacks in out-of-the-way places. These were extensively used in the decoration of his London house, Lowther Lodge.

He had a wonderful gift of forming close friendships with men very much younger than himself, and this fortunate characteristic alleviated for him the solitude of an old age which had witnessed the disappearance of most of his contemporaries.

He never really cared for the House of Commons, but, as a good party man and actuated by a strong sense of duty, he lived the life of the House without complaint, though without enthusiasm. He seldom spoke and his chief Parliamentary success was a tussle which he had in 1873 with Ayrton, a most unpopular First Commissioner of Works, over the decoration of the crypt

under St. Stephen's Hall, in which the Hon. Member for Westmorland was thought to have scored. He was very sentimental, and tears lay near the surface. Perhaps his sense of humour was his most strongly-marked characteristic.

For a number of years he was a director of the L. & N.W. Railway, and a regular attendant at the meetings of the Board, of which he was the oldest member at the time of his retirement. He was much attached to the work of the railway, and to his colleagues on the Board, by whom the attachment was reciprocated, and on the occasion of his golden wedding they presented him with a piece of plate which he always especially treasured.

His children were all devoted to him and he to them.

CHAPTER II

School—Lowther Castle

On my arrival in London from Berlin in 1864, I was lodged with my grandparents, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, at 56 Park Street.

I well remember the excitement caused by the Reform demonstrations in July, 1866, when a mob, led by Odger and Beale, passed along Oxford Street, and, finding Hyde Park closed against them, proceeded to pull down the park railings. These were not at that time a very formidable obstacle. The crowd, laying hold of the railings, began to swing them to and fro until the stones in which they were set gave way, the railings fell, the crowd poured in, trampled over the flower-beds and held their meeting, notwithstanding the proclamation forbidding it, issued on the authority of the Home Secretary, Mr. Spencer Walpole.

I spent the next years with my grandparents at Amphill Park. A dear little French lady, Mademoiselle Corinne du Jongand, who had been my mother's governess, became the instructress of my brothers and sisters and myself. She was a very gifted little woman and taught us French, German, the rudiments of Latin, history, and "the use of the globes." Photography was then in its infancy; she was a good amateur, and we were initiated into the mysteries of collodion, dark rooms and the printing process, in which we were permitted to take some part.

On the 1st of May 1865 I was sent to school at Brighton.

On my way through London I saw a sight which has long since disappeared from the London streets, viz. "the man in the green." The 1st of May was the chimney-sweeps' day, and parties, composed of curiously apparelled personages, sang and danced in the streets for the edification of the public and with a view to the collection of moneys from the onlookers. The chief figure was concealed in a large green extinguisher, made of boughs of trees and of flowers, with only his face visible.

Mr. Darch, the schoolmaster, was a tall, gaunt personage with a bald head and iron-grey side whiskers. He wore Gladstone collars and a frock coat, and was of a somewhat forbidding appearance and irascible in temper. Mrs. Darch was a German lady, the master mind of the academy, which she ruled with a strong hand, or pair of hands, frequently applied in rapid succession to the ears of delinquent boys. The school was at 21 Sussex Square, at the extreme east end of Brighton, next door to a house in which at one time Napoleon III had resided whilst he was in exile in England.

Mr. Darch had been tutor in Lord Bristol's family and Mrs. Darch had been governess there. When they left and married, Lord Bristol gave, or leased to them, the house in which the school was carried on, retaining for his own use the next door house. Mr. Darch's connection with Lord Bristol and Lord Bristol's connection with East Anglia, resulted in a considerable number of the pupils being drawn from that part of England. The late Lord Francis Hervey was Mr. Darch's first pupil, and certainly gave the school a good lead, for he developed into a Senior Wrangler and had a distinguished career in the House of Commons and as a Civil Service Commissioner.

Private schools of the present day show a vast improvement upon those of fifty years ago, but even amongst those of that time Mr. Darch's academy was rough; discipline was severe; food was coarse and none too plentiful. There was one dish which should have been attractive for boys, viz. prunes and rice, but as a matter of fact was very nasty. I did not discover until some fifty years later the cause of this, which was that Mrs. Darch habitually used it as a medium for conveying senna into the stomachs of the pupils without their knowledge or assent.

The sanitary arrangements also of the school were very defective, and would never have passed the vigilant criticism of a present-day inspector of elementary schools.

Some strange incidents occurred which caused much excitement amongst the boys. One Sunday morning two of the ushers, the French master and an English master, now a Canon and a pillar of the Church, fell out and took to their fists in a room adjoining the schoolroom. Mrs. Darch, who was with them, rushed into the schoolroom calling upon the boys to come in and separate them, which they soon succeeded in doing. The boys were not sorry to have the chance of pommelling their masters. After prayers in the evening, the masters shook hands before the whole school, but the boys were not deceived by this outward show of reconciliation; they knew better; they knew that next morning on the Brighton Downs there would be a duel *à outrance*, and that the school would be deprived of one of its pedagogues; but they were doomed to disappointment, for with Monday morning's school, both ushers returned and the normal school life was resumed.

At one time one of our ushers was a man named

Dodwell. Though a good scholar and teacher, he was of rough, not to say disgusting, manners, and if a boy failed to satisfy him in a construe, he would ask him to hold out his hand and then spat into it. Later on he shot at Sir G. Jessel, Master of the Rolls, as he came out of Court, and was confined in an asylum.

On one occasion, a big boy called Baldock, whilst being severely caned by Mr. Darch, closed with him, and after a struggle laid him on the floor. His justification was that Mr. Darch had, in caning him, raised his hand above his shoulder. It was a popular superstition amongst boys in those days that this was forbidden. I wonder if that is so still?

An usher named O'Leary was in the habit of laying his walking-stick across the backs and legs of laggards out walking. For this he was prosecuted and several of the boys were taken to the police court, where they had to doff their nether garments and display their bruises. I think the result of the case was that Mr. O'Leary was dismissed with a caution.

Twice a week we were taken to Brill's Baths and taught to swim by a one-legged instructor, who had a wonderful knack of applying his foot to the stomach of any pupil who appeared to be in danger of sinking, in his efforts to acquire the art of natation.

In summer we bathed in the sea opposite Sussex Square.

Athletics did not play so important a part as they now do in the education of youth, and we were left wholly without any instruction from our ushers, who were indeed hopeless duffers at all games. I was greatly attracted by a neighbouring gymnasium, called, I think, Mahommed's Gymnasium, where I was taught boxing and thoroughly enjoyed the trapèze.

At Darch's also I played my first part in private theatricals, taking the part of the Duke in the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice." Thomas Barrett Lennard played Shylock, but I cannot recall how any of the other parts were cast.

One day, Mr. Darch being dissatisfied with St. George Lane Fox's attempt to solve some arithmetical problem, dashed the slate on his head. The slate broke, Lane Fox's head went through the frame, and hung with the sharp edges round his neck, like a Chinese cangue.

I suppose that I had the Parliamentary instinct latent in me, even at this early age, for I started a miniature debating society, of which I was elected the first chairman, where we discussed with brevity and relevance the important topics of our schoolboy life.

Two sons of Mr. Brand, who subsequently became Speaker of the House of Commons, Arthur and Charles, were amongst my schoolfellows, and on his invitation we once went to Glynde, Mr. Brand's country place near Lewes, for a summer day's outing. Charley Brand was a toxophilist, and, anxious to display his skill, drew his bow and shot an arrow at some rooks passing overhead. He killed one. There never was such an outrageous fluke, but it very considerably enhanced Charley Brand's position and influence in the school.

Another boy whose position in the school was assured from the day of his arrival, was Arnald de Grey, a brother of the late Lord Walsingham, for on the day of his arrival (he came in the middle of a half) the school was given a half-holiday to celebrate the advent of an Honourable.

The only events of a public nature which I can recall, were the failure of the ship *Great Eastern* to lay the telegraph cable to America owing to a break in mid-

ocean, the death of Lord Palmerston (18th of October 1865), the Derby of 1867, won by Mr. Chaplin's "Hermit," and run in a snowstorm which reached as far as Brighton, the opening of the new pier, celebrated by a display of fireworks which we were taken to witness, and the great shower of meteors (November, 1867), which, however, we did not witness, as the boy (not myself) who had been told off to remain awake and call up the others when the first meteors became visible, fell asleep and none of us awoke until it was broad daylight.

Another notorious event which I just missed seeing was C. I. Thornton's celebrated hit over the old pavilion at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match (1868). I had come up to town for that event, but only got on the ground as the applause which greeted this feat was resounding round the ring.

Unless my memory is at fault, overhand bowling was just coming into fashion during those days, and, though our school did not produce an overhand bowler, we used to watch with curiosity and some scepticism the efforts of neighbouring schools in that direction.

Amongst the boys whom later in life it was my fortune from time to time to meet, were Sir John and Cecil Lister Kaye; Charles Drummond, the banker of Charing Cross; Charles Newton and his brother Frank Newton, the latter of whom had a long Consular career in Rhodesia and South Africa; Horace Plunkett, whose work in Ireland has been the one bright spot in that distressful country; George Morse, Lord Mayor of Norwich, and his brother Arthur; R. B. Harvey, later Sir Robert Harvey of Langley Park near Slough; H. S. Gladstone, who became rector of Honingham, Norfolk; Horace Peel, whom I met again and recognized after sixty years;

E. H. Baldock, already mentioned; Charles Brand, Master of the Southdown Foxhounds; E. O. P. Bouverie, who played racquets for Harrow and Cambridge; the three brothers Lane Fox, of whom one, St. George, shared with Edison the merit of the invention of the electric lamp; the three brothers Benson, of whom one, Frank, has won many laurels as an actor and the founder of the well-known Benson Company; Jones, now Sir Laurence Jones, a Norfolk Squire; Bernard Astley, who, as Lord Hastings, accompanied the Prince of Wales in 1875 on his tour to India and died during the trip; George Astley, who succeeded his brother as Lord Hastings and died in 1904; Seymour and George Bouverie; R. C. Toogood, a well-known London solicitor; Godard Bentinck, who sprung recently into fame as the ex-Kaiser's host when the latter left his army for the security of a shelter in Holland; Walter Banks of Kingston Lacy, Dorsetshire, a charming place with a fine collection of pictures; Clarke Thornhill, subsequently for many years in the diplomatic service; and my cousins George and Frederick Cavendish Bentinck.

There is an amusing story connected with the former, in which involuntarily he played a leading part. He had one day overheard his parents discussing Mr. Baldock, the father of the boy who resented being caned, and heard them say that he had at one time kept a china shop in Hanway Street and made money by painting white china. On the occasion of some schoolboy quarrel between young Bentinck and young Baldock, this imputation was cast in the teeth of the latter, who soon after repeated it to his father. Mr. Baldock senior resented the aspersion so violently that he challenged Mr. Bentinck senior to a duel, and called upon him to name his seconds. Mr. Bentinck selected Sir Rowland

Errington (the father of the first Lady Cromer) for one, who by his good offices and persuasive methods averted the duel and saved all bloodshed. I believe that he persuaded Mr. Baldock that he really did keep a shop in Hanway Street.

Godard Bentinck was partly Dutch and partly English. He was born in England and educated here. Shortly before the war of 1914, thinking that he was not properly appreciated in Holland, the country of his residence, he approached our Minister at the Hague, Sir Alan Johnstone, with a view to becoming naturalized as a British subject. When this came to the ears of the Queen of Holland, she chaffed him unmercifully about his knowledge of the new country of his adoption, enquired of him most particularly about the characteristics and policy of the various members of the British Cabinet, as to whom poor Bentinck had to confess complete ignorance, and insisted upon carrying on the whole conversation in English, nowithstanding her victim's repeated efforts to talk Dutch. The end of the story is that, on the 4th of August 1914, Bentinck rang up Sir Alan Johnstone and enquired if it was true that war had been declared, and on hearing the answer, he replied: "Please cancel my application for naturalization." What Sir Alan Johnstone's rejoinder was, history does not relate, but it was doubtless something emphatic.

Notwithstanding the peculiar incidents which I have recalled, my parents were evidently satisfied with the school, for my next brother was sent there for his education. After that the school passed into the hands of Mr. Cross, and my two youngest brothers received their education there also. The house is now no longer utilized for educational purposes.

In September, 1868, I was sent to Eton, being then

thirteen and a half years of age. My house was Vidal's, one of the last of the old Dame's houses. The Rev. Furze Vidal was a conduct, *alias* chaplain, the other being the Rev. Mr. Shephard. The house was situated on the left-hand side of the road, going to Eton from Windsor, opposite the little churchyard which adjoins Eton chapel. Mr. Vidal was not a popular dame, and I do not think his boys were popular with the rest of the school. He had a long auburn beard and his saponaceous manner concealed considerable astuteness. After leaving Eton he held a living in Suffolk, where he devoted himself to breeding hackneys. We used occasionally to get a rise out of him by proclaiming a "brosia." When the word was passed round that this was to occur, every boy turned up at supper, from which many were ordinarily absentees, and set to work to devour everything which was served. When the board was cleared, the clamour was for more, and more, until our dame's larder had been completely exhausted. This entailed upon him the laying in of a fresh stock of victuals and secured for us on the following days a supply of less stale eatables. I believe that the "brosia" has passed into desuetude amongst present Eton customs. There was an absence of discipline about the house which was demoralizing to the boys, and resulted, however, occasionally in severe restrictions and punishments, to make up for previously lost opportunities.

When I first joined the house there were few upper boys and a large number of lower boys. This resulted in each of the upper boys having several "fags." My fag-masters were Bevil Fortescue, then in 6th Form, and later Lord Baring, the present Lord Northbrook. The horrors and iniquities of fagging loom darkly in the criticisms of our public school system to those who

have not experienced it. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* probably set the ball rolling in that direction; but of those who have gone through the mill, either as fags or fag-masters, there will be few, I venture to think, who would condemn it. I do not propose to enter into any controversy here on its merits or demerits. During my time at Eton, the demand made upon the lower boys' time by their fag-masters was slight, the duties required were not degrading or irksome, and in return the fag became to some extent the *protégé* and care of his master, who at all events saw to his tidiness in dress and person.

My tutor was William Johnson, a great Etonian personage, a distinguished scholar, no mean poet, and one of the best known of Eton masters, both within and beyond the radius of the school. He was then one of the senior masters, and I have no doubt that his methods of teaching and his masterly scholarship appealed to boys of eighteen or nineteen, but it was completely lost on youths of thirteen or fourteen years of age. To them he was a most alarming personage and his methods were terrifying. He was short, bandy-legged and very short-sighted, and on a boy entering his pupil room, he would first sharply question him as to his name and the purport of his visit, then, fixing his gaze upon his feet, would enquire if he had brushed his boots. Whatever the reply, Johnson would address him as "You dirty little brat," tell him to "Get out," and probably add that he was a "Monster in human form, not fit to associate with gods or men." Such reproaches and objurgations, though possibly playfully meant, did not appeal to the sympathy or confidence of trembling youth, conscious of many false quantities and much dog-Latin in his attempts at composing elegiacs or alcaics. Johnson had also a disconcerting habit of taking a boy's copy

of verses and, without indicating any particular faults, tearing the paper right up the middle and returning it in that bisected condition to a despairing and dejected pupil. I can truly say that, with certain exceptions among us, we dreaded and disliked our tutor and that his methods were barbarous. What added to the trouble was that he made certain favourites, who could do no wrong, and whilst we were all abased, they were exalted. His pupil room was below Vidal's house, in Charley Wise's yard, opposite the entrance to " Pop." Access was obtained to it by passing under an archway, over which was a part of Vidal's house. If by any chance any troops from Windsor should happen to march with their band along the main street, Johnson would say: " Hats off to the British Army," and take us out to salute the passing battalion. He encouraged some of us to get up theatricals, and we studied and rehearsed " The Jacobite," but on the eve of its production the performance was forbidden by the superior authorities, so we got no further than dressing ourselves up and being photographed at Hills & Saunders. The parts were to have been taken by E. Scudamore Stanhope (now Lord Chesterfield), Ormsby Gore (the present Lord Harlech), Cadwallader Tetley (of whom I have lost all trace), Charles Drummond, Bingham (now Lord Clanmorris) and myself.

Dr. Hornby had just been appointed Headmaster in succession to Balston. During my stay at Eton I had two or three painful interviews with him. He always appeared to carry out his flagellatory duties more in sorrow than in anger, with an air of boredom and detachment from the whole proceedings. Many years later it was my good fortune frequently to meet Dr. Hornby at Keswick, where he had, while Provost of

Eton, a summer residence, and where he was one of my constituents. He was a dull preacher, a brilliant after dinner speaker, a good skater, a staunch Tory and a most agreeable companion.

Owing no doubt entirely to my own fault, it was my misfortune not to have come within the good graces of any of my form masters, except Wayte. We used to call him "Tolly Wayte." The nickname arose from his inability to pronounce his R's, and he used to exclaim, when his form became unruly, "I cannot tollywate this noise." His house was on the Slough road at the corner of Sixpenny.

At one time I was "up to" Hawtrey for mathematics. He was a dear old man, full of the milk of human kindness, but quite incapable of maintaining discipline. He used to go through the proposition of Euclid, which proves the exact similarity of two triangles and wind up his explanation by saying, "And so, my dear boys, you will see that these two triangles are equal in every respect." This statement, however, failed to carry conviction to his hearers, who met it by a chorus of "Which is absurd!" And then the matter began again *da capo*, with a similar finale.

The other chief dignitaries among the masters were Durnford, the Lower Master; Day, whom we used to call Parva Dies, by reason of his diminutive stature; "Jimmy" Joynes; Wolley Dod, a tall gaunt figure who marched with giant strides; Hale, christened "Badger" from his grizzly appearance; Oscar Browning, always late for early school; Dalton, surnamed Piggy, from his supposed resemblance to the porcine tribe; Mitchell, the great authority on cricket, familiarly known as Mike; Warre, who took charge of all boating affairs and subsequently became Headmaster and Pro-

vost; "Stiggins" James, whom the boys once hustled into Barnes Pool, when it was in flood; Frank and Harry Tarver, the two French masters, as dissimilar as any two brothers could be; and Luxmoore, sole survivor, I believe, of those I have named.

The delights of Eton life have been recorded in so many books, that there is no necessity for me to attempt to describe them. The worst side of Eton life has recently been described in Mr. Shane Leslie's book.

So far as I was concerned, I saw a good deal of both sides of the picture. Though I never obtained any distinction in any branch of athletics, I took a keen interest in cricket and football, and in the latter reached the distinction of obtaining my house colours. Rowing I never could abide. Only twice did I venture on the river, and on both occasions was swamped and had to swim ashore. I had succeeded in "passing" the swimming tests—the preliminary to permission to go on the river—within a day or two of my arrival at school.

The only events of schoolboy importance which I can recall as having occurred during my stay at Eton, were the defeat in one innings both of Winchester and of Harrow, and a great fight between Sir Hereward Wake and a tall boy named Ridley, which took place in a barn in the direction of Datchet, of which, however, I was not a witness. Whatever the Duke of Wellington may have said, or been reported to have said, about the fighting qualities which the playing-fields developed in the youth of Eton, there was no militant spirit amongst my contemporaries, who were satisfied with an occasional rag in each other's rooms. The Wake-Ridley fight was quite an exceptional affair.

At the entrance examination I had taken Lower Remove, the highest place then obtainable by a new boy.

At subsequent "trials" I managed to take a good place on each occasion, and in the autumn half of 1871 I secured the second place in the competition, open to the whole school, for the French and the German Albert prizes. These were, as their name denotes, founded by Prince Albert for the encouragement of the knowledge of modern languages. This, however, was to be my last term, for, notwithstanding my success in the direction just mentioned, my tutor, Johnson, advised my parents that I was not deriving all the advantages which an Eton education offered, and that more application to business and less to pleasure would be for my ultimate benefit. At this distance of time I have no doubt that he was right, although, at the moment, I considered that I had been hardly used.

Amongst my contemporaries, beside those already mentioned, with whom in later life I have been brought into contact, were Edward Lyttelton, subsequently Headmaster of Eton; Lord Justice Bankes; Mark Beaufoy, M.P. for Lambeth, philanthropist and a great breeder of champion bulldogs; Gilbert Vane, a brother of the late Lord Barnard and Rector of Wem, Salop; Ryle, the Dean of Westminster; Charlesworth, M.P. for Wakefield; Bartle Frere, the son of the great South African pro-consul; Garth, a distinguished Indian lawyer; R. Rimington-Wilson, a famous shot and champion amateur billiard-player.

Looking back now, at this distance of time, upon my Eton experiences, I cannot but think that in many respects the educational system then obtaining was deficient in many particulars. Too much time was devoted to games at the expense of study; there was no attempt, or very little, at giving any religious education or inculcating any moral principles; the system

of praepostors, by which boys were made responsible for marking in the form and obtaining excuses for the absentees from the masters of their respective houses, led to a great waste of time; there was then no Modern side or Army class, and the whole branch of science was treated with scant recognition. But when all is said and done, the chief advantage of the system was the education which the boys derived from their own companionship and the struggles and experiences which they went through in the little world in which they lived and moved and had their being.

During the summer holidays my parents took me with them to spend several weeks at Lowther, where my great-uncle William, 2nd Lord Lonsdale, used to entertain a large party of friends and relations with their young people. We saw little of the old man, who only appeared amongst his guests at dinner, to which the youngsters were not bidden. A formal interview on arrival, another on departure, and an occasional meeting in the garden or at a cricket match, were the only occasions on which we met the veteran. He was then very old and shrunk, and wore a brown frock coat and blue stock, and shuffled along on the arm of his secretary, Mr. R. A. Robinson, or of one of his guests. Though he never married, he had been a great admirer of the fair sex, and was extremely kind and generous to his natural children, some of whom annually joined the summer party. Amongst those who generally spent a good deal of time at Lowther was Lord Malmesbury, who had been Foreign Secretary and a colleague of Lord Lonsdale's in former administrations. He still retained his love of sport, so frequently described in his Memoirs. Although he had lost a good deal of his activity, he used to go out grouse shooting on the moors at Shap, and first

initiated me into the art of rifle-shooting. Those were the days of the old Enfield muzzle-loading rifle. In loading, it was necessary to bite off the bullet from the rest of the cartridge, pour the powder down the barrel and ram the bullet home.

Mr. Baldock was another *habitué*. He was generally known as Bow-wow Baldock, from his blustering and somewhat aggressive manner of speech. He had originally, I believe, been engaged in business as a dealer in furniture and china, was a great connoisseur in all matters artistic, and had been Lord Lonsdale's chief adviser in the purchase of the numerous works of art which adorned Lowther and his town house, 14 Carlton Terrace. Baldock used to enjoy setting people by the ears, and in the miscellaneous party at Lowther he indulged his propensity to the full. He used to accompany us in the almost daily riding expeditions which we made; and his delight was to induce one of the young people, whilst crossing the moor, to attempt to ride across some bit of particularly bright green ground, which generally turned out to be a bog. On one occasion, however, the biter was bit, for in crossing a ford at Yanwath, between Lowther and Penrith, his horse plunged or slipped, he was thrown and got a severe ducking. He escaped, however, with no further damage than the loss of his watch and a bad cold.

Baldock met his death some years later in a curious way. He was inspecting a house in Kensington Palace Gardens, which was for sale, walked through a large plate glass door, which he had not observed to be glass, and was so severely cut that he died of the accident.

Baldock's son, whom his mother called "Bijou," though he by no means corresponded to such a pet name, being tall, broad and manly in appearance, had been

one of my schoolfellows at Darch's, and was the boy who had the encounter with Mr. Darch already described.

Sir William Baliol Brett (who later became Lord Esher and Master of the Rolls) with Lady Brett and their family, were also regular visitors at Lowther. Brett must have been a very good-looking man in his younger days, and his tall figure, blue eyes, fair hair and side whiskers still made an imposing impression. Lady Brett, who spoke with a foreign accent, had in her day been a great beauty. Their children, Reggy, Violet and Eugène, were often with them and formed part of our riding cavalcade. Reggy is the present Lord Esher. Miss Brett is Mrs. Dudley Ward, and poor Eugène died of typhoid fever caught in Egypt when serving with the Guards in the Egyptian War in 1880.

Lord Ranelagh also was often at Lowther. He was a great pillar of the Volunteer movement. He was bald, but used to pull a long wisp of hair over his head to conceal this defect and generally had a long cigar in his mouth. He also had a big bump at the back of his head and his language was forcible. Lord Ranelagh, whose family name was Jones, was the last of a long line, the first of whom, William Jones, was Standard-bearer to Henry VIII. One of the family gave his name to the well-known Ranelagh, the fashionable resort of the aristocracy in the eighteenth century. Lord Ranelagh died in 1885, when the title and family came to an end.

His daughter, who sometimes accompanied him, in later life married Mark Napier, the defender of Arabi Pasha.

The Rev. John Lowther, a distant connection, rector of Bolton in Cumberland, was then a very old and somewhat passionate gentleman, and Baldock was fond of getting a rise out of him.

Miss Anne Lowther, his sister, was a very remarkable old lady. She would take her brother's part and go for Baldock, who quite met his match in her. She had keen eyes, deep black hair (so kept by artificial means), a springy walk, a good figure and a sharp tongue. As there was no regular hostess in Lord Lonsdale's house, she endeavoured to take command, but her efforts in that direction were warmly resented by the other ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Broadwood, an elderly couple, and Mr. Francis Lowther (father of Claude Lowther, M.P.), together with my parents, completed the usual party; but there were other occasional visitors, amongst whom I remember Lumley—a strange apparition. The top of his head was bald, but he had a mass of dark auburn hair at the sides. He wore huge spectacles and was very short-sighted. He had been the impresario of the Opera, when it was situated where His Majesty's Theatre now stands, and had, in years gone by, been instrumental in obtaining the moral and financial support of Lord Lonsdale in operatic ventures. I believed that he was a Jew and Lumley only a *nom de théâtre*, but I have been told that he was connected with the members of the firm of well-known solicitors and also with the house agents of that name.

Our amusements at Lowther, in addition to the riding parties, consisted of cricket matches once or twice a week, expeditions to visit some of the neighbouring country houses, with which at a later date I became very familiar, e.g. Greystoke Castle and Lyulph's Tower, the residences of Mr. Henry C. Howard; Brougham Hall, which had been the residence of the great Lord Brougham (the bitter but defeated opponent of the house of Lowther), then inhabited by his brother William, Lord Brougham (the father of the present holder of the title);

Dalemain, the seat of the Hasell family, delightfully situated on the banks of the River Eamont; Edenhall, at the junction of the Eamont and Eden, the seat of Sir Richard Musgrave; Ravencrag on Ullswater, the residence of Mr. Anthony Parkin; and many other attractive spots in that beautiful neighbourhood. Mr. Parkin's house was on the lake and he had cut a rectangular hole through the wall of his drawing-room and framed it, so that, on pulling up a little blind which covered the view, a moving picture of the lake in its varying moods presented itself.

Mr. Hasell of Dalemain was a very highly respected country gentleman, with bushy eyebrows and a small tuft of hair on the end of his nose, who took an active part in the administration of county affairs and was chairman of the Penrith bench of magistrates. On one occasion a poacher, whom he had just convicted, fired a parting shot at him in these words: "Mr. Hasell, when I come out I'll take as many hares off your estate as there are on your nose!"

Mr. Hasell was the owner of a unique possession, viz. a deer-forest in England. The origin of it is doubtful; it is alleged to have been granted to an ancestor of the Hasell family by Queen Elizabeth; however, whether the grant is existent or lost, the forest and right of chase have been vested in the family for centuries, and the herd or herds of deer, for there are many deer on the ground, roam to this day over the mountains unfettered by any fence or artificial restriction.

Lord Brougham was a shy personage and difficult of access. He had decorated a little chapel at Brougham and arranged for Sunday evening services there, which attracted as many people from Penrith and neighbourhood as the chapel could hold.

A favourite excursion was that to Haweswater Lake. This lake was the sole property of Lord Lonsdale, and, except with his leave, no person was entitled to put a boat on the lake. This right was subsequently contested by a Mr. C. M. Wilson, a riparian owner, but he found himself unable to substantiate his claim. The lake and a considerable portion of the adjoining moors have now been sold by the present Lord Lonsdale to the Manchester Corporation, who were desirous of increasing their water supply, already largely derived from the not far distant lake of Thirlmere. At Haweswater one of the exciting moments of the day was the dragging of the net, when a good catch of trout was often made. A picture of this incident was painted by a native artist, Jacob Thompson, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Lord Esher. It represents a view of Haweswater Lake with a background of mountains. In the foreground are the fishermen drawing in the net, assisted by Mr. Robinson, and gathered together on a rocky promontory watching the operation are Lord Lonsdale, Lord Malmesbury, Sir Baliol and Lady Brett and their family, and Francis Lowther. Jacob Thompson was quite a remarkable man. The story goes that, when a boy, he had obtained leave from Lord Lonsdale to copy some of the pictures in the picture gallery at Lowther, and that Lord Lonsdale was so much struck with his talent that he undertook to defray the expense of his education in art. He achieved considerable skill in rendering the atmosphere and colour of the mountains of the Lake District, but was not so successful with figures, although he chiefly delighted to paint the latter. When considerably advanced in years, he took a trip to Italy, and from that time onwards neglected the mountains, which he could paint, for the figures which he could not. He lived at

Hackthorpe near Lowther, where we frequently visited him in his studio.

In the summer of 1870 we were thrilled by the accounts of the Franco-Prussian war, and I particularly remember the receipt of the telegram announcing the result of the battle of Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon III. The general sympathy in England at that time was for the Prussians. My parents, who had spent so much time in Berlin, and were well acquainted with most of the principal political and military characters, were keenly pro-German; but, on the other hand, Lord Malmesbury, who had for many years been on intimate terms with Napoleon, must have contemplated the stirring events of that autumn with much consternation and regret.

During our summers at Lowther my mother taught me to draw in water-colours. She was a great amateur artist and was indefatigable in sketching the delightful landscapes and views which abounded in that neighbourhood. She had been a pupil of Harding and of de Windt, and had learnt from the latter the art of applying the right colour in the first wash, a very difficult operation, but one which gave truth and strength to the sketch and enabled her to complete it in a comparatively short time. My father being Member for the county, took the opportunity of a sojourn at Lowther to visit many of his constituents, and to attend the numerous agricultural shows, which were then, and still are, among the important social functions of the county.

CHAPTER III

King's College, London—My Mother's Family—My Mother

My parents, on the advice of my Eton tutor, sent me in January 1871 to King's College, London. I resided at home and spent the day at the college. My parents, with my grandmother, had in March 1871 removed from Park Street and had purchased Eden Lodge, Kensington Gore, where Lowther Lodge now stands. It was a small white house, almost wholly surrounded by an area, standing in two acres of ground, at the corner of Exhibition Road (now called Prince's Gate) and Kensington Gore. It had belonged to Miss Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, at one time Governor-General of India. Immediately in front of the present front door of Lowther Lodge was a small house called Mercer Lodge, which formed part of the property and was pulled down when Lowther Lodge was built. At the corner there was another small building which served as the gatekeeper's lodge. It shared the same fate as Mercer Lodge. Eden Lodge was so surrounded by trees that except in winter it was invisible from the road. At the lower end of the ground, where Lowther Gardens now stand, there was a vegetable and fruit garden, but the produce of the latter used mysteriously to disappear just as it became ripe. This mystery was one day solved by my detecting that the culprit was the policeman whose duty it was to go round the grounds to protect the premises. Next door, between Eden Lodge and the Albert Hall, which had been recently built, was Franklin Lodge, the residence

of Lady Franklin, the widow of the Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin. The whole of that area is now occupied by a big block of buildings which goes by the name of Albert Hall Mansions, erected, I think, about the year 1880.

I found the routine of education at King's College, London, very different from that at Eton. Hard work was the order of the day. The hours were from ten to four daily, with a brief interval for luncheon and a half-holiday on Saturdays only. A good deal of time had also to be devoted in the evenings to the preparation of the next day's work. I had joined the department of General Literature and Science, and steady application was necessary to satisfy the staff of instructors and to maintain my place in the college.

Dr. Barry was the Principal and lectured on divinity. He was a big, burly man, with a loud voice and an impressive manner. Though not particularly popular with the students, his lectures were admirable.

Mr. Mayor, brother of J. B. Mayor, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was our classical instructor. Marriette, brother of the well-known French Egyptologist, taught French, Professor Buchheim German, and Brewer English Literature. Brewer was a quaint little man with a tousled head of hair, full of knowledge and humour, and a delightful instructor.

During the three years that I spent at King's College, I worked hard, and I look back with gratitude to the Institution from which I feel that I derived much advantage. I am bound in fairness to admit that it offered no competing attractions. There were no playing-fields, no football or cricket club, nor any other amusements; but I used to get exercise riding in the Row and playing cricket at Prince's Club, or fencing in the

saloon of Captain Chiosso, now no longer in being.

Once a week a few of us would meet in a debating society, where we discussed in formal manner the old debating society topics as well as some of the current topics of the day. I used also to attend classes on elocution, given by the Rev. J. D. d'Orsay, whom we naturally dubbed "the Jaded Horsey," and these I subsequently found to be of much value and assistance for reading or reciting in public.

Amongst my contemporaries at King's College, London, were Alfred Milner, whose brilliant career is too well known to require any particularization; Mr. Philip Lyttelton Gell; Sir Murray Hammick, lately retired from the India Council after distinguished service for many years in India; Charles Brookfield, with whom at a later date at Cambridge I became very intimate; William Laird Clowes, who had a turn for literature and published a College Magazine, giving promise of his literary attainments which culminated in his great *History of the British Navy*. The Prince Imperial was also a student there for some little time. He came daily from Chislehurst, where the ex-Empress Eugénie was then living, and was accompanied by a tutor. I never happened to be in the same class with him but he was reputed to be fond of practical jokes, yet was popular with those who knew him. His death in Zululand sent a thrill of horror and pity throughout England.

In the summer of 1874 I concluded my course at King's College and became an Associate, the equivalent of taking a degree. My chief feat in the scholastic line was in obtaining full marks for a paper on Becker's *Gallus*, a learned work dealing with Roman archæology; but I had also been successful in gaining prizes in French and German.

I often used to attend debates in the House of Commons, and was present on the 30th of March 1871, when Sir C. Dilke made a long and dull speech upon the London Conference; on the 8th of February 1872, when a vote of thanks was passed to Speaker Denison on his retirement; and on the 14th of March 1872, when the Ballot Bill was under discussion. I heard Mr. Gladstone introduce his Irish University Bill on the 13th February 1873, in a three-hour speech. The Bill was then well received, but later much opposition developed and it was finally rejected on second reading by a majority of three.

The drama had always appealed to me, and during my three years at King's College I had many opportunities of gratifying my taste in that direction. The first play that I ever saw in England was a melodrama called "No Thoroughfare," founded on a story by Charles Dickens. The part of the villain, Obenreizer, or some such name, was played by Fechter, and amongst the striking incidents of the play was a scene in the Foundling Hospital, in which a mother recognizes her boy; a scene in some cellar vaults, in which fungus, falling from the roof, leaves a blood-red mark on the hero's white waistcoat; and a scene in a snowstorm on the top of a Swiss pass, where the villain, after a struggle with the hero, hurls him over a precipice. In the end, so far as I remember, the hero is rescued, the villain is punished, and virtue is triumphant. I also saw Fechter as Hamlet. It is remarkable that a German, who had no particular claims to either good looks or a good figure, and who spoke with a decided accent, could have occupied so prominent a place on the English stage as Fechter did. Fechter had a similar success in Paris, where he played in French. He must have been a man of singular talent and dramatic power.

Phelps was another actor of the old days whom I saw more than once, in "Richelieu" and in Shakespearean plays.

When Irving took London by storm in 1871 in "The Bells" and "Pickwick," I was amongst those who were startled by his realistic performance in the former and delighted by his drollery in the latter play, in which he played Jingle. The old actor, whose acquaintance I made many years later, Mr. Odell, played Job Trotter.

Toole and Nellie Farren at the Gaiety were also a source of endless pleasure, when funds permitted of visits to that theatre.

During the siege of Paris the Comédie Française, driven out of their home at the Palais Royal, domiciled themselves in London, and it was my good fortune to see them play several of the classical pieces of their repertoire. Delaunay was the *jeune premier*, Got took character parts, and the brothers Coquelin were always a delight. Mme. Favart was, I think, the leading lady.

About this period also Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearances in London, one of which I was lucky enough to witness. In order to show her versatility she played three parts at an afternoon performance. She first appeared as a young woman in a one-act play, the name of which escapes me, founded upon the story of Enoch Arden. The second play was "Rome Vaincue," in which she impersonated an old blind woman with white hair streaming down her back; and her third appearance was as Doña Sol in the third act of "Hernani." It was a wonderful *tour de force*, and she then established in England a reputation to which her many subsequent appearances in this country only added fresh laurels.

I never saw Sothern in "Dundreary," but I saw him

in " Home," and though I cannot recall much of the performance, his polished and natural style made an impression which still remains. I also saw Charles Matthews in some of his characteristic parts.

At about this period the Bancrofts were " presenting " the series of plays by Robertson, which drew to the little house near Tottenham Court Road, where the Scala Theatre now stands, a succession of appreciative and delighted audiences. They were supported by a company of very talented performers, which included Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Robertson), Arthur Cecil, Clayton, Honey, H. Kemble, Marion Terry and H. B. Conway, of whom, alas ! but one or two survive.

More than once I also went to " Geneviève de Brabant " at the Philharmonic Theatre in Islington, when Emily Soldene sang the chief part. This operetta of Offenbach's became very popular and the little theatre in Islington must have coined a lot of money over it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bandman in Shakespearean tragedies gave me great delight, as also did Mme. Ristori in " Marie Antoinette " and Salvini in " Othello."

In 1871 I was twice present at the first trial (the civil trial) of the notorious Tichborne case, when Dr. Lipscombe, the servant Cole, Alonso and the black servant Bogle were under examination. Lord Chief Justice Bovill tried the case. Ballantine was counsel for the claimant and Hawkins and Coleridge for the defendants. The case was tried in the old Middlesex Sessions House, which occupied the same site as the present building, but was a humble and unpretentious edifice. The case lasted until the 6th of March 1872, and ended in the claimant being non-suited and arrested for perjury. I often used to see Arthur Orton (as he eventually turned out to be) whilst stepping out of his hotel in Jermyn

Street into his brougham. I used to walk that way to King's College on purpose to see him. He was a very big man, of coarse and plebeian appearance and weighed twenty-six stone. At the conclusion of the second trial (the criminal trial), which lasted a year, he was convicted, on the 28th of February 1874, of perjury and forgery, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. This trial took place before three judges—Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Mellor J and Lush J,—and was held in one of the courts off Westminster Hall.

I can recall the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their procession through London. I saw the show from Sir Matthew Ridley's house in Carlton House Terrace. The Queen, who did not at that period often show herself in public, was with Princess Beatrice in the same carriage with the bride and bridegroom. It was rather a snowy day, but the Queen was reported to have said on her return to Buckingham Palace, " What a good thing that it was not cold." The Duchess of Edinburgh, who had come from Russia, declared, however, that she had never been so cold in her life.

In 1873 I went to Ireland with a party of L. & N.W. Railway directors (my father being one of that body) for the opening of the Dundalk and Greenore Railway. We stayed in Dublin for two nights and at Greenore for the ceremony. Afterwards we went across to the Isle of Man, landed at Port Erin, drove to Douglas and travelled by the then unfinished railway to Peel. Our party was delayed by the engine twice running off the line, and the consequence was that on our return to Douglas it became necessary to make an immediate start for Holyhead and abandon the banquet which had been prepared for the party at Douglas. Our party

included the Duke of Sutherland, Webb the engineer, and Finlay, the general manager of the L. & N.W.R., Moon the chairman, and Miss Moon, Pender of the Eastern Telegraph Company, Lord Tarbet, Locke, Governor of the Isle of Man, McMicking, Skipworth, my father, and other directors.

In 1874 I saw the big fire at the Pantechnicon, which, beginning at 4.30 p.m. on 13th February, burnt vigorously until 1.30 a.m. the next day. I happened to be on my way home from King's College, and I spent many hours watching its progress. This fire occurred in the middle of the General Election of 1874 which gave Mr. Disraeli a majority of 46. My father was returned unopposed for Westmorland, with Lord Bective as his colleague.

Reverting once more to my parentage, I must explain how I came to be connected with that eminent lawyer, Baron Parke, created Lord Wensleydale. My mother was a Miss Parke, third and youngest daughter of Baron Parke. Her christian names were Charlotte Alice, but the former of these two names she never used, except in formal documents. She married my father on the 17th of December 1853, after having had, I have been informed, many suitors. She was then twenty-five years old, and had, I believe, previously declined my father's proposal. She was a very handsome young woman, her hair very dark, almost black, deep brown eyes, a firm mouth, good forehead and graceful figure. She was extremely accomplished, was a very good water-colour artist, had considerable fluency in speaking French, German and Italian, had been taught Latin by my grandfather (an unusual accomplishment in those days), was endowed with a wonderful memory, had read much history, was a good conversa-

tionalist in any class of society in which she might find herself, was extremely energetic and filled up every moment of her time.

When, after 1874, she became the *châtelaine* of Lowther Lodge, it was her delight to entertain there large numbers of her friends, both young and old, belonging to the many different varieties of social life of which London society is composed. Although she had no formal *salon*, she was generally at home to her friends on Sunday afternoons, when politicians, lawyers, artists, actors, diplomats and what for want of a better term are called "society men," would congregate, and amongst whom she was quite able to hold her own in conversation. During the "season," dinner parties, dances and evening parties followed each other in rapid succession. All the world and his wife and family went there. Kings and convicts were both received, though not simultaneously. The latter were entertained at the request of Mr. Arnold White, who took great interest in the Prisoners Aid Society. Whilst in the country she was diligent in searching out and making the acquaintance of all "possible" neighbours and was very active in starting or supporting any philanthropic projects. In addition to all this, she combined an extraordinary love of drawing and sketching with great rapidity of execution, with the result that the output of her work during her long life was prodigious. Hundreds, even thousands of her sketches remain, as a record of her energy and skill, either hanging on the walls of Campsea Ashe or mounted in a series of volumes, recording her numerous journeys in all parts of Europe as well as in the British Isles. When my mother was at Petersburg she obtained leave to copy some of the pictures in the Hermitage, and her work remains in

HON. MRS. WILLIAM LOWTHER
Mother of Speaker Lowther

my possession. The Hermitage pictures disappeared during the Russian revolution, but are now restored to their place, I believe. My mother's industry also led her to do a great deal of sketching in the streets and squares and picturesque spots of London. I have a collection of these drawings, as well as of a series of drawings of picturesque Suffolk. She was a great friend of Augustus Hare, the author and illustrator of *Walks in Rome* and many similar popular guide-books. With him, and one or two more kindred souls, she would find some spot, perhaps in a crowded district, which offered a suitable view, and there, in disregard of comfort but in pursuit of art, would sit for hour after hour, regardless of heat or cold, hunger or thirst, until her sketch was completed. Sometimes she would sit in a carriage or a hansom cab, if the pavement afforded no facilities.

At one time my mother took to painting in oil and made some successful copies, but her preference was for water-colour.

She was not a politician, in the sense of taking any active part in political struggles, but she held Liberal-Conservative views and held them strongly. However much she might disapprove the extreme views of some of her Radical friends, her friendships were not violently disturbed or severed by political disaccord. Long before "summer time" became statutory, the principle was applied to the clocks at Campsea Ashe, which were kept a half-hour in advance.

From a girl she had been accustomed to the society of distinguished intellectual personages, who had formed part of my grandfather's circle of acquaintance, and amongst such she could always hold her place in discussions on contemporary literature, art or current

topics. She was a strict disciplinarian with her children, always on the look out to utilize occasions for their improvement, physical, moral or intellectual; an attitude which was sometimes resented as an encroachment on the liberties of their holidays, but eventually recognized by them as of invaluable service in their equipment for the adventure of life.

Soon after they married, my parents resided at Naples, my father being then accredited as a Secretary of Legation to that Kingdom. I have seen it stated that when my mother went to the Opera there, her beautiful appearance created a great sensation and that the whole house rose to look round at her in admiration. Whether this was so or not, there is no doubt that she was a handsome, striking woman. A picture of her by Buckner, now at Campsea Ashe, confirms this statement.

Whilst my mother was at Petersburg and engaged in copying some of the pictures in the Hermitage, she made a great discovery. She had been reading the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and noting that he had painted a large picture of a classic group for Catherine of Russia, enquired for it. Nothing was known of it and the officials of the Museum could give no explanation or assistance. My mother obtained leave from the Czar to make a search through the lumber-rooms of the Winter Palace, and after many disappointments, the picture was found, rolled up, still packed, and completely forgotten. It was cleaned, framed and hung in the gallery. It represents the infant Hercules strangling two serpents, with Amphitryon and Tiresias (for whom Dr. Johnson was the model) looking on.

It will have been gathered from what I have said that my mother's character was dominating and deter-

mined. In the family and household hers was the master mind. She was the final arbiter of all family controversies or discussions. She did not "suffer fools gladly," but being herself endowed with a quick apprehension, failed to understand that all the rest of the world was not similarly blessed. Nevertheless she had an extraordinary sympathy with young people, and desired to promote their enjoyment of life in various ways, so long as it was an active enjoyment. A *dolce far niente* existence, or even interval, was hateful and altogether, I believe, incomprehensible to her. This desire to see others enjoying themselves actively was so deeply ingrained in her, that before the days when the all-absorbing Bridge was introduced into the country house, she always felt that an evening without charades or dumb crambo or one of the numerous little games then prevalent of intelligence and wit, was an evening lost.

On her deathbed, to which I had come post haste from Cumberland, almost the first thing she said was to suggest a game of squash racquets with my brother whilst it was still daylight.

She had a vast circle of acquaintance and many friends, whom she delighted to invite to Campsea Ashe, during the autumn and winter, and as her health and strength remained vigorous until shortly before her death, the stream of visitors never ceased.

I have told how her love of sketching once led to her imprisonment at Danzig. On another occasion in Italy, whilst sketching near a monastery, she was set upon by the savage watchdogs of the place and rather badly mauled, before the monks could rescue her. She was a great walker in her prime, and when she found walking a burden, she took to a tricycle; but

unfortunately on one occasion whilst going round the garden paths at Campsea Ashe, the tricycle took command, began to run backwards and finally carried her into the moat, where, but for the timely assistance of some gardeners, she might easily have been suffocated. On being rescued she observed that for the time she had become a mermaid.

A few years before her death she also had the misfortune to fall out of a carriage and received a severe blow on the head. This affected her eyesight to some degree, for in her sketches, made after that accident, the upright lines seemed often to be out of the exact perpendicular, a defect which she was never able or willing to recognize.

My mother's energy, enthusiasm and *joie de vivre* led her to wish to go everywhere and see everything that was to be seen. Museums, picture galleries, private houses, gardens, lectures, parties, processions; nothing was to be omitted which it was possible to see or visit. The House of Commons was, I think, the only place that had no attraction for her, and I often used to tell her, when she would pay an annual visit to the terrace about the end of July, that she only came there when she had exhausted every other sight in London and there were "no more worlds to conquer."

With all her intense interest in the life around her, she had strong religious principles and a great sense of moral duty. She set before herself a high standard of conduct and had little pity or concern for those who did not in her judgment come up to that level, and without showing any prudishness or intolerance, she would have no dealings with those whose moral principles fell below it, whatever might be their wealth, rank or position.

Of my mother's two elder sisters one, Cecilia, married Sir Matthew White Ridley of Blagdon, Northumberland, and became the mother of Sir M. W. Ridley, Edward Ridley and Mary (Mrs. Medd). Owing to an unfortunate difference between my grandparents and Sir Matthew Ridley, relations between them were for a long time strained, and it was not until young Matthew and young Edward were high up in the school at Harrow that they even saw Lord Wensleydale; but on one occasion when he went down for a speech day the acquaintance was made. He, above all people, appreciated the academic distinctions which his grandchildren, successively captains of the school, had won, and from that time onwards the grandparents and the grandchildren were on intimate and friendly terms. Young Matthew Ridley, after a brilliant career at Harrow and at Oxford, which culminated in his election to a fellowship at All Souls, took to politics and sat for many years as Member for Northumberland and for Newcastle. He served as Secretary of the Treasury in 1885, and as Home Secretary from 1895 to 1900, and was responsible for the introduction and passage of the Workmen's Compensation Act, though Mr. J. Chamberlain, associated with him in the conduct of that measure, pulled the stronger oar. Ridley had been long considered by his party as destined for the Speakership, for which he had many qualifications. He was a man of sound judgment, without any strong party bias, more inclined to make friends than enemies, of considerable wealth and married to a charming lady who would have made an excellent hostess at the Speaker's house. The opportunity never came whilst his party was in office. When Speaker Brand retired in 1884, the Conservatives were hopelessly outnum-

bered, and it would have been futile to have attempted to run Ridley for the Speakership, to which Peel was then elected without a contest. In 1894, when Peel retired, the Conservatives, who were then only in a minority of about 30, determined to run Ridley, and in view of the fact that Mr. Gully was an unknown quantity and had taken very little part in the proceedings of the House, being only known by sight to a fraction of the House, Ridley seemed to have a good chance. On the day of the election a somewhat acrimonious debate took place and a narrow division, but Mr. Gully was elected by ten votes. Perhaps it was as well for Ridley that he failed. His health was deteriorating, he had become rather lethargic, and it is very probable that the severe strain imposed on a Speaker would have accelerated his end, which came all too soon in 1904. However, he was appointed Home Secretary in 1895, and in 1900 was raised to the Peerage under the title of Viscount Ridley and Baron Wensleydale.

Edward Ridley, who like his elder brother had become a fellow of All Souls, following in my grandfather's footsteps, went to the Bar, and having obtained a considerable practice on the North-Eastern circuit, and being looked upon as a sound lawyer, was offered the post of an official referee by Lord Chancellor Halsbury. The acceptance of such a post is generally considered as the close of a career and as debarring the occupant from any claim to further promotion, but Edward Ridley did not accept the post until he had obtained a promise from the Lord Chancellor that in filling up any future puisne judgeships, his claims were not to be barred, but should be considered on their merits. This arrangement was also assented to by Lord Herschell, when he succeeded Lord Halsbury in the Chancellor-

ship in 1892. The Court of the Official Referees was, at the time Edward Ridley was appointed, in an unsatisfactory state. It might be described as being then "in the doldrums." It was not popular either with litigants or with the judicial bench; but during the years that Ridley worked there he put new life into the Court, it worked rapidly, economically and satisfactorily, so that when in 1897 a puisne judgeship fell vacant, Ridley was appointed. It was said at the time that the Lord Chancellor had been "got at" by the Home Secretary and persuaded to appoint the latter's brother. I have good reason to know that nothing of the sort took place and that the matter was never mentioned between them. Ridley served his fifteen years as a judge and retired in 1913, when he was appointed a Privy Councillor, and still lives (1925) to enjoy the classics and the society of his many legal and academical friends.

My mother's other sister was Mary, who married Hon. Charles Howard and died when their only son George J. Howard was born in 1843. My uncle Charles Howard lived for some time with my grandparents at Ampthill, and therefore as children we were much in his company, for Ampthill was also our home. He was also my godfather. He was a delightful man, of a charming nature, gentle, simple, benevolent: like all the branch of the Howard family to which he belonged, he was prematurely grey. He was a devoted personal friend and supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Though always cheerful and ready to amuse or be amused, he cultivated a life-long devotion to the memory of his wife, which tinged with an unobtrusive melancholy his whole attitude to life. My father and he were kept to a certain extent apart by political differences, which were unfortunately

accentuated by what occurred in 1868. In that year my great-uncle William, Lord Lonsdale, who was Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmorland, was persuaded to resign those positions. Whether the resignation was due to his advancing years or to the obviously imminent doom of the Disraeli Government, or to both causes, it is not possible to say, but on Lord Lonsdale's resignation, his heir, my uncle, Colonel Henry C. Lowther, was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of both counties. The appointment coincided so nearly in point of time with Mr. Disraeli's resignation that, on the assembling of the new Parliament, it was decided to call attention to the matter, and Mr. Charles Howard, who happened to be the Member for East Cumberland, was put up, very much against his personal inclinations, to lead the attack. My father, being the Member for Westmorland, had to take up arms for the defence. I am certain that neither of them played their parts with any enthusiasm; the debate ended in a sort of "Not guilty but don't do it again" attitude, but it left behind it a certain soreness and strain in the relations between the two brothers-in-law which, in the absence of this cause, would never have arisen.

Charles Howard died before his elder brother and therefore never succeeded to the Earldom of Carlisle.

George J. Howard, like myself and my brothers and sisters, had from a child found a home with our grandparents at Ampthill, and had also, like ourselves, received his early instruction from Mdlle. Corinne du Jongand. He was some ten years my senior and, when he was home from Cambridge for the vacations, taught me to ride and shoot. Very early in life and very soon after leaving college, he married Rosalind Stanley, who was then a beautiful young woman, with

fair hair, simply parted and lying flat down the sides of her head, blue eyes, a high colour, and a very determined and somewhat aggressive character. At Christmas time it was customary for my grandparents to invite the rector of Ampthill to partake of the family Christmas dinner. On one occasion when the Reverend G. Maule, in accordance with his usual practice, had come to dinner, Rosalind Stanley administered to him a searching catechism as to the grounds of his belief in Christianity. Poor Mr. Maule, whose theology had become somewhat rusty, was at a disadvantage with this clever young woman, who had doubtless been priming herself with the latest exegetical criticisms of the synoptic gospels, and complained later that he had never spent a more miserable evening or less enjoyed a Christmas dinner. As the years advanced, Mrs. G. Howard's violent antipathies, extreme views and intolerant attitude towards those from whom she differed, prevented any close relations between the Howards and ourselves, but George Howard was always a welcome guest at Lowther Lodge or Campsea Ashe. His love and practice of art was a bond of union with my mother, and though on politics my father and he were miles apart, until the Liberal Unionist party came into being, they nevertheless remained on the most amicable terms. In 1889 George Howard succeeded his uncle and became Earl of Carlisle. He had a large family, but most of his sons died young. The one with whom I was best acquainted was Charley, Lord Morpeth, the eldest son. He always seemed to me a model of what a son should be. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, he devoted himself on leaving college to the work of giving Extension Lectures; he served on the London School Board; went with the C.I.V. to South Africa; acted as private

secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and finally came into Parliament as a Birmingham Member. His mother never forgave him for not sharing her political views in their full violence, and so used her influence with her husband that, on his succession to the Earldom in 1911, Charley found himself, under his father's will, in very indifferent pecuniary circumstances. The general judgment passed on George Carlisle's will was that it was grossly unfair to his eldest son, who had deserved far better at his father's hands.

CHAPTER IV

1872-1874

Northern Circuit—Tours Abroad—Robert Lowther

During the time of my course at King's College I first made some practical acquaintance with the Law. Sir James Shaw Willes, the Judge, had been a great friend and admirer of my grandfather, Baron Parke, and had, I think, been appointed to the Bench when the latter left it. At his invitation I went as his marshal on the summer circuit of 1872. In those days the duties of a marshal, though not arduous, were more numerous than at present. The marshal accompanied his judge on his walks abroad or visits to country houses, wrote his letters for him, generally acted as his private secretary or A.D.C., and was expected occasionally to entertain the junior Bar at luncheon: his public appearance was limited to swearing in the Grand Jury at any assize town at which his judge took the criminal side. The foreman's oath is a long one and it is necessary to know it by heart. I found it rather an ordeal when, a raw youth of seventeen, I believe the youngest marshal that ever went, I had to face the twenty-three Grand Jurymen at Durham and administer the oath to the foreman. John Wharton, a fine-looking man, subsequently M.P. for Durham, was the foreman. I got through the oath without stumbling and in due form; when, however, one of the Grand Jury declined to be sworn and claimed to affirm, I was not prepared for this abnormal procedure, and had it not been for timely assistance from the judge's clerk, I might have cut a poor figure.

Another duty of a marshal, if his judge was taking the civil cases, was to make for his assistance brief abstracts of the "records" as the pleadings were termed in those days. The pleadings were not printed, as now, but were written on parchment and were often of considerable length and complexity. I am afraid that my abstracts, except of the simplest cases, cannot have been of much assistance to Mr. Justice Willes. One further duty, of a trying kind for a youngster, was to carve at the official dinners, given by the judges in each circuit town to the magistrates and to the Bar, and in response to the judge's call, to announce the toasts after dinner. I had put myself through a course of tuition in carving which enabled me to give satisfaction even in the matter of a haunch of venison.

Mr. Justice Willes was reputed to be the most learned lawyer of the day; he had read through all the law reports—dry work; and had assisted Mr. Justice Bramwell in drafting the Common Law Procedure Acts which revolutionized the whole system of pleadings; but whilst he was a master of technicalities, his judgment as to essentials enabled him to fix upon the kernel and discard the husk, and it was in that spirit that his great work was executed. Imbued with a strong sense of duty and an ardent patriotism, he had enlisted in the Inns of Court Volunteers (commonly known as the Devil's Own) as a private, very soon after he had been raised to the Bench, and he remained a member of the corps until a year or two before his death. The story goes that his sergeant-major after a parade remarked to a friend that Mr. Justice Willes might be a d——d good judge, but that he was a d——d bad drill.

Sir William Baliol Brett, whom I had previously known, was the colleague of Mr. Justice Willes. He

was in many respects a remarkable man and a great judge. Whilst at Cambridge he had rowed in the first inter-University boat race and helped to secure a victory for his University. He was what is called a "fine figure of a man," good-looking, fond of wearing jewellery, quick at seizing the real point of a case, and arrived at his conclusions by the light of common sense. The story of his courtship of the beautiful Miss Mayer and of how he married on the prospects of his appointment to a revising barristership, has been recently told to the world in his letters, edited by his grandson Mr. Dudley Ward. Brett had entered the political field and had risen to be Solicitor-General in Mr. Disraeli's Government in 1866. He then accepted a judgeship, became a Lord Justice in 1875, and subsequently Master of the Rolls. On his retirement in 1897 he was created Viscount Esher, and died in 1899.

His marshal was Reginald Brett, the present Lord Esher. The old Northern Circuit began with Durham and ended with Liverpool. It included also Newcastle, Carlisle, Appleby, Lancaster and Manchester.

There was plenty of work at most of the places in the circuit, but the judges seldom sat late. The habit of sitting till 10 or 12 at night which was adopted some years later by Mr. Justice Hawkins, was not then in vogue, and at several places the judges and their marshals were invited to dine and sleep at the houses of some of the country gentlemen living in the neighbourhood. From Durham we went one evening to dine at Brancepeth Castle, the seat of Lord Boyne, a fine baronial castle with a large hall. I was told that a former Lord Boyne, who was much addicted to the bottle, was on one occasion, after more than the usual libations to Bacchus had been consumed, stripped of all

his clothes by his boon companions, painted black from head to foot, and left in front of the large fireplace in the hall. When the housemaid found him there in the morning, she rushed shrieking from the room and declared that she had seen the devil, who had come down the chimney.

On the way from Newcastle to Carlisle we stayed at Naworth Castle, a magnificently picturesque old border castle, standing on the edge of a deep glen, which was at that time in the occupation of my uncle Charles Howard, to whom I have already referred. He had spent a considerable sum in restoring the old place, one of the seats of " Belted Will," the well-known historical border chieftain, and had modernized it without destroying any of its ancient character. Here I joined in an otter hunt at an early hour of the morning, and then walked on to Carlisle, which I reached only just in time to perform my duty in swearing in the Grand Jury, the foreman being my uncle, Charles Howard.

Whilst we were at Carlisle, during the course of a walk along the Eden on a Sunday afternoon, we came across a woman bathing *in puris naturalibus*. Judge Willes looked at her for a moment or two, and then smacking his lips in his customary manner, said, " To the pure, all things are pure," and passed on.

Whilst we were at Newcastle we stayed with Sir Hedworth Williamson at Whitburn, and were taken down a coal mine, which ran for some distance under the sea. At Appleby my father, then M.P. for Westmorland, was the foreman of the Grand Jury.

In the time of my great-uncle it had always been his habit to entertain at Lowther Castle the judges and the Bar, but this practice was discontinued when my Uncle Henry succeeded, and has not since been revived.

Lowther was very conveniently situated, as it lies about halfway between Carlisle and Appleby, and in the old days, before trains or motor cars, formed a natural halfway house for the judges and Bar travelling from one assize town to the other.

From Manchester we visited the residence at Bury of the High Sheriff, Mr. Wrigley. We were shown the process of paper-making at his mill, which was near his house; and in his house his collection of pictures which included some Landseers. I well remember a very striking picture of a dead red-deer hind lying in the snow, with her desolate calf gazing at her and evidently wondering at the cruel fate which had overwhelmed her mother.

From Liverpool we went to dine with Lord Derby, at Knowsley, losing our way and arriving very late. We dined in the big hall under the celebrated picture by Sir Joshua of Miss Farren, the actress, who had married the 12th Lord Derby in 1797. We were thirteen at dinner that night, but little thought of the catastrophe which was impending.

Sir James Shaw Willes was an Irishman and had started practice in Dublin with very poor prospects, but on coming to London he had built up a big commercial business and was appointed a judge in 1853. The story goes that whilst a young man in Dublin he had been engaged to a Miss Jennings, but owing to want of means, he had been unable to fulfil his promise to marry her. When he was appointed a judge, her family called upon him to redeem his pledge, and when he was unwilling to do so, threatened him with an action for breach of promise. The judge, fearing to commence his judicial career in so inauspicious a manner, yielded to their threats and married the lady; but

the marriage was not a happy one, Lady Willes not being in any respect the equal of the distinguished judge. Whilst I was their guest at Otterspool near Watford, about a month after the conclusion of the circuit, I was startled one morning by hearing a pistol shot, and running out of my room to see what had occurred, found that the judge had shot himself. I had noticed, the evening before the tragedy, whilst we were playing chess together, that the judge had been very restless and flushed in appearance. He told me that he had not been able to sleep since the conclusion of the assizes at Liverpool, which had been unusually heavy. There is no doubt that his mind had been unhinged, for he had formed the impression that he was to be impeached, upon the ground that he had selected the Northern Circuit in order to offer a revising barristership to Edward Ridley, which the latter had declined. It was a tragic end to a brilliant career. Willes was a strange-looking man, tall, with a very pointed nose, prominent eyes and a pointed grey beard. He had a curious habit of smacking his lips whilst speaking. He was a great linguist and a master of German, French, Italian and Spanish. He told me that on one occasion whilst travelling on a diligence in Spain, the man sitting next to him fell off the coach, and was run over and killed. He (Willes) was detained and charged with his murder, but was sufficiently master of the language to defend himself and procure his own acquittal. He was very punctilious and tenacious in all matters regarding the dignity and authority of his office. At Durham, on the first day of the assizes, the High Sheriff requested to be excused from attendance, on the ground that he wished to return home in order to look after his hay. Willes declined to accede to

the request, and, in charging the Grand Jury on the following day, read out to them from Blackstone or some similar authority, a passage relating to the duties of the High Sheriff and the necessity for his presence at the assizes. However, soon after this reproof, he relented and let the High Sheriff off to go haymaking.

Willes had had a great regard for my grandfather, and it was no doubt for that reason that he had invited me to accompany him, and for that reason also he had desired to do a good turn to my cousin Edward Ridley. As we were leaving King's Cross at the commencement of our journey, he introduced me to a man whose career he begged me to watch, as it was certain to prove remarkable. This was Farrer Herschell, who had just taken silk and was going the circuit for the first time as a Q.C. He was often known as "Shillibeer" from his funereal appearance, Shillibeer having been a well-known undertaker.

Amongst other notable men on the circuit was Benjamin, a cheery, jovial, round-faced, round-bodied little man. He had been one of the leading statesmen of the Confederate party in the American Civil War, and at its conclusion came to England, read for the Bar, was called and rapidly obtained a large commercial practice. He was never made a Queen's Counsel, as it was thought that American susceptibilities might be aroused by the grant of such a distinction, but he was given a patent of precedence which placed him in the same position as a Q.C.

Amongst other men who achieved distinction either then or at a later period and who went round that circuit, were Sir John Edge, subsequently Lord Chief Justice of India; Tom Milvain, a noted heavy-weight boxer, subsequently M.P. for Durham and Judge-

Advocate-General; Sir John Holker, Attorney-General in Disraeli's 1874 Government; Napier Higgins, Recorder of Manchester; Sir Charles Russell, subsequently leader of the Northern Circuit, Solicitor-General and Lord Chief Justice of England; Sam Pope, who had not then either the proportions or the practice which he subsequently acquired in excessive dimensions; Aspinall, Recorder of Liverpool; Hugh Shield, surnamed The Darkie from the extreme blackness of his hair and whiskers, who was the poet laureate of the circuit and subsequently M.P. for Cambridge; F. W. Gibbs, who had been tutor to Edward Prince of Wales, and, though he seldom had a case in court, was one of the most assiduous attendants all round the circuit; Edwards, a vivacious and brilliant man whose career was, alas! too soon brought to a close by dementia.

The summer holiday of 1873 was spent abroad with my parents. A great international exhibition at Vienna in that year, coupled with a pressing invitation from my father's old chief, Sir Andrew Buchanan, then Ambassador at Vienna, induced my parents to visit that capital. The weather was intensely hot, cholera had broken out, and life was only bearable when listening in the evening to the strains of Edouard Strauss' band in the Volksgarten. Edouard Strauss was one of three brothers who all wrote and conducted dance music. "The Blue Danube," the most celebrated of waltzes, dates from that period.

The Shah of Persia was at Vienna at the time, on his return journey from a visit to London and the other principal capitals of Europe. In his honour a review of some 40,000 troops was held, at which the Shah appeared mounted on a white charger with a

pink tail. There was also an evening party at Schönbrunn, to which we were bidden. The Emperor and Empress of Austria went the round of their guests, saying a few words to each, and I had the honour of being presented to them. The Shah was plastered with diamonds and wore a large aigrette in his cap. He did not wear spectacles but used them constantly, examining everybody through them and holding them to his eyes with the legs outwards. He never bowed, but nodded in a meaningless manner to all who were presented to him.

Outside the palace were eight military bands playing at intervals; there were illuminations and fireworks; the dense crowd were from time to time lit up by limelight thrown from the top of the palace and the fountains were illuminated by coloured lights emitted from the *gloriette* at the top of the park.

After our visit to Vienna my parents and I with Sir Clare Ford and his son Richard went for a tour through the Dolomites, at that time very little known to tourists. Sir Clare Ford, who was in the diplomatic service, and was known to his colleagues as "Sir Clare Ford qui n'est pas fort," was then, I think, First Secretary in Rome. He subsequently became British Minister in Madrid and Ambassador in Rome. Diplomacy and sketching were the ties which linked him to my parents. He was an enthusiastic little man with visions of greater things than he was ever able to perform. He had provided himself with a novel apparatus for getting his view rapidly sketched before he embarked upon the colour box. It consisted of a small table on a tripod with a lens which projected the view upon the paper, and all that was required was to trace the outlines reflected on to the paper with a pencil. Unfortunately

the contrivance required a great deal of adjustment in order to get the table level and the view in proper perspective, and by the time it was in order my mother had almost completed her sketch.

We stayed at Cortina and Pieve di Cadore. The accommodation was primitive, the use of tea quite unknown and a teapot unobtainable, but the discomforts were soon forgotten in the beauty of the colour and shapes of the mountains dominating these picturesque villages.

After the Dolomite tour Sir Clare Ford and his son left us, and we visited Innsbruck and other parts of the Tyrol, including Achensee and Tegernsee. My father (then aged fifty-two) and I walked from the former to the latter. It was a very hot day and the distance was 25 miles, so that it was not surprising that my father showed considerable signs of distress before arrival. The first person whom we met at Egern on Tegernsee was the ex-Queen of Naples, widow of Francis II, sister of the Empress of Austria. This lady was not only graceful and beautiful but had played a very notable part in the defence of the Kingdom of Naples against Garibaldi in 1861. It was by her exertions and authority that Gaeta was for many weeks held against Garibaldi's troops which were besieging the town, having up to that period carried everything before them. When eventually Gaeta fell, the Queen marched out with all the honours of war. She had lost her kingdom but kept her soul. After leaving Italy she settled at Tegernsee in the Austrian Tyrol and lived a quiet and retired life there till she moved to Paris, which was her last home. My parents had known the Queen of Naples when my father was a diplomat at the Court of Naples. The Queen, who had acquired some knowledge

of English from her English groom, used to converse with my mother in that language, but her vocabulary savoured more of the stable than of the court and she would frequently use such expressions as " Where is the King, drat him ! " and similar homely phrases.

When my parents and I met her we were the guests of two Bavarian ladies, Eleonore and Léontine the Countesses Wittgenstein, who had a charming little house near the lake. The latter of these ladies married afterwards and became Countess Königsmark. She settled in London in later years, where I often met her. Before her death in 1925 she had become almost totally blind and had lost her fortune in the war, but continued her works of charity in London and Munich.

We returned through Paris, where the devastating effects of Communism in practice were still visible. The Tuileries palace was in ruins, the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli showed the marks of shells, bullets and fire, and the Vendôme column, which had been pulled down in 1871, was still lying prone.

In the following year, 1874, I went with Edward Ridley for a walking tour in the Tyrol. On our way out we stopped at Luxembourg and Metz, where we saw the house in which Bazaine had lived during the siege, the battlefield of Woippy, and other spots still fresh in the memory of those who had followed the 1870 campaign. From the Lake of Constance we made our way across country through the Vorarlberg to Sterzing, crossing many high passes and frequently finding ourselves engaged in an arduous climb or steep descent above the snow line. At Sterzing we took a short rest and used the train for a few hours to take us forward on our route. Resuming our tour, we travelled eastward over the mountains and finally

came out by the Königsee at Berchtesgaden after three weeks on foot.

Much of the scenery was very fine, and the glaciers, snow slopes and high passes which we crossed demanded caution and endurance. An attempt to scale the Gross Venediger was frustrated by heavy rain and snow. We had started with torches at 1.30 a.m., but after some hours' ascent, had to shelter and wait for day, and when it came, decided to return. The discomfort of many of the huts, stables and cottages in which we had to sleep (damp hay being often our only bedding), the unpalatable nature of the food and drink (goats' flesh and sour red wine) and the irksome weight of our knapsacks (although we had reduced their contents to the lowest possible limits) remain in my memory even more vividly than the extensive views of snowcapped ranges or the forest-clad slopes and valleys.

On my way home I stopped at Salzburg, Augsburg, Nüremberg and Cologne.

During the years that I spent at King's College, and indeed until his death, I found a very kind friend in a distant relative, Mr. Robert Lowther. His life history had been remarkable. When quite a lad he had been sent out to India in the service of the East India Company. He had worked steadily, if unostentatiously, and had risen to the position of a Commissioner controlling a vast area of country, and—here comes the remarkable circumstance—during all that time he had never been back to England for a holiday. Fifty years is a huge slice out of the lifetime of a man, and it is no inconsiderable fraction in the lifetime of a nation. During the period when Robert Lowther was absent from England, the country had made tremendous advances in every direction. The steam engine, tele-

graphy, science in all branches, industry, the increased amenities of life, had made an immense difference between the England of 1815 when Robert Lowther left, and 1865 when he returned. When he left, London ended at Tyburn Gate opposite the Marble Arch. When he returned he found a home in Queen's Gardens, about a mile to the west of the Marble Arch. The whole of the quarter of London lying west of Edgware Road had been built in that fifty years, which had also witnessed vast changes in other parts of the metropolis. Robert Lowther lived to a great age, well over ninety, and although of sedentary habits, he enjoyed good health up to the time of his death. He was a man of abstemious habits and never smoked until after dinner, and then he would smoke five cheroots, drawing the smoke through a silver bowl half full of water with a long tube for the mouthpiece and a short tube for the cigar.

He had been a colleague and friend of Sir Richard Temple, and had on more than one occasion combated with him the ravages of cholera and famine, which periodically devastate portions of India. His widow, who survived him for many years, was a relative of Sir Richard Temple's first wife. She continued to me and my family the many kindnesses which her husband had shown us.

CHAPTER V

1874-1878

Cambridge Friends—Marshal to Judges

In October 1874 I went up to Cambridge, having passed my matriculation examination in the spring of that year. My father had been at Magdalene, but I went to Trinity. Following the Cambridge custom, as a freshman I went into lodgings, and in lodgings I remained until I left, first of all at 4 Jesus Lane, and subsequently joining forces with my cousin Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, at 18 Malcolm Street. We had the whole house between us, and as he had begged, borrowed or stolen a number of articles of " bigotry and virtue " from his father's house at 3 Grafton Street, and had himself acquired many choice mezzotints and some good furniture, we flattered ourselves, and not without reason, that our rooms were as tastefully decorated as any undergraduates' rooms in the University. Malcolm Street, being in immediate proximity to Jesus College, was for the most part inhabited by men of that college, who were of a boisterous and exuberant nature; but we lived at the far end of the street, a cul-de-sac, and there peace reigned.

Hitherto, at all events at King's College, London, I had been an " industrious apprentice," and whilst not admitting that at Cambridge I became the " idle apprentice," truth compels me to acknowledge that I did not take the full advantage of the instructional opportunities which the College and University afforded. When I came up, I found the work expected of me as a fresh-

man easy. The "Little Go," which at that time could not be taken before residence began, presented no obstacle to me, and the standard required in Trigonometry and Mechanics, which were new subjects to me, was not alarming. I therefore had no difficulty in passing my "Little Go" at the end of my first term. I was entered for the Classical Tripos and became a regular attendant at the lectures given by R. C. Jebb, S. H. Butcher, Dr. Peile, Archer Hind, and H. M. Jackson, whilst I also received occasional assistance from A. J. Mason, Gerald Balfour and J. E. Nixon.

Mr. Mason subsequently went to Canterbury as a Canon and was appointed Head of St. Augustine's College for Missionaries, and in that capacity I came across him again under rather curious circumstances.

I was staying in 1900 with my wife and family at St. Margaret's Bay and went over to Canterbury for the day. St. Augustine's having been founded by my father-in-law, Mr. Beresford Hope, I took my children to see the college, but was denied entrance on the ground that the college was engaged in celebrating Founder's Day. I explained that our relationship to the Founder would seem to be a reason for admitting and not for excluding us, but my arguments were at first of no avail, and we departed; but later, upon the circumstance coming to the ears of Canon Mason, we were retrieved by one of his messengers and cordially welcomed by him.

At a later stage he became Master of St. Catharine's, where I again met him on the occasion of my being given an honorary LL.D. degree. Mr. Mason was a very charming personality, whose somewhat eccentric fashion in ecclesiastical attire was forgiven by undergraduate critics in view of his many attractive qualifications.

Gerald Balfour, the brother of Arthur and Frank Balfour, both idols of the University, did not stand on the same pedestal with them; he seemed to carry detachment to an extreme point, whilst his appearance of infallibility gave rise to the story that Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, had at a meeting of Fellows had Gerald Balfour in view when he gave vent to his famous saying that "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us."

Mr. Nixon, of King's, whom I had previously met at King's College, London, was an enthusiastic exponent of the secrets of Latin prose composition, and had a number of special formulæ and devices for enabling the student to become a Cicero. His instruction was practical and useful.

H. M. Jackson was our great stand-by. Deeply interested in his subject and in his pupils, he was able to instil into us an enthusiasm for our work for which we were always grateful; and for many years, after our University days were over, a number of us who had been his pupils and had competed in the same tripos used to entertain Mr. Jackson at a dinner in London, which we called the Tripos dinner, held on the second day of the University cricket match. Mr. Jackson was known as "the General" (from General Jackson, one of the Confederate Generals in the American Civil War).

Jackson was prepared to take infinite pains with his pupils and his work. Once on saying good night to a party of friends, he observed that he still had three hours' work to do for the next day, as he was lecturing on Socrates. As this was a subject which Jackson had at his finger-ends, they expressed surprise at any preparation on his part being required. "I never fluke a lecture," he explained.

My college tutor was H. M. Taylor, who still resides at Cambridge, and notwithstanding the severe affliction of blindness from which he suffers, is able to take a useful part in the municipal life of the Borough. Mr. Taylor enjoys the distinction at Cambridge of being the most highly paid poet ever known. He once entered for a prize in *Tit-Bits* given for "bouts-rimés." The words were Byles and Isles, and this was Mr. Taylor's production:

> Thank God 'tis bills, not Mr. Byles,
> That make the laws in British Isles.

For this he received £31 10*s*., which works out at £2 5*s*. a word. The other poetical Dons were jealous.

The ties between college tutor and pupil were, in my time, of the slenderest description. A visit at the beginning of term to report oneself, an occasional application for an *absit* or *exeat*, and a final visit in order to obtain leave to depart, were the only necessary occasions for tutor and pupil to meet. Unless a man got into a scrape and required his tutor's assistance to pull him out, or unless he required an order on the kitchen for leave to supply a big luncheon or dinner, there was no necessity to "see your tutor." I never got into a scrape, and I solved the latter problem by obtaining my meals for entertainment purposes elsewhere than from the college kitchen. In fact, so slender was the thread that bound together college tutor and pupil, that on one occasion it was not until within a few days of the end of term that I happened to meet my tutor out walking, who asked me what I was doing at Cambridge, and he seemed surprised when I informed him that I had been in residence all the term. I thought the occurrence bore strong testimony to my unimpeachable behaviour and the absence of any complaints.

If I did not work as hard as I might have done, I certainly enjoyed my life at Cambridge hugely. I look back on it now as the best and most enjoyable time of my life. I did some work every day, and immediately before examination for scholarships (for which I entered regularly but without success) I got through a great deal of work; and at the same time I was reading most of the English and French classical novelists. By the time I left Cambridge I had read all Victor Hugo, and everything of Daudet, E. About, Ohnet and Zola then published. The Magpie and Stump, a Trinity debating society, which used to meet in a large room in Green Street, occupied some time, as I was a frequent participator in the debates and preparation was required. I often regret that I did not take more part in the Union debates. I spoke there once, about a fortnight after my arrival at Cambridge, in support of a vote of confidence in Mr. Disraeli's Government, and was appointed a teller in the division, but although I used frequently to attend the debates, I cannot recall having ever joined in them again.

At an early stage of my career I joined the University Volunteers and spent a great deal of time on the rifle range. Those were the days of the old Snyder rifle, which was of a larger bore than the Martini or the present rifle and not so accurate; but by dint of much practice I became moderately proficient, and in 1875 I shot at Wimbledon in the University match for the Cambridge Eight against Oxford. We won the match by 9 points, my score being 69 out of a possible 90. The other members of the team were McKerrell, J. Formby, Hemery, Hyde, Fowler, Cumberbatch and Fraser. I much regret that I have lost sight of all of these gentlemen. Fraser, however, I had the pleasure of meeting

in Winnipeg in 1921, where he had been settled for many years.

I had the great advantage of receiving some instruction in shooting from A. P. Humphry, who took a keen interest in the Volunteers, was Captain of the Company of which I was a member, and had himself won the Queen's Prize whilst he was a Cambridge undergraduate. He was a fine rifle-shot and for many years was one of the chief officers and organizers of the National Rifle Association, both at Wimbledon and Bisley. It is said that men with light blue eyes make the best shots. Whether this be so or not I do not know, but Humphry certainly had a wonderfully clear pale blue eye and made good use of it.

I used spasmodically to do a good deal of sketching in the old colleges and at the "Backs"; but football in winter, cricket in summer, and tennis in the old tennis court near Parker's piece (now no longer standing), were my chief amusements. Lawn tennis was at that time beginning to become popular. I remember that when it was first introduced it was called "Sphairistikè," and that the scoring followed the scoring for racquets, 15 aces being the game: the court was shaped like an hour-glass and the net, which was high at the sides, sagged in the middle. During my last year of residence I borrowed a horse from my parents and much enjoyed riding about the neighbourhood and frequently finding myself, quite by accident of course, in the district where one of the neighbouring packs of hounds or harriers happened to be.

Although I never made the acquaintance of Dr. Thompson, the Master of my own college, I used periodically to visit some of the heads of other colleges. Dr. Worsley of Downing was a dear old man and a good

water-colour artist. Dr. Phelps of Sidney was the brother of the well-known actor of that name, and somewhat like him in appearance, though somewhat thinner in the face. Latimer Neville, the Master of Magdalene, was an old acquaintance of my parents, and I used frequently to call to see him and Mrs. Neville, who delighted in showing hospitality to undergraduates. Dr. Corrie, the Master of Jesus, was another acquaintance to whom I always paid a formal visit every term. My acquaintance with Dons, other than Masters of Colleges, was rather limited, but I used frequently to meet Mr. Gunton, the Dean of Magdalene, who was a keen sportsman and jovial companion, Professor Newton, of Magdalene, Professor Hughes, of geological fame, and was on intimate terms with J. W. Clark, familiarly known as J. W. or sometimes J. Clark had married Miss Fanny Buchanan and was a well-known Cambridge character. He did a great deal of work for the University in connection with the museum of Comparative Anatomy, wrote the standard work upon Cambridge Architecture, and finally became University Registrary. But it was through the lighter side of his activities that I became intimate with him. He was a great authority upon the drama, which he pronounced "dwama," used to tender sound advice to the committee of the A.D.C. (Amateur Dramatic Club) in the choice of plays for performance, assisted the club with the painting of its scenery, the collection of furniture and properties for the performances, made helpful criticisms of the performers and more than once gave liberal financial aid to the club in its frequently recurring difficulties. He was very desirous of becoming a member of the committee and often hinted it to me, but there was a feeling, amounting almost to a tradition, that no Dons should be admitted into that governing

body, which should be reserved for undergraduates. Being a friend of Clark's and at the same time anxious to maintain the traditions of the club, I had some difficulty, when I was president of the club, in keeping a course between Scylla and Charybdis. Some years after I left, Clark was elected permanent treasurer with a seat on the committee, and so obtained his long sought object. The club was at that time more than usually indebted to him for financial assistance.

During the four years that I spent at Cambridge I made a great number of acquaintances, many of whom, alas! have dropped out of the journey of life, but several still "carry on" and have occupied or are occupying important positions.

Different pastimes produced different companions, and from having been elected to the University Pitt Club, the A.D.C. and the Athenæum, I was on friendly terms with a great number of the men with whom I shared their various pursuits.

Lord Colin Campbell was a keen volunteer and rifle-shot; this bond of union kept us closely together, and in 1876 led us to share the same tent at Wimbledon. He had a remarkably gentle and finely-chiselled face, his hair thrown back straight from his forehead. He was of delicate build and health, and somewhat absent-minded, or rather, "in the clouds." He always struck me as "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." In general appearance, stature and bearing, he was a reproduction on a smaller scale of his notable father, the 8th Duke of Argyll, orator and statesman, whose youngest son he was. After taking his degree in Law, he went into the House of Commons as M.P. for Argyll in 1878, and remained there, without, however, making any mark, until 1885. He died in 1895.

Algernon Bourke filled a big place in our Cambridge life. He was one of the promoters of all the entertainments with which undergraduates amused themselves, a leading member of the dining clubs, such as the Athenæum, the True Blue and the Beefsteak, one of the chief performers at the A.D.C., a constant frequenter of Newmarket with a readiness to oblige a friend by laying him odds against any horse the friend fancied—in fact, a jolly, rollicking Irishman. But he was more than that, for he had artistic tastes strongly developed and a great capacity for organization. These characteristics became more fully developed in later life, with a wider field at his disposal, as White's Club, Willis' Rooms and other similar institutions can testify.

Lodging in the same house with Bourke was Dudley Leigh, now Lord Leigh. He was the most adventurous and undefeated sportsman of our society. Although he was not endowed with any great physical strength or particularly adept at any of the labours which he undertook, he would back himself to do anything. There was a long walk to be accomplished within a given time, the details of which I have forgotten; he did it. He once backed himself to swim in his clothes the whole length of the "Backs." He sank twice, but was fished out with a boathook. He backed himself to ride in a particular steeplechase and to get round before the next race. For this purpose he had to buy a horse. He found a vicious brute that was going cheap, owing to its bad character. He bought it and then had great difficulty in getting it shod. However, when the day came, Leigh was at the starting-post, took a fall at every fence, but remounted and arrived at the winning-post just before the bell rang for the next race. Percy Crutchley and Lord Anson came up with great cricket reputations

from Harrow, but did not continue to play very seriously at Cambridge and never reached the Cambridge eleven. Though I was well acquainted with both, the former was the more intimate friend, and with him I used to take very long walks on Sunday afternoons, getting as far sometimes as Huntingdon and Audley End.

Robert Milnes, the present Lord Crewe, was another contemporary of whom I saw a good deal. He was a great reader, but not of the books prescribed by the authorities for the examinations; he had a happy turn of phrase in his conversation and was skilful in the enunciation of epigrams. I think that of all my contemporaries, from 1874 to 1878, he is one who has achieved the greatest position in public life.

T. K. Tapling was another friend. He spent many years of his all too short life in making a magnificent collection of postage stamps, which he left to the nation and is now accessible to the public in the King's Library at the British Museum. He was for a short time M.P. for a division of Leicestershire, but fell a victim to an attack of pneumonia.

John Plunkett, subsequently Lord Dunsany, was an entertaining and eccentric figure. He combined with a knowledge of ballistics and optics and many branches of science, a brilliant and original humour which kept the table in a roar at the feasts where he was always a welcome and sometimes a boisterous guest.

Lord Windsor, who became the Earl of Plymouth, was a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, the sole remnant of that ancient Order. The house of Clive had for some years been associated with St. John's College, but most of his friends, amongst whom I was one, were either at Trinity or Magdalene. He was a good water-colour artist and his services were frequently com-

mandeered by the A.D.C. to assist in painting the scenery required for the performances, in which he also took part, more than once playing ladies' parts. The same may be said of Charles M. Newton, of King's College, an old Brighton and Eton schoolfellow, who combined acting and scene-painting with equal success. "Bobby Spencer," the late Lord Spencer, also played on one occasion a girl's part, though he was not very happily cast for it, for he had to play the part of a "tweenie." One felt all the time that he would have been better suited as a duchess.

It is impossible to go in detail through the long list of my contemporaries and friends at Cambridge, but a few more may be briefly enumerated.

Ailwyn Fellowes, the late Lord Ailwyn, the best of fellows, destined to become a party Whip, President of the Board of Agriculture and a great authority on agriculture in East Anglia.

Sir Henry Meux, a brilliant performer with the gun, whose chief pleasure was to pursue snipe and wildfowl on a shooting which he had hired in the Fen Country.

John Selwyn Calverly, the nephew of Sir Henry Selwyn Ibbetson, and a descendant of Blades Calverly, the brilliant versifier and author, destined, like his ancestor, to a premature death.

Charles Hardinge, the present Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, whose successful career in the service of his country was no surprise to his intimate friends.

H. O. Davidson and S. A. Donaldson, respectively Harrow and Eton masters, both of them popular alike with the athletic as well as with the reading sets.

F. S. Clarke, who later served with distinction in various diplomatic posts and generally spent his long vacations in Russia, where I think some of his family resided.

Arthur Pulteney, a delightful companion, who soon after leaving Cambridge took orders and retired to a family living in Leicestershire, where he devotes to the cultivation of his garden talents which should have been employed in a wider field.

Amongst others who are no longer with us I recall Claude Baggallay, Lord Moreton, H. Rimington Wilson, Howard Sturgis, Gilfillan Cotesworth, James Hornby, Stephen Spring Rice, Lord Binning, Alfred Lyttelton, "Midge" Ingram, Sydney Stern, Christopher Bouverie, and Charles Brookfield.

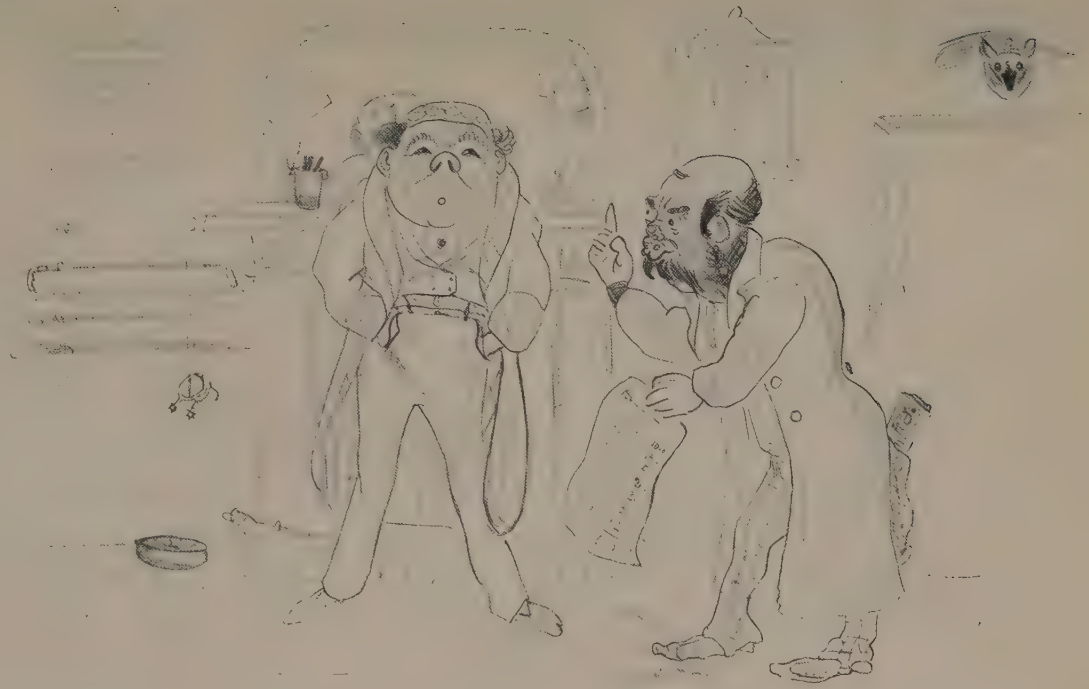
The last-named was during my last year at Cambridge my most intimate friend. Even at that time he had given proof of his marvellous versatility and brilliant talents. His humour was spontaneous and caustic, he was a wonderful mimic and an extremely clever caricaturist. He wrote occasionally for the *Saturday Review*, had a good knowledge of literature and art and a considerable acquaintance amongst the artistic and literary characters of the day. He was the second son of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, the celebrated preacher and friend of Tennyson, to whom the poet's ode was addressed which begins:

> "'Brooks,' for they called you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
> How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes. . . ."

As with the father, so with the son; all those who knew him best would call him Brooks. His mother was a friend of Thackeray, and is said to have been the original of Amelia in *Vanity Fair*. He always had a strong inclination for the stage, and much of his time was devoted to reading old plays, of which there was an endless number in Lacey's acting edition on the bookshelves of the A.D.C. He published a little book of drawings called *A Sporting Glossary*, in which the common

phrases of the turf were ludicrously illustrated. For instance, "The owner had little or nothing on" was portrayed by a sketch of a gentleman in his bath, to whom enters a crowd of trainers, jockeys and touts. "Verneuil took the gold cup across the Channel" was a drawing of a horse swimming the Channel with a cup in his mouth. "Here Custance made up a lot of ground" showed the then fashionable jockey on his knees, his mount standing by, making a pile of sand in the middle of a racecourse. "Beauchamp II was nowhere" was represented by an empty racecourse. His pencil was in great request for the illustration of menus, and programmes of the Caledonian, Hibernian and similar dining clubs, and he once drew a series of portraits of what his friends would be like when their obituary notices came to be written. Some of his forecasts were singularly happy, e.g. Algy Lawley as a bishop (as a matter of fact he never became a bishop but is a distinguished divine), R. Milnes as an elderly ambassador (he is, as the Marquis of Crewe, our Ambassador in Paris), myself as a portly M.P., and so on. During lectures, if any phrase struck him as being capable of being humorously rendered, he would in a few strokes twist its meaning into a laughable sketch. His weak point was a failure to concentrate on essentials and persevere with uncongenial labour. His subsequent career on the stage as a versatile actor of character parts, and eventually, when his constitution broke down, as theatrical censor, are well known to all who take an interest in matters theatrical.

He achieved no success in any of the University or College examinations except in the competition for the Winchester Reading Prizes, when he and Ryle, the present Dean of Westminster, were bracketed together for the first place.



DRAWING BY CHARLES BROOKFIELD TO ILLUSTRATE A LEGAL MAXIM THAT IT IS AN ACT OF BANKRUPTCY FOR A DEBTOR TO PAY NO ATTENTION TO A WRIT FOR A DEBT OF FIFTY POUNDS

I had also entered for this competition, having always rather "fancied myself" as a reader, but only succeeded in getting into the first ten, out of about eighty competitors.

When Richmond Ritchie, soon after leaving college, married Miss Thackeray, who was his godmother and several years his senior, Brookfield exclaimed, "C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas le mariage."

At the time when the arrest and trial and execution of Charles Peace, a noted burglar and murderer, was occupying the public mind, Brookfield made his face up in imitation of the prisoner and got himself photographed at one of the Cambridge photographers. The sale of the photograph of the notorious criminal was prodigious.

I came of age on 1st April 1876, and, in order to celebrate the event, my cousin Freddy Bentinck and I gave a dinner in our rooms to a party of friends, many of whom I have already mentioned. Here is the complete list:—

Hon. Algernon Bourke	J. Hervey
Lord Anson	J. Judd
Percy Crutchley	Ailwyn Fellowes
Arthur W. Pulteney	S. Stern
H. Rimington Wilson	Claude Thornhill
Hon. R. O. A. Milnes	Frank Foster
F. S. Clarke	Hon. D. Leigh
T. Denman	Hon. Wenman Coke
J. Kennedy	Lord Windsor

After taking a modest place in the Classical Tripos of 1877, I entered for the Law Tripos, and during 1878 attended the lectures on Law of Dr. Waraker and of Mr. Moxon, but I think that I derived more advantage

in the study of that subject from the practical experience which I gained on circuit as marshal to some of the "justices in eyre."

In July 1876 I went the South Wales Circuit with Baron Cleasby. He always selected this circuit if possible, because he had purchased a small country place, called Pennoyre, near Brecon, and there, whenever business admitted of it, he would spend the week-end. It was a pretty spot and a comfortable house and commanded a fine view of the Brecon Beacon. We went the usual round of the South Wales county towns, joining up with the North Wales judge, Baron Pollock, for the assizes at Chester, the North Wales judge returning the compliment by coming to Swansea.

Two curious incidents happened at Cardigan. First of all the High Sheriff, on meeting the Judge at the station, was obviously the worse for liquor, and when he accompanied the Judge to church, after the opening of the Commission, endeavoured to climb up the steps into the pulpit, mistaking them, probably, for the steps of the state carriage. Secondly, at the conclusion of the trial of the one and only prisoner, and after the Judge had summed up, the jury showed some hesitation about consulting together as to their verdict. On being questioned by the clerk, it appeared that they had not understood a single word of the evidence or of the proceedings, as they "had no English." It became therefore necessary to swear in an interpreter and the whole trial was gone through again with the aid of that individual. Finally, at the conclusion of the second trial, one of the jurymen explained that he was stone deaf and had not heard a word of either trial. On this occasion I think his disqualification was ignored and he was assumed to have agreed with his colleagues, who acquitted the

prisoner, although the evidence against him had been overwhelming.

The counsel then practising on the circuit and appearing most often in court, were Bowen, Q.C., B. T. Williams, Q.C., Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., M.P., and amongst the juniors Bowen Rowlands, Benson, Dillwyn, Hughes, and Romilly. It was the privilege of the marshal to invite some of the junior Bar to luncheon from time to time, and in this way I made the acquaintance of many of the junior Bar whom otherwise I should only have known by sight. An occasional cricket match, a climb up the Brecon Beacon on a very hot day, and the catch of some twenty-five salmon in the nets at the mouth of the River Teify, are the only diversions which I can recall.

Baron Cleasby was a very gentle soul, of a most merciful disposition, and it was said that prisoners on being given their option to be sent to the assizes for trial or to be tried summarily before the magistrates, would enquire whether Judge "Cleeselby" was coming, and, if they got an affirmative reply, opted for the assizes. The Baron was lame and consequently no great walker, but he loved the fresh air, and I always accompanied him for a stroll after the Court was up. He had a curious habit of putting his pen in his mouth but across it, like a bit in a horse's mouth. This idiosyncrasy was caricatured by Leslie Ward in his *Vanity Fair* picture of the Baron. When he retired from the Bench, after his fifteen years' service, he was not made a Privy Councillor, as is customary, Queen Victoria having never forgiven him for the leniency with which he had treated a prisoner who was tried by him for an assault on Her Majesty. The explanation was, I believe, that it being then no special offence to assault the Sovereign, the man was

convicted of a common assault only. This defect in the law has since been remedied.

In 1878 I went marshal to Mr. Justice Hawkins, or as he preferred to be called, Sir Henry Hawkins, on the North-Eastern Circuit, which had shortly before been carved out of the old Northern and the Midland circuits. It included, as now, Newcastle, Durham, York and Leeds. The other judge was Baron Pollock. The contrast between the two judges was remarkable. Pollock disliked responsibility and whenever possible took the Nisi Prius Court and got his cases settled or referred to arbitration. Hawkins revelled in a criminal trial, especially when a prisoner was undefended, and he could in some degree constitute himself an advocate for the prisoner and trip up the prosecuting counsel. Pollock had a great sense of duty in the observation of his religious duties which was wanting in Hawkins, who was always pleased when he could escape them and avoid the sermon of the Sheriff's chaplain. Pollock did not like sitting late in Court: Hawkins was a glutton for work and often kept the Court sitting till 9 or 10 at night. Although on outwardly friendly terms, it was pretty obvious that each judge disapproved of the other, and Hawkins' stories, which were often of a *risqué* order, used to shock his colleague, and the more they shocked him the more stories Hawkins told.

The counsel who appeared most frequently in Court were Gainsford Bruce (subsequently a judge), Hugh Shield, Maule, Manisty (son of Judge Manisty), Greenhow, Digby Seymour, Waddy, Campbell Foster (commonly known as Buffles), Hamilton, Herschell, Milvain, Meysey Thompson, F. Lockwood, C. Stuart Wortley (now Lord Stuart of Wortley), Wheelhouse, Alfred Wills (subsequently a judge), C. Mellor and Tindal Atkinson. From

the above list of names it will be evident that the legal talent then available on the North-Eastern Circuit was very considerable, for most of the men included in the list achieved distinction and some rose to the highest posts in the legal hierarchy.

Frank Lockwood used to delight the judges by occasionally passing up to them some of the caricatures for which he was famous. His chief subject was Waddy, whose appearance lent itself to Lockwood's humour. He was short, wore large white whiskers and gold-rimmed spectacles, and had a sharply-pointed nose and long white hair; and Lockwood, through much practice, could hit off his appearance wonderfully, and being also gifted with a great sense of fun, would represent the learned Queen's Counsel in many ludicrous imaginary situations. It is gratifying to know that their friendship was, however, never impaired by the exhibition to the victim of these productions. I was able to secure several of Lockwood's drawings, and must plead guilty to having imitated him, *longo intervallo*, in the matter of sketching in Court, for during many hours spent, both as marshal and subsequently as a briefless barrister, and listener in Court, I availed myself of the opportunity of sketching several of those whom I saw there. My drawings, however, did not profess to be caricatures but portraits. Possibly the victims would have classed them in the former and not in the latter category.

Sir Henry Hawkins disapproved very strongly of persons sketching in Court, and I therefore had to proceed with the utmost circumspection. He also objected very much to newspapers being read either by counsel, solicitors or the public, and I have heard him on many occasions stop the further proceedings in a case until an offender had folded up and put away his paper.

Sir Henry wore his hair very short and was fond of telling a story of how, being hustled in a crowd round a ticket office, he told the rough, who was hustling him, that he was a pugilist, and, in proof of his statement, lifted his hat and displayed his closely cropped head, which had the desired effect. He always wore a gold chain bracelet and had a trick of raising his hand with a shake so as to send the bracelet further up his arm.

At the conclusion of the circuit Sir Henry Hawkins and I returned to York, where we stayed with Mr. Rudston Read, and in his company visited Malton for the purpose of inspecting the stud of racehorses in course of training in the stables of Mr. I'Anson at Langton Wold. We saw some of the horses gallop, notably Beauclerc and Roehampton; then we visited Mr. Bowes' stable and saw some of his cracks, and finally inspected both stables whilst the horses were being groomed. Sir Henry, who was an *habitué* of the racecourse, was deeply interested in seeing at home many horses which he had seen on the course, and held much learned talk on pedigrees and performances with the I'Ansons *père et fils*, which left me, an ignoramus in racing matters, completely cold. This expedition was at the close of the circuit and on our return in the afternoon to York, we separated and each went our way.

In the summer of 1878 I again went the circuit with Baron Cleasby, the other judge being Lord Justice Thesiger. The circuit began at Hertford on the 2nd of July and continued, so far as I was concerned, until the 3rd of August, when I left the judges at Norwich. The work was light and the circuit towns, viz. Chelmsford, Maidstone, Lewes, Cambridge and Bury, being at no great distance from London, gave the judges many

opportunities of spending some days at home in town, of which they availed themselves. Lord Justice Thesiger had made his name and won his distinction at the Chancery Bar, and it must have been a severe ordeal for him to undertake, as was his lot at Chelmsford, the trial of a murder case. However, he was equal to the occasion, summed up very lucidly and, the prisoner being convicted, pronounced the death sentence without any awkward incident.

Whilst we were at Maidstone we went over to Linton, the country seat of Lord and Lady Holmesdale, where at a later period I was very frequently a guest. At Linton we met Count Bylandt, the Dutch Minister, a distinguished and popular diplomat, Mr. and Lady Florentia Hughes of Kinmel, well known society people, Mr. and Lady Mary Egerton, Captain Hood, R.N. (known familiarly as Little Red Rowdy Hood), and Jos. Amherst, Lord Holmesdale's brother. It used to be the custom for the judges to invite to dinner, on the first or second day of the assizes, any county magistrates who chose to come. The list was circulated to the Grand Jury and guests intending to dine inscribed their names. In the days when means of communication to and from the county town were neither plentiful nor rapid, the offer of a dinner in the company of H.M. Judges of Assize was gratefully accepted by many of the Grand Jury, but as men have become more busy, or rather more restless, the custom has died down, and I believe that now it seldom survives in any circuit town.

Whilst at Lewes the judges and their marshals went to dine at Barcombe Place, which was then in the occupation of Mr. Grantham, the elder brother of the Queen's Counsel and M.P. who subsequently became a judge. We were twenty to dinner, the food was very indifferent,

the dinner was very long, it was very hot, we did not get home till past midnight, and the judges were very disgusted with the whole entertainment.

At Cambridge the judges and their marshals stayed during the assizes at the Lodge, the residence of the Master of Trinity, who had temporarily to leave. If the assizes coincided with an academic vacation, there was no difficulty; but if they happened to be fixed during term time, considerable inconvenience often arose. It was a tradition that Whewell, who was of an arrogant and masterful disposition, resented the intrusion of the judges into his house to such a degree that on one occasion, before leaving, he had caused the doors and seats of all the water-closets in the house to be screwed down so as to cause the maximum of inconvenience to the invading "justices in eyre." It may be that a threat of committal for contempt of Court had deterred Whewell's successors from pursuing the same tactics, but at all events our stay at the Lodge passed without any similar incident. I believe that a "concordat" has long ago been arrived at by which the Lodge is now divided between the Master and the Judges during the duration of the assizes. An interesting ceremonial took place when the judges received the Fellows of Trinity, the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors and the Mayor and Corporation, and exchanged compliments over a glass of wine. On one evening of our stay the judges received at dinner at the Lodge all the Heads of Houses who were then in residence, and on the following evening the Vice-Chancellor gave a dinner to the judges. I also had the honour of entertaining the judges in my rooms in Malcolm Street and of showing them some of the less known sights of the University; whilst at the Master's Lodge, Alfred Lyttelton, Herbert Stephen, Walter Pollock, C.

Brookfield, St. John Brodrick, Charles Hardinge and others who were "up" for the long vacation, came in to luncheon as the marshal's guests.

The October term of 1878 was my last term at Cambridge. I passed my Law Tripos examination with moderate success, and on the 14th of December 1878 said good-bye to my friends and to the University where I had spent four very happy years. I do not think that I had anything to regret or to conceal. Although I had been a member of one or two expensive clubs, had occasionally kept a horse, visited Newmarket a few times, played a great deal of cricket and tennis, and, in fact, denied myself very little, I left practically no debts and was not obliged to make any confession or appeal to my father for pecuniary assistance. The modest allowance which he had given me, assisted by the remuneration which I had from time to time received as marshal, had by careful administration sufficed for my wants, and I left with a clear conscience and many very happy memories.

The authorities of the college were very liberal in granting leave of absence to undergraduates against whom no black marks were recorded, and I had not been slow to avail myself of this privilege. As my home, Ampthill Park, was not very far from Cambridge, I frequently went there for a shoot in winter or for a cricket match in summer; the keeping of terms at the Inner Temple necessitated two or three days' absence in London for the purpose; Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End, about fifteen miles off, used frequently to ask me over for some partridge driving; and if my parents happened to be giving a big dinner party or a ball at Lowther Lodge, there was not much difficulty in obtaining leave for the night, provided that the full complement

of days necessary to keep the term at Cambridge had been or would be satisfied.

Perhaps the most enjoyable period of my undergraduate days was in July and August 1877, when I went into rooms in college for the long vacation. A number of my friends were up. We read all the mornings, played cricket all the afternoons, generally went out in boats in "the Backs" after hall, and read again from 9 o'clock to bedtime. My private tutor at that time was H. O. Davidson, who subsequently became a master at Harrow. He was a very charming, cheerful personage, and took infinite pains to instruct me in the classics. His comparatively early death was a great loss to all who knew him and to Harrow School.

During this period I left Cambridge for a week in order to go into camp with the Bedfordshire Volunteers, in which I was a subaltern. The camp was held in the park at Ampthill on the site of Ampthill Castle, of which not a vestige now remains above ground. The castle was a royal residence in the time of Henry VIII, and it was there that Queen Catherine of Aragon resided during the time of the divorce proceedings which took place at Dunstable. The site is marked by a cross raised up on some steps, in one of which the following lines, written by Horace Walpole, have been cut:—

> In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
> The mournful refuge of an injured queen:
> Here flowed her pure but unavailing tears,
> Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years:
> Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner waved,
> And Love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.
> From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread
> And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

CHAPTER VI

The A.D.C.—The O.S.—Ampthill Park—Lord and Lady Wensleydale

From an early age I had been fond of acting, and this propensity had been much encouraged by my parents. Every Christmas my brothers and sisters and I, with the aid of our French governess and of my father, used to perform a French play which the neighbours were invited to witness. The play was followed by a dance, and the latter probably gave them more pleasure than the former. A long room at the east end of the house at Ampthill Park made a capital little theatre and the adjoining room served for green room and dressing-room.

The earliest performance I can recall was in 1866, when I was eleven years old, and from that time until we left Ampthill in 1883, there was an annual performance though not always in French. Molière was the *pièce de résistance*, and although we did not give the whole of each play *bien entendu*, we gave a sufficient number of scenes to present the plot in an intelligible form. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Le Médecin malgré lui," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "Le Malade Imaginaire," and some smaller *Levées de Rideau*, were given in French; and in English we played "The Critic," "A Thumping Legacy," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "No. 1 Round the Corner," "Tears," "Old Cronies," "To Parents and Guardians," "Lend me Five Shillings," "Retained for the Defence," "The Podesta's Chain" and "Cut off with a Shilling." When the family was not sufficient,

the cast was strengthened by the addition of some of our country neighbours, the Wingfields and the Tylecotes. We also enrolled from time to time in the company some of our guests, amongst whom I may mention The Master of Napier, Hon. W. Littleton, Lady Emily Boyle, Mr. F. Cavendish Bentinck, Lord Manners, Lady Blanche Ogilvy, Mr. Frank Monckton, Mr. George Buchanan, Mr. J. Bagot, Hon. Maurice Bourke, Mr. Claude Ponsonby, Lord Windsor, Mr. G. Leveson Gower, Mr. S. G. Holland, Mr. Gery Cullum, Lord Onslow, Miss Baring, Mr. A. Farquhar, Hon. Mrs. St. John Brodrick and Mr. C. Brookfield.

The capacity of our stage was small and scenery was conspicuous by its absence; but the performances afforded considerable amusement to ourselves if not to our guests.

It was not until my second year at Cambridge, in 1875, that a full opportunity arose for more thorough, complete and satisfactory indulgence in the histrionic art. The little theatre of the Amateur Dramatic Club, known as the A.D.C., to which I was elected a member, provided all that was required in the shape of stage, scenery, lighting and auditorium. The club, which was founded by F. C. Burnand in 1855, had had many ups and downs and had from time to time incurred the displeasure of the authorities, and when I joined it the performances were limited to three evenings in the October term.

The first performance in which I took part was "London Assurance" in four acts, and a farce called "The Irish Tutor" in two acts. During the rehearsals we had the assistance of a professional actor of the name of Coe, a fat little man with a very nasal intonation. I cannot conceive that he can ever have been a success

on the stage, but he was a very capable stage manager and instructor, and we all derived much advantage from his tuition.

Here is the programme and cast:

LONDON ASSURANCE

Sir Harcourt Courtly	Hon. S. Coleridge.
Max Harkaway	J. W. Lowther.
Mr. Spanker	F. Cavendish Bentinck.
Charles Courtly	F. Foster.
Dazzle	Hon. A. Bourke.
Mark Meddle	A. T. Olive.
Cool	P. E. Crutchley.
James	E. H. Pares.
Isaacs	C. Baggallay.
Lady Gay Spanker	A. W. Pulteney.
Miss Grace Harkaway	F. W. Sampson.
Mrs. Pert	F. S. Clarke.

THE IRISH TUTOR

Mr. Tilwell	J. W. Lowther.
Charles	F. Cavendish Bentinck.
Dr. Flail	A. T. Olive.
Beadle	A. W. Pulteney.
Terry O'Rourke	Hon. A. Bourke.
Rosa	E. Thornhill.
Mary	F. S. Clarke.
Villagers	J. Bellingham. F. W. Sampson. C. Baggallay. Lord Windsor.

It will be observed that the female parts were played by men (according to the regulations of the authorities), an anomaly which still continues at the A.D.C.; but notwithstanding this handicap, it was a very creditable performance and I cannot recall any untoward incidents such as generally happen in an amateur performance,

having occurred. Crutchley, as the family butler, had to open the piece with the line "Half-past eight, and Mr. Charles is not yet returned," and he had acquired the habit at rehearsal, where the only light came from the footlights, of pulling out his watch and bending down towards them in order better to see the time. When the stage was fully lit this was unnecessary, but he could not break himself of the trick. F. Cavendish Bentinck and Pulteney, as the henpecked husband and the dashing equestrienne, carried off the chief honours. My part was that of a bluff squire, and thanks to the coaching of Mr. Coe, I believe that it was adequately played.

At rehearsal we had laughed consumedly over "The Irish Tutor" and expected to achieve a great success, but it turned out a dismal failure and hardly raised a laugh. It had been selected to provide Algy Bourke, who could assume a rich Irish brogue, with an opportunity of showing his talent in that direction, but it did not catch on, and the addition of a song or two on subsequent nights did not save the play from the damnation which it doubtless deserved.

In January 1876 F. Cavendish Bentinck and I were invited to Lord Windsor's place near Ludlow—Oakley Park—to play in "The Rivals." He played Bob Acres and I Sir Anthony Absolute. Windsor himself played Fop; his two sisters and a cousin, Lady Katherine Clive, played the ladies' parts; the other characters were taken by Hon. W. Hood (little red rowdy Hood), Mr. C. Bridgeman, Mr. F. P. Murray and Mr. E. V. Bourne.

In the Easter term 1876 the A.D.C. got up a performance of "A Thumping Legacy" for the benefit of the members of the club, in which Lord Windsor made his

début in a lady's part. F. Bentinck and I took the chief parts in this farce; but the most remarkable circumstance about it was the appearance of Alan Gray and a young Townley, a boy aged fourteen or so, and small for his age, who appeared as two gendarmes. A. Gray was extraordinarily tall, 6 feet 6 inches or more, and young Townley very short. They made a most surprising contrast.

In the October term of 1876 we ventured upon an English classic in the shape of "She Stoops to Conquer." We had a long search before we could find anybody suited to play Miss Hardcastle, but at last persuaded Howard Sturgis to take the part, which he played admirably, voice, gesture and appearance being carefully studied and rendered as like a girl as it is possible for a man to be. We took infinite pains to make the scenery, furniture and properties representative of the period of the play, and Mr. J. W. Clark gave unstinted aid in that department. He was not so successful, however, when he was placed in charge of the curtain, for on the first night he dropped it too soon, on the second night he pulled it up too soon, and on the third night he turned off the footlights at an unexpected moment. F. Bentinck made a great hit as Tony Lumpkin and Arthur Pulteney as Mrs. Hardcastle was also very successful.

Vanity Fair, in concluding a *critique* of the play, said: "Altogether the performance was very good, and it will be well if it should lead our higher educational authorities to ask themselves whether the delivery of a fine soul-stirring English speech with due emphasis, spirit and gesture may not some day be ranked as a method of training Englishmen for their part in the world along with spherical trigonometry, the differ-

ential calculus, and the improvement of the text of Aristotle." This was written, I believe, by the late Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, who had been amongst our audience.

Mr. Coe was again our coach and another professional, Mr. Kilpack, came down for the three performances to act as prompter. Here is our programme:

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

In 5 Acts.

Sir Charles Marlow	Mr. C. M. Newton.
Hardcastle	Mr. J. W. Lowther.
Young Marlow	Mr. F. Foster.
Hastings	Hon. A. Lyttelton.
Tony Lumpkin	Mr. F. Cavendish Bentinck.
Stingo	Mr. E. O. P. Bouverie.
Diggery	Mr. C. Hamilton.
Roger	Hon. A. G. Lawley.
Giles	Mr. W. A. Wigram.
Ralph	Lord Windsor.
Tom Twist	Mr. J. Kennedy.
Jack Slang	Earl of Ranfurly.
Tom Tickle	Hon. L. M. O'Brien.
Mat Muggins	Mr. E. Thornton.
Aminadab	Lord Binning.
Tom Stiles	Hon. A. de Grey.
Mrs. Hardcastle	Mr. A. W. Pulteney.
Miss Hardcastle	Mr. H. O. Sturgis.
Miss Neville	Mr. G. B. Douglas.

ADVICE GRATIS

A Farce

Odbody	Mr. C. Baggallay.
Eventide	Mr. E. W. Denison.
Edmund	Lord Windsor.
Grimes	Hon. A. G. Lawley.
Mrs. Eventide	Mr. F. S. Clarke.
Ellen	Mr. J. S. Calverley.

Whether Mr. T. Gibson Bowles' article in *Vanity Fair* had any effect upon the University authorities or not, I cannot say, but in the following year, 1877, we were permitted to extend the number of our performances from three to five. We played Lord Lytton's "Money" in five acts. The play is out of date now and it was even then "a back number," but it has some good characters in it and provides one capital *tout ensemble* in the club scene, though there is a terrible deal of preaching and tall talk in it. This chiefly fell to my lot, as the priggish hero Alfred Evelyn. I found it a long and rather tiresome part to learn, but made a fair success of it. Brookfield, as Sir John Vesey, not only took the lion's share of the approbation of the audience, but established his claim to be considered a finished and accomplished actor of character parts, a claim which his subsequent career on the London stage fully justified. R. Milnes, as Captain Dudley Smooth, had a part which fitted his reserved and cold manner like a glove.

All went well with the performances except that on one evening Pulteney, who as Lady Franklin was discovered seated on the stage when the curtain rose, had unfortunately allowed his skirts to rest on the roller of the curtain, and when the curtain rose his skirts rose with it and disclosed some "undies" which were by no means feminine. Pulteney was also rather unfortunate at another moment when his wig fell into his lap, but he did the best thing under the circumstances and left it there without any attempt to replace it, which would only have resulted in disaster.

Mr. Coe again superintended rehearsals and a gentleman named Soden was the prompter, whom Brookfield thus one day addressed: "Ah, Mr. Sodom, goo' morrow."

Here is the programme of our performance:

Lord Lytton's Comedy in 5 Acts.

MONEY

Alfred Evelyn	Mr. J. W. Lowther.
Sir John Vesey	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Lord Glossmore	Hon. A. Lyttelton.
Sir Frederick Blount	Mr. F. Foster.
Stout	Mr. E. O. Bouverie.
Graves	Hon. A. Lawley.
Capt. Dudley Smooth	Hon. R. O. A. Milnes.
Sharp	Mr. P. C. Novelli.
Old Member	Mr. Hardcastle.
Tabouret	Mr. Kennedy.
Frantz	Mr. W. Wood.
Crimson	Mr. Whitbread.
MacFinch	Mr. Heygate.
MacStucco	Hon. A. de Grey.
Club Members	Hon. L. M. O'Brien. Mr. W. A. Wigram. Mr. C. Hamilton. Hon. Ivo Bligh.
Sir John's Footman	Hon. W. Sugden.
Evelyn's Footman	Mr. H. Pares.
Club Waiters	Mr. Pilkington. Mr. Thompson.
Lady Franklin	Mr. A. W. Pulteney.
Georgina	Lord Windsor.
Clara Douglas	Mr. C. Newton.

The comedy was followed by a farce by Tom Taylor called "A Nice Firm," in which Hon. A. Lawley, C. Brookfield and Milner Gibson played the chief parts. It was not a success, however, though Milner Gibson's performance of Miss Applejohn, an elderly female, went far to redeem it from complete failure. We seemed to be always unlucky with our second pieces. Possibly the amount of time and attention devoted to the chief piece caused the secondary one to be neglected at rehearsals. It would perhaps have been wiser to have

dispensed altogether with second pieces, but they provided opportunities of offering parts to members of the club who were not suited with a part in the chief piece.

On the occasion of the annual dinner of the A.D.C. in March 1878 a farce called "A Fearful Tragedy in Seven Dials" was privately given in the club's theatre, after the dinner. It provided parts for C. Brookfield, Hon. A. Lawley, G. Milner Gibson, Hon. W. Sugden and Hon. R. Spencer. The last-named appeared as a maid-of-all-work, but his appearance was altogether too dignified for a slavey. Bobby Spencer, as he was always affectionately called, always showed, both in disposition and demeanour, that he was a high-born aristocrat, and thus his celebrated *mot* in the House of Commons, "Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer" gained additional point and piquancy. A story partly illustrative of this characteristic used to be told of him at Cambridge. On his return from a short Easter vacation, he was asked by his friends and fellow-lodgers, P. Crutchley and Lord Anson, where he had spent it. "In Portugal," he said. "In Portugal? What a strange place! Did you know anybody there?" "No," he replied, "only the King."

Much thought was given to the selection of the play for the October term 1878, as we considered that we had an unusually strong company from which to select our actors. It was finally decided to play the "Ticket of Leave Man," but it became necessary to cut it down somewhat and to eliminate some of the parts. Horace Wigan, who had played the part of Hawkshaw the detective in it, when first produced at the Olympic Theatre, was engaged to coach us and stage-manage the play. J. W. Clark took over the preparation of the scenery, and with the help of Mr. J. O'Connor, the well-known scene-painter to the Haymarket Theatre, Howard Whitbread

and Charles M. Newton produced amongst others a very effective churchyard scene for the last act. I interviewed some of the Dons and obtained some further concessions in respect of the performances which were now extended to four nights and a *matinée*. We had announced and rehearsed a farce called "John Dobbs," but owing to the length of the melodrama and to the limitations of time of closing imposed upon us by the authorities, we found it impossible to give it on more than two nights.

Brookfield as Jem Dalton again gathered most of the laurels, although A. Lawley as Melter Moss, Lord Binning as Sam Willoughby and G. Milner Gibson (who by this time had taken the additional name of Cullum) took a not inconsiderable handful.

It is difficult to speak about one's own performance, but I had given a great deal of time and thought to Bob Brierly, and I felt that I had made a success of it. The *critiques* were complimentary and I received some appreciative letters from undergraduates.

In this performance W. G. Elliott, who subsequently played some important parts at the A.D.C. and in later years became a professional actor, made his first appearance in a super's part. Our performance was honoured with a notice of half a column in the *Morning Post*, the same in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and a page of *Punch*. The latter was written by Mr. F. C. Burnand (the founder of the club in 1855), but contained more about Mr. Burnand than about the "Ticket of Leave Man." On this occasion we engaged Mr. Swansbourne and his orchestra to play between the acts and the incidental music. Swansbourne was a well-known Cambridge personality. He was an albino, was known by the soubriquet of "White-headed Bob," and was much

in request at the dinners of the Beefsteak, True Blue and other convivial dining clubs.

Our programme was as follows:

Mr. Tom Taylor's Drama.

THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN

Robert Brierly (a Lancashire lad)	Mr. J. W. Lowther.
James Dalton (*alias* The Tiger)	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Melter Moss	Hon. A. Lawley.
Hawkshaw (a detective)	Hon. R. O. A. Milnes.
Mr. Gibson (a bill-broker)	Mr. J. A. Watson Taylor.
Sam Willoughby	Lord Binning.
Maltby	Mr. W. Chisenhale Marsh.
Waiter	Mr. C. A. C. Ponsonby.
1st Detective	Hon. W. Sugden.
2nd Detective	Mr. A. E. Pease.
3rd Detective	Mr. R. L. Pike.
Guests and Navvies	Mr. W. A. Wigram. Mr. J. A. Orr Ewing. Mr. P. S. Hodgson. Mr. W. G. Elliott. Mr. C. H. Colvin. Mr. H. T. Hall.
May Edwards	Mr. G. A. Bolton.
Mrs. Willoughby	Mr. Milner Gibson Cullum.

This was the last of my appearances at the A.D.C. The study of the parts, the rehearsals, the preparation of the scenery and the general stage management which it had been my lot to carry out, had taken a great deal of time and had been of absorbing interest. It may be that my time might have been better employed in the pursuit of classical or legal lore, but it was not wasted, and I am persuaded that the experience gained was in many ways very useful to me in later life, whilst the friendships made and the companionships enjoyed were never to be forgotten or regretted.

Cambridge was not the only place where I had an

opportunity of treading the boards. The Canterbury week offered and still offers to visitors to the shrine of St. Augustine the diversion of seeing cricket all day and amateur theatricals at night. The Old Stagers, whose birth synchronizes with that of I Zingari, and who during the Canterbury week wear the same colours as the I.Z., have been established there since 1841, and have given annual performances in the little theatre near the Cathedral. The theatre belonged to the cattle-painter and well-known academician, T. Sidney Cooper, and at his death passed into the possession of his son. Rehearsals were held in London, generally at some theatre loaned for the purpose; the company would assemble at Canterbury on the Sunday evening preceding the August bank holiday; and the performances were given on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. On the Wednesday evening there was the Old Stagers' dinner and a County Ball, and on Friday night an Epilogue, or what should more properly be called a Revue, brought the dramatic portion of the week's entertainment to an end. The Epilogue was generally hastily conceived, rapidly evolved and insufficiently rehearsed, but it afforded an opportunity for the whole strength of the company and for many of the Kent cricketers to appear. But now *nous avons changé tout cela* and the Epilogue is taken much more seriously. At all events, the Canterbury week provided a great deal of amusement to the performers and contributed a substantial sum towards the funds of the County Hospital.

Some of the best known amateur actors took part in the performances and professional actresses were engaged to play the ladies' parts. As it is not my intention to attempt to write a history of the Old Stagers, I can

do no more than refer to some of those with whom it was my privilege to act during the years that I was a regular attendant at Canterbury. The custom of performing under assumed names was contemporary with the founding of the club and afforded, presumably, some innocent amusement, but has now and for many years been discontinued. Our chief low comedian was "Oliver Twist," who in real life was Quintin Twiss, a relative of the Kembles and by profession a Civil servant. He was a capital actor and very popular at Canterbury. The pieces were selected with a view of providing him with the leading low comedy part, and although he was not always at his best, he generally gave a very good account of himself. Captain Gooch ("Il Capitano Gucini"), however, ran him close in the same line of part. Gooch was a very fat man, who stammered in private conversation but showed no signs of impediment in his speech on the stage. The *jeune premier* was Herbert Gardner, afterwards Lord Burghclere, who figured under the name of "Mr. Horty Culter." He was endowed with good looks and a good figure and was a graceful and capable actor. Having also a capacity for writing and versification (he was the author of several successful plays), his talents in that direction were in great demand in the composition of the Epilogue.

Augustus Spalding had been the friend and was the imitator of Charles Matthews, and was always cast for the light comedy parts. He was very tall but not ungainly, and was one of the keenest amongst us. Spencer Ponsonby Fane ("Hon. S. Whitehead"), one of the founders of the club, in early days a cricketer and always a comedian, was the pivot upon which the whole machine turned. His eccentric but quiet humour was greatly

appreciated, and his advice and direction in management were unreservedly accepted. His elder brother, Lord Bessborough, shared with him the honour of foundership, but seldom appeared on the stage except in some super's part. Another veteran was Sir Henry de Bathe, who although a regular attendant during the week, could not often be prevailed upon to make his appearance on the boards. As a young man he must have been extremely good looking, and he had a very distinguished and aristocratic air even when I knew him, which was late in his life.

The "grand old man," however, was J. L. Baldwin, who never missed attending the week so long as his health permitted. Although I never saw him take part in any performance, he was a regular spectator, a kindly critic and a genial companion.

W. Yardley, the celebrated cricketer, was in great demand as writer, actor and cricketer. He must have found cricket all day and acting at night a severe trial even upon his superabundant physical energy. A great contrast to him in appearance was W. Hay (Mr. Haigh Hoe), but he also was cricketer as well as actor. Old T. K. Holmes was an extraordinarily vigorous old gentleman, for after the age of eighty he would bicycle to Canterbury from Ramsgate and take his share in the plays and festivities of the week, like a two-year-old. I believe that at one time he had been connected with the organization of the Conservative Party.

Amongst the younger members of the troop was C. C. Clarke ("Mr. C. Sawe"), subsequently a considerable figure on the Stock Exchange, an amusing practical joker and clever prestidigitateur; F. Cavendish Bentinck ("Mr. F. Doe"), who continued at Canterbury the successful career which he had begun at Cambridge;

Brandram, a professional reciter; Claude Ponsonby ("Claud Hopper"), another Cambridge A.D.C. man; and C. Adderley ("Mr. Ham Hall").

In Colnaghi and Eustace Ponsonby the Old Stagers found twin stars, who could not only act, sing and dance, but were inimitable in their impromptu performances at the Fountain Hotel, where the company congregated for supper after the play and spent until the early hours of the morning many most amusing and enlivening evenings.

The chief of our professional ladies was Carlotta Addison. At one time she had occupied a prominent place on the London stage as a leading lady in high comedy. She was a great favourite at Canterbury, not only because of her admirable performances but by reason of her charming personality and social qualities in private life. Amongst the other professional ladies who took part in the Old Stager performances I might mention Miss Compton, Miss Chippendale, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Measor, Miss Carlotta Le Clercq, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Rosina Vokes (Mrs. Cecil Clay), names familiar as household words to old playgoers.

Under the name of "Lowther R. Cade" I played for ten years (1877–1887) a number of parts of varying importance, and with varying success, but I found, as years went on, that the tax upon my time for rehearsals and performances made my regular attendance at the Canterbury Week almost impossible, and the addition of a beard to my face made disguise difficult and the number of possible parts very limited.

My country home up to this time had been Ampthill Park in Bedfordshire. My grandfather had taken it on a lease for the joint lives of himself and Lady Wensley-

dale from the Duke of Bedford, and as we all lived with my grandparents, Ampthill Park was our home, and a very delightful and attractive home it was. The house, though old-fashioned, was commodious, and standing on the slope of the ridge which crosses Bedfordshire from east to west, commanded a smiling and extensive view towards Bedford and the vale of the Ouse, whilst on the south side a fine avenue of lime trees afforded access to pedestrians by a shorter route than the carriage road to the picturesque little town of Ampthill. The locality is by tradition reputed to be the original of Bunyan's "delectable mountains." But the chief characteristic and glory of the place was the park, with its steeper contours, more distant views and its magnificent old oaks. A survey made at the time of the Commonwealth shows that many were too old to be used to form the wooden walls of Cromwell's navy and thus escaped the Protector's axe; but whether any of these remain or not, the Ampthill oaks were noble and picturesque specimens of giants in decay. My mother was never tired of sketching them, and those of us who had shown any talent for drawing spent much time in similar employment under her tuition. There was one particularly fine specimen upon which Sam Rogers the poet had written some lines, the gist of which was that although the oak might continue to live for many years the fame of the oak, as recorded in the poet's lines, would long outlive the oak itself. The lines were as follows:

> Majestic tree, whose wrinkled form has stood
> Age after age, the patriarch of the wood,
> Thou who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
> Their ravelled buds and dip their flowers in gold,
> Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn
> And that bright star of evening gild the morn,

Gigantic oak, thy hoary head sublime
Erewhile must perish in the wreck of time.
Should round thy head innocuous lightnings shoot
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root,
Yet shalt thou fall, thy leafy tresses fade
And those bare scattered antlers strew the glade;
Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust.
The Muse alone shall consecrate thy name
And by her powerful art prolong thy fame;
Green shall thy leaves expand, thy branches play
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.

S. Rogers, 1826

These lines were painted on a large board and for many years were affixed to the tree. Whether they are there yet I do not know. My grandfather, a friend of Sam Rogers and always fond of writing epigrams, recorded this occurrence in the following couplet:

I'll bet ten thousand pounds, and time will show it,
That this stout oak outlives the feeble poet.

After the death of Rogers in 1855 my grandfather is credited with the following somewhat unfeeling lines written in a moment of exultation at the realization of his prophecy:

Hurrah! Hurrah! The wager's won,
The oak lives yet—the poet's gone.

On another occasion Rogers sent the following poem to my grandfather:

O'er place and time we triumph; on we go,
Ranging at will the realms above, below,
Yet ah! how little of ourselves we know!
And why the heart beats on, or how the brain
Says to the foot "Now move—now rest again."
From age to age we search, and search in vain.

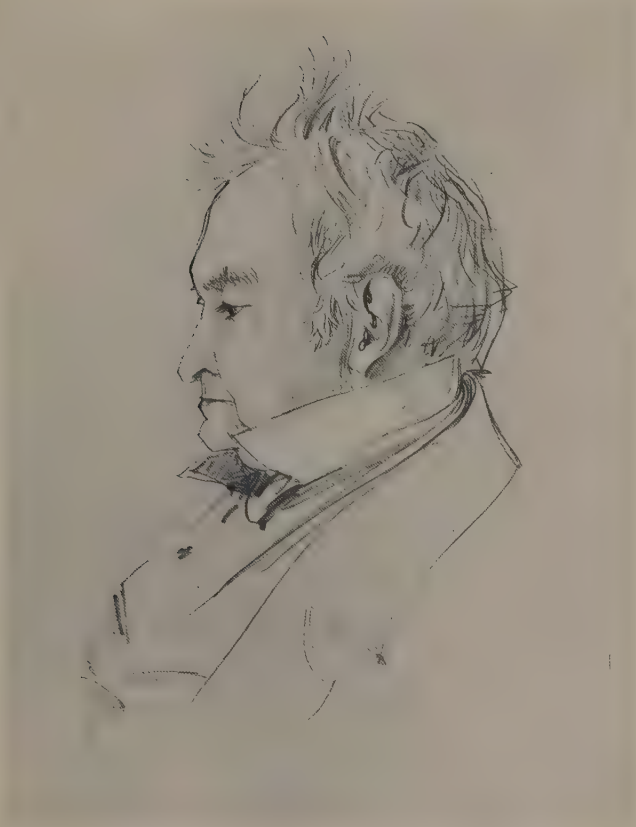
My grandfather's reply was this:

> Oh! why this search? That fruitless task forego,
> Learn here what God permits us here to know,
> Enough to guide and bless the life below.
> He gives the mind to will, the hand to move;
> Know this, and use for good that gift of love
> And calmly hope to learn the rest above.

Ampthill Park, built by Lord Ashburnham in 1694, had been in the eighteenth century the residence of Lord and Lady Upper Ossory, to whom many of Horace Walpole's letters were written, and there he had frequently visited them. It was at his instigation that the cross was erected in the park to mark the site where Catherine of Aragon's palace had stood, and, as I have said, the lines upon the cross recording the story are by Horace Walpole, and were written in 1774. In his letters references to Ampthill are numerous and always complimentary. In one passage he says, "I dote on Ampthill," and in another he speaks of it as "the most agreeable place in the world." It may, however, have been the *châtelaine* and not the *château* which proved such a magnet. After Lord Upper Ossory's death the place came into the possession of Lord Holland and subsequently of the Duke of Bedford, from whom my grandfather held it.

My grandfather was a very remarkable man, and a judge whose decisions and expositions of the law were during his lifetime regarded almost as gospel, and many even now are cited as the last words to be said upon the general principle. His position of supremacy as a lawyer and as a judge was unrivalled during the period of thirty-five years, from 1825 to 1860, when his intellect was working at its highest level.

The ninth son and the thirteenth child of a Liverpool



Baron Parke (Lord Wensleydale)

merchant, he was born on the 22nd of March 1782, and achieved early academical distinction as a scholar of Macclesfield Grammar School and of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the University he took the Craven Scholarship and Sir W. Browne's Gold Medal. In 1803 he was Senior Chancellor's Medallist and Fifth Wrangler. He was elected to a fellowship at Trinity, which he resigned on his marriage to Miss Barlow of Middlethorpe, York. He started his legal career as a special pleader and indeed was not called to the Bar until 1813, at the age of thirty-one; but his advance then was rapid. His most important case was when he appeared as junior counsel for the King against Queen Caroline, and in fifteen years he was raised direct from the Junior Bar to the Bench, becoming a judge of the King's Bench, and from thence he passed in 1834 to the Court of Exchequer.

This is not the place to write a life of Baron Parke, which deserves separate treatment, and I can only therefore summarize his career by saying that he presented from 1834 to the time of his death in 1868 a unique figure in the judicial world. He was a grand old judge, who loved the law, and whilst believing in the strict adherence to technical rules, was not averse from the abolition of useless formalities. On his appointment as a judge he wrote to a friend, "I prefer seeking for the truth to seeking for arguments." His heraldic motto was "Justitiae Tenax" and he lived up to it. His judgments were not merely *ad hoc* decisions of the particular points at issue, but clear, concise and authoritative expositions of the principles involved, still respected and followed as THE LAW upon the matter. A lady once asked him whether he had ever written a book. "No, madam," he replied, "my works are to

be found in the pages of Meesom and Welsby." This is the long series of volumes which report the decisions of the Court of Exchequer during the time when it was playfully said that " Parke settles the law, Rolfe settles the facts, Alderson settles the Bar, Platt settles nothing and Pollock unsettles everything." A contemporary judge, James Allan Park, used to be playfully known as Green Park. My grandfather was known as St. James's Park.

To the lawyer the name of Baron Parke is a household word, but to the layman, especially the political or historical student, the name of Parke chiefly recalls the attempt, made in 1856, to create Life Peerages, an attempt which would, if it had been successful, have very largely solved the problem of the reform of the House of Lords. As it turned out, the attempt failed. Baron Parke had received a patent creating him a peer for life, but the House of Lords, after examination and debate, decided that the Crown had no power to create a peerage with such a limitation. Baron Parke was therefore created a peer in the ordinary way and took the title of Wensleydale, from a property which he held in the beautiful Yorkshire valley of that name. As he left no male issue, the title became extinct at his death in 1868.

Of course I only knew my grandfather in his last years. My recollection of him is that he was short in stature, with very keen, piercing, brown eyes, a fine head of white hair standing erect, dark eyebrows, a large but well shaped nose and a rather underhung mouth. I never remember him wearing anything but a top hat, black cloth coat, a double-breasted waistcoat and dark trousers fastened with straps under his boots for riding. He carried himself well, and was very fond

of riding exercise, which, in the intervals of his attacks of gout (which, however, were numerous), he took almost daily. In these rides I used to accompany him on my pony, and John Collins, his faithful groom, acted as general caretaker and gate-opener. Collins also used to carry a small supply of empty medicine bottles which, at my grandfather's direction, he would fill at any pond which we happened to pass, where the water was particularly slimy or repulsive-looking. On our return my grandfather, whose sight remained very good until his death, submitted the contents of these bottles to the scrutiny of his microscope, a study of which he was particularly fond. His telescope also gave him much pleasure, and eclipses or sunspots were his special delights. But what pleased him most was the recitation of scraps of poetry, whether English or Latin, which his wonderful memory retained up to the age of eighty-four or eighty-five. I became a frequent victim of his passion for poetry and was constantly bribed or coerced into "getting by heart," as he termed it, many of the classical pieces of the *Golden Treasury*. Though never a politician or the adherent of any political party, he kept in touch with the movements of the day and the personalities of many of the leading men of the time, especially the literary and legal celebrities, who were frequent visitors to Ampthill. Luttrell, Lord Cranworth (who, as Baron Rolfe, was his former colleague in the Court of Exchequer), Mr. F. D. J. Palgrave, Evelyn Denison (subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons), Mr. Justice Byles, Charles Kingsley, Colonel E. Harcourt, the elder brother of Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Sylvain Van der Weyer, for many years Dutch Minister in this country, were all friends of his. Mr. William M. Evarts, the well-known American

jurist, after a visit to Ampthill in February 1864, wrote to my grandfather as follows: "It has been said that a lawyer's ambition has three stages of desire: First to get on; second to get honour; last to get honest. But a more generous estimate will make these degrees of value—that probity is better than fame, and fame is better than money, and I am sure that Baron Wensleydale, who has enjoyed all steps of profession and eminence, will agree that the kind interpretation is juster to our craft than the sarcastic."

William Henry Prescott, the celebrated historian, having been asked to contribute something to the Visitors' Book at Ampthill, wrote in September 1850 these lines:

> Why is the Muse so coy? I fain would know it:
> Phœbus replies, "Because thou art no poet;
> Stick to the prose, man. There no greater curse is
> Than when a person tries to babble verses."

My grandfather was a great supporter of the Volunteer Movement, and this interest was made fun of in some lines which I recall. I think they were written—they were certainly illustrated—by his grandson George Howard (subsequently Lord Carlisle) and ran as follows:

> There was an old Baron of Ampthill
> Who never could come to a standstill,
> He turned volunteer,
> That gallant old peer,
> And immediately fortified Ampthill.

They were followed by the following limerick:

> There was an old lady his wife,
> Who loved contention and strife,
> He liked Pedro pie,
> But she said, "Oh, fie!
> You shan't have it during my life."

LADY WENSLEYDALE

From a water-colour drawing by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

The point of the latter verse being that there never was a more amiable or sweeter-dispositioned old lady than Lady Wensleydale, to whom contradiction or contention were anathema. Her maiden name was Cecilia Arabella Barlow. Her family resided at Middlethorpe Hall near York, and it was doubtless during his visits to York as a member of the Northern Circuit that my grandfather first met her. They were married in 1817, and lived a very happy married life together, celebrating their golden wedding the year before my grandfather died.

My grandmother lived until 1879, a martyr to gout, but still retaining her sweet and amiable disposition, loved by her family and all who knew her. A very admirable portrait in water-colours was painted of her by Sir E. Poynter, which is now in my possession.

Among the *habitués* of Ampthill whose personalities I well remember, was Sir Henry Rawlinson, the explorer of Bagdad and Nineveh, and the father of the late Lord Rawlinson. He was as unlike his son as it is possible to imagine; he had a rather full round face, fair upturned moustache, some side whiskers and longish hair that curled over his collar. He was always a genial and amusing guest in the house.

Sir Francis H. Doyle, poet, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was a very frequent visitor. He was tall, very short-sighted, wore gold-rimmed spectacles of high magnifying power, had white hair and was extremely absent-minded. A *Vanity Fair* cartoon of him by "Spy" represented him with an untidy umbrella under his arm, and I remember his criticizing it severely on the ground that he was never able to keep an umbrella

in his life, as he always lost them. Once when he was at Ampthill during a hard frost and being desirous of seeing by putting a basin of water on the ledge of his window whether it would freeze at night or not, in an absent fit he put his return ticket outside and the basin of water on his dressing-table. I remember his telling us of an awkward incident which occurred to him in London. He had purchased a bottle of whisky at Fortnum & Mason's and placed it in his tail-coat pocket. In crossing Piccadilly he was knocked down by a hansom cab, the bottle of whisky was broken and he was somewhat dazed by the fall. The police picked him up, found that he was unable to give any coherent account of himself and detected a very strong smell of whisky. They took him to Marlborough Street police station and charged him with being drunk and incapable, and it was not until some time had elapsed and he had sufficiently recovered his memory to refer them to Fortnum & Mason for confirmation of his story, that they were satisfied that he was the victim of an accident and was a *bonâ fide* personage. He was always an amusing *raconteur* and gifted with a keen sense of humour; but he was also a man of deep feeling, as his published verses prove. He generally left a few lines in the Visitors' Book, and amongst them I select the following as a good example of his style and sentiment:

Like to the moan of buried rivers,
  Heard faintly as they roam,
Whilst the wild rock above them shivers,
  Lashed by their sunless foam,
Beneath the life which weighs and presses,
  With muffled undertone,
Throbs through the spirit's dark recesses
  The voice of years long flown.

If in the tumult of existence
It murmurs soft and low,
And seems at times, scarce heard through distance,
To melt away and go,
Yet oft, when stars more whitely glitter,
When weary night broods still,
That unseen tide rolls loud and bitter
The caverned heart to fill.

F. H. D., 11*th December*, 1864.

James Anthony Froude was always a welcome guest for the fund of his information and frankness in the exposition of his views. In the year 1863 the project of building the Midland Railway from London to Bedford naturally occupied to some extent the attention of the denizens of Ampthill Park, as the proposal involved running the line at a short distance in front of the house and possibly through a portion of the park. On this topic the biographer of Henry VIII wrote the following lines:

On the Midland Railway coming thro' Ampthill Park

Old oaks of Ampthill, ye have seen
Some twenty generations die
Since first ye donned your robes of green
Beneath an English summer's sky.

Your limbs were strong, your trunks were stout
Ere yet ye heard the church bells tell
How France's knights in Cressy's rout
Before the English archers fell.

O'er yon fair turf at break of day
You saw the haughty Henry ride,
With hound and horn and minions gay,
And Anna Boleyn at his side.

Beyond yon hill in evening shade
You heard the slow sad curfew toll
While weary Katherine wept and prayed
That God might save King Henry's soul.

And now, old friends, your hour is near,
The night is come, the day is past,
And you who live five hundred years
Are yet but mortal at the last.

Stout sway your branches in the air
And light the touches of decay,
And in your broad-spread shadows fair
Our children's children yet might play.

But no! Committees, Commons, Peers
Will vote that you shall live no more,
They've named their staff of engineers,
The navvy's almost at the door.

In vain the Fauns and Dryads wail,
When Discount rate begins to fall,
And vain the cry of Wensleydale,
For dividends are lords of all.

End, end the tale, close up the page,
Wave boughs your last upon the breeze,
Oh, navvy of the Iron Age,
Oh, gentle navvy, spare these trees!

16*th January*, 1863.

The line was completed in 1868, but it is only fair to say that very few, if any, of the old oaks suffered from the navvy's axe. The construction of a deep cutting and a tunnel in the immediate neighbourhood of Ampthill Park was a source of constant interest and investigation to my grandfather, who collected several crystals found in the clay of the cutting.

Sir David Dundas was another frequent visitor whom I well remember. He was a Scottish lawyer and had been Solicitor-General for Scotland in a Conservative administration. He had a fine presence, a handsome face, beetling eyebrows and a head of upstanding grey hair. He was reputed to have been a great admirer of my mother's in his younger days, and though possibly a rejected suitor, remained a firm and constant friend

to her parents and herself until his death. The following lines were written by Baron Parke on being told that Sir David Dundas had been asked to dinner on the same day by several peers:

> There is a little difference, no doubt,
> Between great poets and great diners out:
> Seven cities all contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread;
> Seven Peers invite Sir David to break bread,
> Who would not care a rush for David dead.

I well remember the visit of G. W. Clark, who, in conjunction with Aldis Wright, brought out a scholarly edition of Shakespeare of which he gave me a copy.

Amongst other frequent visitors were Alfred Denison, a cheery old bachelor, full of anecdote, devoted to fishing, and, during the whole of his Speakership, secretary to his brother Evelyn Denison; Sir John Savile Lumley, diplomat, artist and patron of the arts, who was created Lord Savile on his retirement from the service and his succession to Rufford Abbey; J. Motley, the celebrated historian; and General Crealock. The last-named was a well-known figure in London society for many years. To a passionate love of deer-stalking, he added a very pretty skill in drawing the object of his sport. Though not equal to Landseer in depicting scenes "on the hill," he has left numberless drawings and sketches of deer-stalking incidents which will always be of interest to past and present devotees of the sport. As a stalker, although he knew as much as any amateur of the sport, he was wanting in dash, and often failed to seize the golden opportunity as it arose, through a meticulous desire for perfection in unessential details. He was consequently better at taking a long shot than at the final crawl in to 100 or 80 yards' range. I owe a great

deal to General Crealock for the elementary lessons in deer-stalking which he gave me and his advice in the choice of a rifle. General Crealock until his death had a head of wonderfully dark hair and a full beard. He had also a marvellous corkscrew moustache, which presented the appearance of the double-twisted horns of the Ovis Poli. As to his hair and beard, it was whispered that he used to dye it when out stalking and beyond the reach of the human eye, for notwithstanding a wet day on the hill, he turned up spick and span at dinner. The faults of hesitation and of waiting for perfection which he displayed in his sport, also characterized him when he was in command of a brigade in the Zulu War. The Headquarter Staff found great difficulty in getting him to move, as he pleaded the absence first of one requisite (so-called) and then of another, until at last some humorist sent him a supply of castor oil with his compliments and hopes that it might have the effect of moving his column.

The last of my grandfather's friends and visitors whom I will name were Sir Richard Owen, the distinguished naturalist, and Stanley, the Dean of Westminster. Owen was a very lovable personage and *facile princeps* on his own subject, natural history. I can recall a talk upon the possibility of the existence of the sea serpent which he denied, using the argument that if any such animal existed, some of its bones would by that time have been discovered, but that as no such discovery had ever been made, it was impossible to believe that it existed.

Dean Stanley was a visitor at Ampthill at the time that my cousin George Howard was engaged to be married to Rosalind Stanley. The young people were staying there also and the Dean wrote the following

lines which refer to the engaged couple and the veteran host:

Hail to the patriarchal oak,
A monument of years gone by
That, still unharmed by storm or stroke,
Lifts his proud shelter wide and high.

Such was the antique tree that stood
Of old in Ardennes' good green wood,
And past beneath his hoary rind
Enshrined the name of Rosalind,
Whilst underneath his giant shade
In happier mood the lovers strayed.

Hail to the venerable sage,
All gnarled with knotty legal lore,
Still towering in his green old age
Fresh with the life of days of yore;

O may our new Orlando now
A brighter Rosalind invoke
And grave her name with plighted vow
Deep in that true old heart of oak,
And long may both from earthly harms
Rest safe beneath those sheltering arms.

A. P. S., *November*, 1864.

I will add two or three more stories about Baron Parke which, if not true, are at all events *ben trovati*.

On one occasion, being informed of the serious illness of a legal friend, he visited him and produced out of his pocket a paper which he invited the patient to read, saying that he was sure that "to read such a beautifully drawn demurrer would do him an immensity of good."

On another occasion, whilst hearing a case in the House of Lords, he fainted, and his colleagues had some difficulty in bringing him to, until one of them, having fetched from the library the oldest and mustiest volume which he could find, placed it under Lord Wensleydale's nose, who thereupon gave a deep sigh of satisfaction

and recovered consciousness. The following story has, I believe, a substratum of truth in it; on a friend saying to him "Well, Baron, how have you been getting on in the Exchequer?" he replied "Oh! very well. We have got through about thirty cases and decided them all; but, thank Heaven, none of them upon the merits."

CHAPTER VII

1879–1883

Called to the Bar—Chief Baron Kelly—Lord Justice Bramwell—Northern Circuit—London Society

I entered the Inner Temple as a student in January 1875. My sponsor was Sir David Dundas, who wrote me a line saying that he would be happy to sign for me, as the grandson of his old friend Lord Wensleydale, and that I should find no other signature necessary, "a bencher's signature being as good as those of two barristers on this occasion." I kept my terms from 1875 to 1878 whilst I was an undergraduate.

In the year 1879, having just left Cambridge, I began to read for my Bar examination; but having received an invitation to accompany the Lord Chief Baron as his marshal on the Winter circuit, I accepted it and went with him and his colleague, Lord Justice Cotton, to Maidstone. Sir Fitzroy Kelly might be described as the last remnant of the old school. Born in 1796, he entered the House of Commons in the year of the accession of Queen Victoria, 1837, as Member for Ipswich. His Parliamentary career had many ups and downs; he sat for Cambridge from 1843 to 1847 and for East Suffolk from 1852 until he was raised to the Bench. On one occasion he lost his seat owing to allegations of bribery having been proved against his agent. He became Solicitor-General in 1845 for a year and again in 1852. He was Attorney-General in 1858 and in 1866 was created Lord Chief Baron. He was a Tory

of the Tories and never forgot it. Of diminutive stature, he was nevertheless dignified in bearing and appearance on the Bench. His manners were of the old school and his diction stately. He had an ample vocabulary, which might even be called redundant, for in conversation as well as in his judgments or summings up to the jury, he would so often repeat the same sentiment, clothed in different words, that his hearers felt that his tautology became almost unbearable. In those days the Lord Mayor of London on the 9th of November used to visit the Courts at Westminster and listen to an allocution from the Lord Chief Baron; and taking advantage of that opportunity, Sir Fitzroy Kelly would hold forth *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* in the most magnificent style. Sir Fitzroy had at the Bar acquired the nickname of "Applepip Kelly." This arose from the defence which he had set up on behalf of one Tawell, a Quaker, who was charged with having poisoned his mistress at Slough with prussic acid. Kelly tried to make out that the poison found in her body was due to the pips of apples which she had consumed, but neither judge nor jury would accept this theory. The case of Tawell was also remarkable for the fact that it was the first case in which the telegraph was used to effect the arrest of the suspected culprit.

The old Chief Baron was eighty-three when I started off to Maidstone with him, but he was not well, and at the conclusion of the assizes there he abandoned the circuit and returned to town. He never went circuit again and died the following year.

Some circuit rearrangements took place in consequence of the Chief Baron's illness, the result of which was that J. B. Maule, Q.C., one of the leaders of the Northern Circuit, was appointed a Commissioner on the South

Wales Circuit, and I went with him as marshal. Maule was a big, rough man with a very raucous voice, but with considerable experience both of criminal and civil cases, so judicial work came to him quite easily. Nothing of any particular importance occurred during the circuit. We stayed with the old Lord Cawdor at Stacpole and with Lord Emlyn (his son, who became Lord Cawdor and subsequently First Lord of the Admiralty) at the Golden Grove near Carmarthen. At Chester Mr. Justice Manisty joined us. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than Maule and Manisty presented: the former large in figure, loud in voice and somewhat hasty in decision, the latter small of size, very soft in voice and most careful and precise in expression. However, notwithstanding the contrasts in appearance and character, the brother judges were always the best of friends.

In the spring of this year, on the 10th of March 1879, my grandmother, Lady Wensleydale, died. She was a dear and amiable old lady, and the touching inscription, written by Sir Francis Doyle for her tombstone in Ampthill churchyard records how "she showed those younger than herself how beautiful a thing a serene and gracious old age may be." Her death made a great change in the family arrangements and domicile. The lease of Ampthill Park came to an end and it became necessary for my parents to look about for another country place. The Duke of Bedford very kindly permitted us to remain as long as we pleased at Ampthill on a yearly tenancy. but without many of the amenities up to that time enjoyed. My parents spent much time in searching for a country place during the years which followed, but it was not until four years later that they were finally suited. But that is another story which must be told in its proper place.

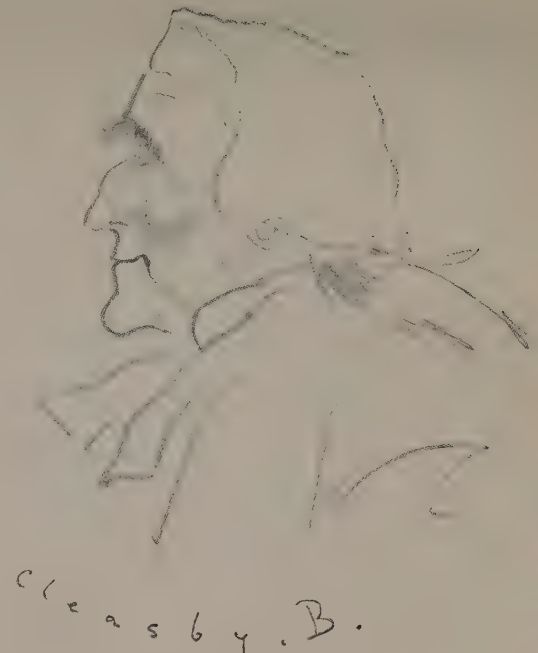
To resume the account of my legal studies. I went into the chambers of a conveyancer, Mr. E. Brodie Cooper, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and struggled with the mysteries of conveyancing, whilst reading the usual textbooks. In April 1879 I passed my Bar examination and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple on the 7th of May. I cannot remember who was the Treasurer on that occasion, but Money Coutts was the senior student to whose lot it fell to return thanks for the Treasurer's kind congratulations. Mr. Money Coutts never, I think, practised at the Bar, but he subsequently claimed the Latymer peerage and obtained it, and died in 1923.

In June I made a first appearance with a brief on behalf of Mr. Cooper, to cross-examine a Welsh witness before Mr. Beavan, Examiner to the Master of the Rolls. The witness professed to have been present at the signature of a certain will, which my clients were contesting. I cross-examined my victim for over an hour, but without much success, for being a Welshman he gave very little away.

In the summer Lord Justice Bramwell, that old judicial lion, took me as his marshal on the North-Eastern Circuit, the other judge being Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, his son Herbert being his marshal.

Bramwell had succeeded my grandfather, Baron Parke, in the Court of Exchequer when the latter was made a peer. He was the embodiment of vigorous common sense, which in a judgment or a summing up he could expound in terse homely language that all could understand. He was a great lawyer and a great judge, and had a remarkably leonine expression, especially when he wore his full-bottomed wig. A big nose, firm square mouth and small blue eyes were his promi-

LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL



BARON CLEASBY

Drawings by the Author

nent features. He had, notwithstanding the strength of his face, a soft and sentimental side to his character, and was very fond of music and himself no mean pianist. Once I had lent him *Scenes from Clerical Life* to read, and having occasion to visit him unexpectedly in his study, found him dissolved in tears over Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. There are many stories illustrative of his grim humour told of him, of which the following may be here recorded. On one occasion he was beginning in the usual form to sentence a prisoner: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been convicted of an offence . . ."

The Prisoner: "'Ow much?"

Bramwell: "Nine months."

On another occasion counsel was urging that his client might have been suffering from kleptomania. "Ah!" said Bramwell, "that is a disease which I am sent here to cure."

He was a great advocate of freedom of contract and intensely disliked a great deal of the grandmotherly protective legislation which he had to interpret and administer. His motto was: "Please govern me as little as possible."

He was an ardent advocate of cheaper law. "High costs," he once observed, "are said to be a good thing in stopping a great deal of improper litigation. Yes, so they are, but they also stop a great deal of proper litigation."

He was not always very strong in the pronunciation of the letter H, and I recall a phrase which was often on his lips, "'Ow does that appear?"

It has been said that the three strongest judges of the nineteenth century were James Shaw Willes, Baron Martin and Baron Bramwell. It was my privilege to be well acquainted with two of them.

In October 1879 I began to attend Quarter Sessions at Carlisle as a full-fledged barrister, and continued to do so regularly until my work in the House of Commons compelled discontinuance. The Cumberland Quarter Sessions took place on a Tuesday, the Carlisle City Sessions on the next day, and the Westmorland County Sessions at Kendal on the Friday, a convenient arrangement for the Bar. Amongst those who were regular attendants at these courts I recall John Dickinson, who subsequently became London's senior magistrate and presided for many years at Bow Street with great distinction and solemnity. When he was engaged in a case at the Sessions he had a habit of pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief which he always kept in his hand. I suppose that he would have been stranded if he had missed it, as Sir Walter Scott was, without his waistcoat button to play with. Miles W. Mattinson was a remarkable personality. Having begun life in a humble capacity in a newspaper office, he had educated himself so successfully that he soon acquired a considerable practice at the Sessions and on circuit; he was a ready and clever platform speaker, became M.P. for Liverpool and a staunch supporter of Lord Randolph Churchill, a Queen's Counsel and a Bencher of Gray's Inn, to whom that body owes in great measure the complete re-establishment of its financial position.

Henry Shee, an eloquent advocate and an amusing cross-examiner, acquired a considerable practice on the circuit, and but for his untimely death would doubtless have obtained much distinction at the Bar.

Alexander Henry, commonly known as the "Counsellor," was the chief lawyer in our little group. He was a mysterious personage and we never could ascertain where he lived or whether he was married. When he

died some years later, two ladies appeared at his funeral who both claimed to be his widow.

Arthur Elliot, subsequently M.P. for Durham and one of the pillars of the Liberal Unionist party, was an irregular attendant. I do not think that he ever cared much for the profession. His bent was towards politics and literature, in both of which he made a considerable mark. He was for some time editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Amongst the other members of the Bar I may mention Noel Agnew and Seton Karr, both of them subsequently in Parliament; E. T. Baldwin, author of a textbook on Bankruptcy, and Ernest Page, who in later years became a K.C., Bencher of the Inner Temple and Recorder of Carlisle.

The chairman of the Cumberland Sessions was Percy Wyndham, father of George Wyndham and at that time Member for West Cumberland. He never felt quite at home in summing up to a jury, and used to confine himself to reading over to them his notes of the evidence given. Farrer Herschell was Recorder of Carlisle and had already made his mark so deeply that it did not require much prophetic skill to anticipate his rapid promotion.

At the Kendal Sessions Mr. Argles, a Westmorland country gentleman, presided with much courtesy and adequate legal knowledge.

It was at Kendal, on the 17th of October 1879, that I obtained my first brief, or rather briefs, for I was the lucky recipient of three prosecutions and was successful in obtaining convictions in each case. I have no doubt that they were given to me out of compliment to my father, who was then M.P. for Westmorland and well known to the solicitors instructing me.

A remarkable character at the Kendal Quarter Ses-

sions was old John Bell, the Clerk of the Peace. He must have been well over eighty years old, for he had gone out with the British Expedition as a subaltern in the Westmorland and Cumberland Militia, in order to take part in the campaign which ended with the Battle of Toulouse, 1814. Although he had not taken part in any engagement, nor spent much time in France, he had drawn a pension for his services from that time onwards. His wig and bands appeared to be of about the same age as himself, and personal cleanliness was not his most prominent characteristic. He spoke with a strong Westmorland accent and his reminiscences were chiefly about the old Lord Lonsdale, who was born in 1757 and died in 1844. He was a keen politician and had taken part in all the great contested elections in the country during the nineteenth century.

On my return to town after my first experiences of Sessions, I went into the chambers of Mr. George Baugh Allen at 4 Paper Buildings. He was one of the last of the old "special pleaders." Never having been called to the Bar, he could not practise in Court, but he carried on a substantial practice in all the preliminary and extraneous legal procedure which did not involve an appearance in wig and gown. Readings, opinions, advice on evidence, preparation of examinations on commission, summonses, appearances in chambers and similar work were his speciality, and in all these matters his pupils had the advantage of seeing his work and of watching the progress of any case in which he was concerned up to the moment of trial. He was a charming old gentleman, with a head as bald as an egg, a brisk walk, a fidgety manner and a profound acquaintance with the niceties of drawing statements of claim or of defence. He was much assisted by his son, Wilfred Allen, who was in

chambers with him and was the real instructor of the pupils. Wilfred Allen became eventually a County Court judge, but was compelled, owing to ill health, to retire, and died at a comparatively early age.

Amongst the pupils were several of my old Cambridge friends: Sydney Holland (Lord Knutsford), E. O. P. Bouverie, F. Cavendish Bentinck and Alfred Lyttelton. There was also a strange creature—C. A. V. Conybeare. This gentleman brought an action against the *World* newspaper for having described him as "a cross-grained splutterer." The *World* justified itself, and on the case being tried, the jury found that the justification was proved and that Conybeare was such as the paper had described. Soon after this event he went into the House of Commons, where he exhibited some of the characteristics which the paper had attributed to him.

I spent a year in Baugh Allen's chambers, attending pretty regularly from 11 to 6 daily. Whilst assimilating a great deal of useful instruction and information, the companionship with my old University friends afforded also many amusing episodes, often at the expense of Sydney Holland. On one occasion he had been briefed to appear in a County Court case. Owing to the lateness of a train, he had failed to attend the Court, and on his arrival had found the case finished and judgment given against his client. He poured out his grief to us, but we determined to have some fun with him. We manufactured a writ of summons against him, claiming a large sum in damages for negligence as a barrister, and hired a clerk to serve it upon him. He naturally brought it in a great state of agitation into the pupil room, and for a day or two we were all occupied looking up the law on the subject and searching the precedents. It was

not until he sought the advice of A. L. Smith, who was then counsel to the Treasury, that the plot was discovered and his mind relieved.

In January 1880 I began going the Northern Circuit, and at the Appleby assizes received my first brief on circuit as junior to Edwards, Q.C., and Mattinson, appearing with them on behalf of Sir Henry Holland against a horse-dealer, whose name I have forgotten, but whose counsel were Charles Russell and Shee. The case was tried by Brett and resulted in a verdict for Sir H. Holland for £53.

In 1880 I began my first practical acquaintance with political life. Lord Bective and my father, the sitting Members for Westmorland, were opposed at the General Election, which took place in March, by Sir Henry Tufton (now Lord Hothfield), the owner of Appleby Castle and of large landed estates in the county. I spoke at several meetings and spent some days in canvassing. The swing of the pendulum was going against the Conservative party. Disraeli, who had returned from the Berlin Conference in 1878 bringing "Peace with Honour," had missed his market by not dissolving then. The county of Westmorland had not been contested for many years. Neither Lord Bective nor my father were very powerful in oratory. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign had raised Liberal enthusiasm to a high pitch and the result was very doubtful in Westmorland, where the old Liberal creed was, in the Fellside districts at all events, firmly rooted. Liberal hopes ran high but in the end the figures announced at Appleby showed:

Lord Bective (C.)	2,641
Hon. W. Lowther (C.)	2,522
Sir H. Tufton (L.)	1,963

and the fireworks prepared at Appleby Castle were not let off.

I also took a small part in the neighbouring division of East Cumberland, where the election showed a closer result as follows:

Sir Richard Musgrave (C.) . .	3,161
E. Stafford Howard (L.). . .	3,083
George J. Howard (L.) . . .	3,039

George Howard, the defeated candidate, was my first cousin. East Cumberland was eventually to become my constituency, but not until it had been converted into a single Member constituency and its boundaries readjusted. Before that occurred, however, another and a notable election took place there. Sir Richard Musgrave, the Member, caught a chill in returning from a Speaker's dinner early in February 1881, and succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. This regrettable event led to a by-election in the constituency. George Howard was the Liberal candidate again and the choice of the Conservatives fell upon my cousin and namesake James Lowther, popularly known as "Jimmy." He was an excellent candidate in many respects; had been for many years in the House of Commons as Member for York; was Secretary for Ireland in Disraeli's last Government; was popular in all classes of society, more especially on the turf, of which he was an ardent patron; and was a capable though not a brilliant speaker. The weak spot in his armour was his uncompromising and unconcealed support of Protection as a panacea for national finance. During the course of the election, whilst it was anticipated that the fight would be a close one, everything had gone well until the day before the polling day, Saturday, the 26th of February. On the Friday there

appeared in the *Standard*, which was then the chief Conservative organ, a leading article denouncing James Lowther's views and urging the electors not to vote for him. That finished him and the result of the poll as declared on the Saturday night was:

G. Howard (L.)	3,071
J. Lowther (C.)	3,041
L. Majority	30

I took some part in this election, speaking on several occasions in conjunction with Mr. G. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. for Whitehaven, and Mr. Miles W. Mattinson, to whom I have already referred.

During the remainder of this year and the greater part of the following year I devoted myself to my profession, being a regular attendant at the Cumberland and Westmorland Sessions and going the Northern Circuit and not without some encouragement, for I generally got a good number of briefs at the former and occasionally some at the latter. The most remarkable case in which I appeared was that of *R. v. Messenger*. The prisoner, a girl of seventeen, was a nurse in the family of a well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. On two successive Saturdays, whilst the farmer and his wife had gone to market, the girl being left in charge of a family of quite young children, two of the children had disappeared. The first was found drowned and the second was discovered lying in a bog with a heavy stone on the back of her head. The girl was charged with the murder of the second child. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Kay, a Chancery judge, who, under the system then in force, was detailed for assize work. This was his first experience of a criminal case and it must have been a severe ordeal. Ernest Page and I were for the

prosecution and Mattinson defended the prisoner. But there was practically no defence and the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to death. Eventually she was respited and served a long term of penal servitude, from which a year or two ago she was released.

Charles Russell was then the leader of the circuit. He was *facile princeps*. It might almost be said that it was a case of Russell first and the rest nowhere. He was an advocate of commanding authority, masterful temper, vehement manner and unbounded energy. How he ever found time to read his cases was a mystery to me, for he did not absent himself from the circuit mess, nor did he forgo a rubber of whist afterwards. Cards and horses were a passion to him. He was a fine speaker in Court and on the platform, though his Parliamentary efforts in later years were never satisfactory. He was extremely kind to me, used occasionally to give me some of his briefs to read and annotate, and presented me with a red bag, the symbol of the first upward step in the forensic career.

Next to Russell came Gully, who had a good business, was a painstaking advocate and a pleasant speaker, but had not sufficient *aplomb* or audacity to stand up to Russell's dominating personality.

Amongst the other "silks" were Higgin, Recorder of Manchester, Ambrose and Addison, both of them Lancashire Conservative M.P.'s. Amongst the leading juniors were Henn Collins, subsequently a Lord Justice; J. C. Bigham, who became a great commercial judge, President of the Court of Probate, Admiralty and Divorce, and eventually Viscount Mersey; J. Pickford, recently Master of the Rolls; and Smyly, who was made a County Court judge.

The above-named were some of the greater lights of

the circuit whom I was privileged to know, but with whom I cannot claim to have been at that time intimate.

My more immediate companions and friends were Ernest Moon, an old Cambridge colleague; Bolton, with whom I went into chambers at a later date; Shand, until lately a County Court judge in Lancashire; Frank Mellor, son of Mr. Justice Mellor; R. A. Yerburgh, for some years M.P. for Chester; Aspinal Tobin, the defender of Dr. Crippen and at present a London County Court judge; Wright, with whom I went for a trip to Gibraltar and Seville; Henry Fell, who abandoned the law for agriculture, an equally unremunerative occupation; Synnott and Blackburn, of whom since those days I have unfortunately lost all trace. But in addition to those whom I have named, there were many regular attendants on the circuit, especially at Manchester and Liverpool: McConnel, who always played a leading part on grand nights; Seagar, a Liverpool local in great demand for the defence of prisoners; Dr. Pankhurst, a Manchester local, the husband of the well-known Mrs. Pankhurst, who, with her daughters, played such a prominent part in the Suffragette agitation; Dr. Comyns, M.P. for Roscommon, and the most popular counsel amongst the Irish population of Liverpool; Cottingham, a cadaverous personage always busy at Manchester; E. Forbes Lankester, a reflection of his celebrated uncle Sam Pope, Q.C.; Collingwood Hope, now the Recorder of Colchester; Charles Jack, a greater light at mess than in court; Charles Hopwood, the faddist Recorder of Liverpool, and several more, some of whom have achieved success in life and some of whom have not.

Amongst the lesser lights I recall Swift, a local barrister at Liverpool, who spoke with a strong Lancashire accent. On one occasion he was engaged as a junior in a case

Sir John Rigby addressing the House of Commons

Mr. Justice Fitzjames Stephen in pursuit of Mr. Digby Seymour and Mr. Waddy

Drawings by Sir Frank Lockwood

which was being tried without a jury. His leader had addressed the judge, but had not taken a material point. Swift insisted upon being heard, although it was objected by Bigham, who was counsel on the other side, that such a procedure before a judge without a jury was unusual. However, Swift made his point good and obtained judgment for his client. Coming afterwards into the barristers' tea room, he declared in broad Lancashire: "Ah've had the day of mah life; Ah've eclipsed my leader, persuaded the joodge, and smashed Bigham!" No mean feat!

On another occasion, a case having been compromised on terms and one of the terms being that the counsel for the defendant should make an apology in Court for his misdeed, whatever it was, Swift offered the apology in these terms: "My Lord, ma client wishes to mak' an apologee and to say that he's oncommon sorry that this action was ever brought." The judge nodded and called the next case and it was not until the parties had left the Court that it dawned upon the plaintiff's counsel, Gully, I think, that Swift's apology was no apology at all. Swift's forensic abilities have descended upon his distinguished son, Mr. Justice Rigby Swift.

The labours of circuit, or, to be more accurate, the attendances on circuit, were diversified by occasional week-end visits to friends who resided in the neighbourhood of the circuit towns, amongst whom I remember with gratitude for their hospitality, the Rev. Watkin and Mrs. Williams of Boddelwyddan (he was until recently the Bishop of Bangor); Colonel and Mrs. Markham of Morland, Westmorland, very old and staunch friends to me for some forty years; Sir Thomas Edwards Moss and Gilbert Moss, who lived near Liverpool and dispensed much hospitality there; and Mr. Bridson, who

inhabited the island in the middle of Windermere Lake, a keen photographer and yachtsman.

The circuit festivities, which were generally limited to a Grand Court at Manchester or Liverpool, never appealed very strongly to me. The speeches consisted for the most part of elaborately prepared witticisms at the expense of various members of the circuit, and were often, not to put too fine a point upon it, of an indelicate character. I can only recall one thoroughly successful and amusing court, and that was an impromptu affair. Sometimes the judges would come to dinner, and then we had music, songs and recitations. On one occasion in 1881, when Coleridge and Lopes were the judges, I was requisitioned, and gave as a recitation Tennyson's "Victim." This led to a somewhat amusing and tragic incident, for an old barrister named Devey, who had up to that time been the reciter to the circuit, felt much annoyance at a youngster like myself being preferred before him and took good care to give audible expression to his displeasure. Although we had always been on perfectly amicable terms, from that time onwards he would never speak to me or attend any of the circuit functions.

In the autumn of 1880 I made a short trip to Spain, joining my brother Gerard at Madrid, where he was then serving as a Secretary in the Legation. An old family friend, Mr. Hugh Wyndham, the First Secretary, was acting as Chargé d'Affaires, and Mrs. Wyndham being absent in England, we three foregathered nightly to sample the cuisine of various restaurants and to taste their vintages of Val de Peñas. In Madrid I attended a bull-fight at which Frascuelo, the popular *espada*, killed his bulls in approved fashion. The whole show struck me as a repulsive sight, especially the cruelty perpetrated

upon the wretched old horses carrying the *picadores*, and my sympathies were wholly with the bull. My brother and I visited Toledo, Cordoba, Seville, Granada, Malaga, Gibraltar, Cadiz and Jerez, also spending a day at Tangier.

The change from nineteenth century civilization at Gibraltar to mediævalism at Tangier was a remarkable experience. Caravans of camels in the Sôk, or market-place, a Moorish wedding procession with the bride in a box on horseback, the powder play of the processionists, the primitive court of justice with the proverbial Kadi sitting under the palm tree, the foul prison where the unconvicted prisoners are herded until they prove their innocence, the universal dirt and stench contrasting with the very white houses and burnouses of the male inhabitants, the thickly-veiled women and the raucous voices of the noisy crowd, were a novelty to one who had never seen anything of Eastern life.

During our trip I did a great many sketches, both in pencil and water-colour, which, although possibly of no artistic merit, are pleasant reminders of a very happy and enjoyable tour.

Two things remain vividly in my memory: first the picturesque figure of the old verger of Seville Cathedral, armed with a long whip which he cracked incessantly to drive stray dogs out of the church, and secondly the books in the library of the Escurial with their backs turned to the wall and their leaves to the spectator.

In March 1881 J. C. Bigham took me as a pupil in his chambers for twelve months, and there I learnt how large a part hard work and careful preparation play in ensuring success at the Bar. Bigham was then one of the leading juniors and had a large and varied practice at Westminster and at Manchester, and through his

kindness I was on several occasions entrusted with one of his briefs to which he was unable, through pressure of business elsewhere, to attend. On the whole I think he had no occasion to be dissatisfied with my assistance, but once I found myself in a mess when, having been instructed that no opposition would be forthcoming to some application which I had to make, a litigant in person suddenly appeared on the scene, when the case was called on, and I had to confess that I was unprepared for this unexpected development and beat a retreat as best I could.

In the spring of 1882, at the conclusion of the circuit I paid a second visit to the south of Spain, my travelling companion being Mr. C. F. Wright, a brother barrister. We went by sea from Liverpool to Gibraltar, and met on board my old friend Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote, the celebrated cricketer, who held for many years the record of 404 " not out " as the highest individual innings recorded. This was afterwards surpassed by W. G. Grace, I think, and I believe that others have also topped this score. Mr. Tylecote had been a neighbour of ours in Bedfordshire. He and his three brothers were all devoted to cricket and good players, and it was from them that I first learnt the rudiments of the game. Whilst Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote achieved his highest distinction as a wicket-keeper, his brother, Mr. H. G. Tylecote, who was at one time Captain of the Oxford eleven, won his laurels as a bowler and batsman. Their father was the Rev. Canon Tylecote, the incumbent of Marston Moretaine, where Speaker Snagge lies buried.

Mr. Wright and I, after seeing the sights of Gibraltar, crossed to Algeciras, which was then a very small village with an indifferent inn, a great contrast to the palatial magnificence of the present Reina Christina hotel. We

were much puzzled by an incident which took place in the dining-room. A Spanish officer, on entering the room, formally saluted us and addressed us very politely, but as my Spanish was inadequate to understand what he said and as he seemed to expect a reply, I called in the waiter as interpreter, who explained that the officer was offering us his dinner—a form of civility which appeared excessive. What the consequences would have been if we had accepted the proffered meal, I cannot conceive.

At daylight on the following morning we took the diligence, and travelling by Tarifa (which, by the way, gives its name to the subject matter of the General Election of 1923, and is the nearest point in Europe to the African continent) we crossed the plains of Vejar, the chief breeding-place of the bulls which play so large a part in the life of the people—butchered to make a Spanish holiday. We saw huge herds of cattle, from which the fighting bulls were being selected by horsemen skilled in the art.

At one spot, the name of which escapes me, our diligence was stopped by the Customs officials and searched. The search revealed a large quantity of packets of tobacco which were being smuggled from Gibraltar into the interior, hidden in the roof and other weird parts of the diligence. Needless to say that the driver and guard professed complete ignorance of this contraband. Amongst the suspicious articles discovered in our baggage was my friend's sponge-bag. The Custom-house officials were evidently unacquainted with the use of its contents, but we were not allowed to proceed until their superior officer had been summoned and pronounced the sponge not to be dutiable. The tobacco and sponge-bag had delayed us an hour and a half, but, relieved of the heavy

burden of all this contraband tobacco, of which some hundredweights must have been discovered, the diligence travelled more easily. We had started with a team of six mules, then we had seven, then five, one of them mounted, and our final stage was done with five horses. We made our way to Jerez, thence to Seville, and then back to Gib., where we found Sir T. Brassey's celebrated yacht *The Sunbeam* in harbour. Sir Thomas Brassey was not on board, but Lady Brassey kindly invited us to visit the yacht, and there I found my old friend Lord Bramwell amongst the party on board. We returned from Gib. by P. and O. and landed at Plymouth on the 5th of March, having been away three weeks and had a most enjoyable trip.

Nothing very particular occurred to me during the year 1882. I took my LL.M. degree at Cambridge, made a balloon ascent from the Crystal Palace, landing in or near Gatton Park in Surrey, acted as scrutineer on behalf of Mr. Raikes at the Cambridge University election in November, and was a frequent attendant at the trial of Belt and Lawes, in which my cousin Mr. F. Cavendish Bentinck held a brief for the plaintiff. This case excited a great deal of interest and lasted a considerable time. Belt was a sculptor of some repute and was charged by Lawes with not being the real author of the works to which he gave his name. In the course of the case he was called upon to execute a bust in court, an ordeal which he satisfactorily passed through. However, in the end, he recovered a farthing damages. Some of his work was very poor, e.g. the statue of Byron in Hamilton Gardens, but some of it was undeniably good. I possess a bust by him of the old Duchess of Cleveland which is an excellent likeness and a clever work.

In March 1882 I went into chambers at 3 Temple

Gardens on my own account. Sydney Holland was my stable companion. The tenant of the rooms was Charley Hall, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales and an intimate friend of his. He had a good practice in the Admiralty Court and subsequently became M.P. for a division of Cambridgeshire. He had been at Cambridge with H.R.H., and being a bit of an amateur conjurer, had ingratiated himself with the Prince by his prestidigitation. We used to lay a trap for him into which he invariably fell. At the conclusion of the day's work one of us used to look into his room and ask him if he was walking West, and the invariable reply was: "Well, I'm going as far as Marlborough House."

The tenants of the third room in the chambers were Bolton and C. K. Francis, who is now one of the senior London stipendiary magistrates.

My work at the Bar was not so arduous as to preclude my enjoying the pleasures which a London season offered in dinners, parties and balls, and of all these I had my full share. At the former I occasionally met some of the celebrities of the day, amongst whom I may mention Captain Shaw, the well-known head of the London Fire Brigade, immortalized in W. S. Gilbert's lines:

> Oh, Captain Shaw, Captain Shaw,
> Type of true love kept under,
> Can thy brigade
> With cool cascade
> Quench my true love? I wonder.

He was also a frequent guest at Linton Park, Maidstone, the residence in the years, of which I write, of Lord and Lady Holmesdale. She was a Cornwallis and was the owner of the place, which commanded a fine view of the garden of Kent and had a good collection of trees and shrubs. There was no opportunity for offering to the

numerous week-end guests at Linton any form of sport, but Lord Holmesdale managed to provide the foreign ambassadors, whom her ladyship delighted to entertain, with a rabbit shoot. There were several clumps of trees in the park above the house, and on the morning of a shoot Lord Holmesdale would turn a large number of rabbits out into these clumps. The foreign ambassadors were posted around and the rabbits driven out. During luncheon the process of filling up was secretly repeated, and in the afternoon, much to the amazement of the guests, the clumps, when beaten through again, produced as large a bag as in the morning. This phenomenon was a source of constant wonder to the distinguished diplomats. Lady Holmesdale, who never enjoyed good health, always had a doctor and a dentist at her week-end parties. They were seldom the same, and as I was a frequent visitor, I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many members of the medical profession. In this way I met Sir Morell McKenzie, the great throat specialist, whose treatment of Kaiser Frederick became the subject of violent controversy. On other occasions I met Robert Browning, who for a poet was surprisingly commonplace and well-groomed in appearance; Jenny Lind, the celebrated singer of a bygone era and at that time well advanced in years; Tom Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and Lord Lyons, our ambassador in Paris, whose *Life* has been so admirably written by Lord Newton.

I unfortunately missed the chance of becoming acquainted with Lord Beaconsfield. I was invited to dine with Lord and Lady Malmesbury to meet him. His particular friends, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, were there, so were Sir Balliol and Lady Brett, Lady and Miss Harris, Lord and Lady Barrington and Henry

Manners (now Duke of Rutland), but Lord Beaconsfield was ill and could not come. This was on the 27th of March 1881. Less than a month later he died.

I also met at the Duke of Bedford's the Empress of Germany, whom at Berlin I had known when she was Crown Princess. Sir Theodore and Lady Martin were the guests of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, at her beautiful Scottish lodge, Loch Luichart, when I was once there. Lady Ashburton had a passion for getting up entertainments—charades, dumb-crambo, recitations, music, anything—and it occurred to her that an opportunity of hearing Lady Martin, who had been a celebrated actress in her time—Helen Faucit—should not be missed. The whole party, therefore, were told off to prepare to read aloud the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice." Lady Martin took the part of Portia, Sir Theodore was the Duke, Hamilton Aïdé was Antonio, Charles Drummond and Henry Graham read other parts, and I was cast for Shylock. However, after we had been going a little while, Lady Martin jibbed and declined altogether to proceed. Whether it was my inadequacy to represent the Jew or the incongruous appearance of Charles Drummond in a kilt reading the part of a Venetian noble, I never knew. At all events, the leading lady would have no more of it.

Louisa Lady Ashburton was the widow of William, 2nd Lord Ashburton, who had played a considerable part in the political world between 1830 and 1860. She had been a Miss Stewart Mackenzie and must have been a very good-looking young woman, for in her old age she was still remarkably handsome, of a rather Jewish type of face, with black hair and a dark complexion. She was a very talented woman and extremely well read and enthusiastic about art, literature and music,

but extraordinarily vague and had a total disregard for the conveniences of others. She was very forgetful of her engagements and most annoyingly unpunctual. For several years I was her guest at Loch Luichart, where I enjoyed some excellent deer-stalking and met much pleasant company. I remember one Sunday when all her guests were commandeered to attend and take part in the service in the Free Church chapel in the village. Lord Folkestone read the lessons, Lady Folkestone did the singing, Clifford, an artist, offered up the prayers and preached the sermon, Sir William Harcourt went round with the bag, and all that was left for the parson to do was to pronounce the blessing.

Guests would sometimes arrive at Loch Luichart to whom the hospitable hostess had extended an invitation in London, but the date of whose arrival she had completely forgotten. On one occasion, the house already being nearly full, news came that a large party had arrived at the station and was awaiting conveyances to bring them to the house. The party turned out to be Captain Verney, R.N., with Mrs. Verney, two children, a governess and some servants. This necessitated a general re-shuffle of bedrooms and the extrusion of some of the men, myself included, into the ghillies' bothie in the garden. In fact, it very seldom happened during my stay that I slept twice running in the same bedroom. Once in London, having intended to give two dinner parties on successive evenings, she had made some confusion with the invitations and all the guests turned up on the same day. The difficulty was got over by the men all going off to their respective clubs and the party resolving itself into a hen dinner party.

Lady Ashburton was a lady of ample proportions and somewhat indolent. I recollect that once when she had

been out driving, she had occasion to return in order to change her clothes, but was so disinclined to leave the carriage and go to her bedroom for the purpose, that she insisted upon undressing and dressing in the open carriage, after warning the coachman that he was not to turn his head round. She had been a friend of Carlyle's, and when he was at Loch Luichart, she had taken him to admire a particular view. She showed him the view and he duly admired it, but when she continued to enlarge in enthusiastic terms upon the scene before them, he interrupted her and said, "I have admired your view once and there is no necessity to go on doing so." Besides Loch Luichart, which was a delightful possession, Lady Ashburton was the owner of Melchet in Hampshire, which now belongs to Sir Alfred Mond, Kent House, Knightsbridge, the residence of Mr. Saxton Noble, and Seaton, a seaside villa in Dorsetshire. She was given to good works and devoted much of her time in London attending and assisting mission work in the East End. Her only daughter, Masie Baring, married the late Lord Northampton.

CHAPTER VIII

1883–1885

Campsea Ashe—I enter Parliament—Rutland—General Election of 1885

In the summer of 1883 the long search for a country place, in which my parents had been engaged, came to an end. My father, having heard from a Suffolk friend that the estate of Campsea Ashe was to be sold by auction, made a bid for it and became the owner of it (the Baroness Burdett-Coutts being, as they say, the under bidder) much to the disgust of my mother, who had not been informed of his intention and had always vowed that she would never live in the eastern counties. "The schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." So we said good-bye with much reluctance to our old home at Ampthill and transferred ourselves to Suffolk. The original house at Campsea Ashe was built by one Glover, in the reign of Edward VI, but it soon passed into the family of Sheppard, and in that family, or at all events in families of that name, it remained until my father bought it. The greater part of the old house was pulled down and rebuilt by the architect, Salvin, about the year 1850, though the centre of the house and some of the chimney-stacks are original and show what is known as Elizabethan characteristics.

The last of the Sheppards was Mr. T. G. Sheppard, who had served for a year on the jury which tried and convicted Arthur Orton, the claimant to the Tichborne estates. He had been a keen sportsman and an ardent

supporter of cricket, and had assisted in founding the Zingari. He died in 1882. The estate of about 4,000 acres is situated nearly 20 miles north-east of Ipswich and 10 miles from the little seaside town of Aldeburgh, the home of the poet Crabbe. It was a good sporting estate, but a great deal of it was of very poor agricultural value. When my father bought it the farms and buildings were in a miserable state of repair; he reduced the rents and spent large sums of money in rebuilding and repairing farms. Needless to say that he never made a penny out of it, but that from the financial point of view it was a *damnosa hereditas*. The chief feature and attraction was the garden, which contained some of the finest cedars in England, and some remarkable yew fences, clipped into fantastic shapes, almost rivalling the well-known yews of Levens near Kendal. There were then three large estates in the immediate neighbourhood: Sudbourn, belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, Rendlesham, the seat of Lord Rendlesham, and Easton, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. The financial effects of the war have now led to the breaking up of all three properties, and as to the big houses, one has been divided into two, one has been converted into an Inebriates' Home, and one has been pulled down altogether.

In August 1883 Gerard Noel, my uncle by marriage, applied for the Chiltern Hundreds and a new writ was issued for the County of Rutland, which he had represented for a considerable number of years. My family had a close connection with the county, having lived for some generations at Cottesmore and Barleythorpe, both in the neighbourhood of Oakham, and my great-grandfather, Sir William Lowther, had been M.P. for the county from 1790 to 1802. I was selected as the Conservative candidate. Rutland then returned two

Members, Mr. George Finch being Gerard Noel's colleague; but as there was no organization and as there had not been an election in the county for years, the issue was by no means a certainty. The election was the last held under the old system before Sir Henry James's Corrupt Practices Act had become law, and in accordance with the electioneering practices which were then in vogue, my agent began operations by chartering every available conveyance for taking electors to the poll and by communicating with all out-voters and sending them return tickets to Oakham. One gentleman eventually came all the way from the south of France to vote—at my expense.

My opponent, who described himself as a tenant farmers' candidate, although he was neither a tenant nor a farmer, was Mr. Davenport Handley of Clipsham. At a later date, after my election, *Punch* regretted his defeat on the ground that it would have been convenient "to have had a davenport handily placed in the House."

Mr. George Finch, the sitting Member, was a popular local squire, the owner of a considerable estate and of a very large house, Burley on the Hill, situated on a commanding height, dominating the green pastures of the plain of Oakham. His family had lived there for years and had earned the respect and esteem of the whole county and district. He and Gerard Noel had enjoyed a series of unopposed returns and, as far as I could discover, no political meetings had been held in the county since the Reform Bill of 1832. Mr. Finch was no orator, but perhaps it did not signify, for even in private conversation his utterance was so rapid and indistinct that few except his most intimate acquaintance could understand him. He remained in Parliament

for so many years that he eventually became the Father of the House.

The election, which began on the 21st of August, was over on the 31st of August; the poll in those days closed early; the counting began at 6.30 p.m. and at 7.30 p.m. the Sheriff announced the result as follows:

Lowther	860
Handley	194
Majority	666

Amongst the letters of congratulation which I received was one from Mr. A. Beresford Hope, the well-known Churchman and Member for Cambridge University, offering his congratulations but regretting that the figures of my majority should be the "number of the beast" (see Revelations, chap. xiii, verse 18).

Sir Stafford Northcote, the then leader of the Opposition, wrote:—

Dear Mr. Lowther,—

I must send you a line of congratulation and of thanks for your great victory, which will be of material advantage to the party. You have overthrown the Farmers' Alliance in excellent style. I hope you have a career before you.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
Stafford H. Northcote.

I should perhaps explain that the Farmers' Alliance at that time was a Radical organization under the direction of Mr. James Howard of Bedford.

A bye-election in those days was not as strenuous and hectic an affair as nowadays, and my own share

in the proceedings was limited to a personal canvass of as many electors as time permitted, dining at the farmers' ordinary at the market towns and making one speech per diem. There was not much oratorical talent locally available, so I had to do most of the speaking for myself, but I had the assistance of Mr. Lawrence, Q.C., and M.P. for a division of Lincolnshire, generally known as "Long Lawrence," and a very popular squire, who subsequently became a judge; and of Lord Burghley, then M.P. for a Northamptonshire division, but at the time unpopular for having suggested that farmers' daughters would be better employed in milking the cows than in playing the piano. This unfortunate utterance, however true, was warmly resented, and the noble lord never appeared upon a platform without the accompaniment of a piano, brought outside the hall by some unforgiving opponents.

In addressing an open-air meeting at Oakham, I referred to "some placards which had appeared in the town." This harmless observation led to considerable disturbance, which I was at a loss to understand, until it was explained to me that my words had been understood to refer to "some blackguards in the town" and some of my audience fitted the cap.

The House having been prorogued during the course of the election, I was not able to take my seat until it met again in the following year.

I cannot remember that the election turned upon any special political issue. Mr. Gladstone's Government, notwithstanding its defeats on the Bradlaugh question and its uncertain and vacillating policy upon Egyptian affairs, had passed an Agricultural Holdings Act, giving compensation for tenants' improvements, and had carried some other useful measures into law, and was

in a tolerably strong position, not so much from its own *vis* as from the *inertia* of the Opposition, which found itself crippled and shackled by the internal strains from which it was suffering. There was no open split, but there was considerable discontent with the manner in which Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Opposition in the Commons, led his forces. This, however, was not reflected in the constituency of Rutland, where the Conservative party all pulled together.

During the recess I continued to attend the Sessions and the Circuit, and at Liverpool was engaged in the prosecution of a murder, which terminated in rather a curious way. The case lasted all day and just as Mr. Justice Denman was beginning to sum up, one of the jurymen was seized with a fit. The case was adjourned and the jury, including the suffering juryman, kept together or, as it is technically termed, locked up; but on the following day it was found that the sick juryman was too unwell to be able to proceed with the case. The jury was then discharged, a fresh jury sworn, and the case began again *de novo*; but it had not proceeded far when the judge, after consultation with counsel on both sides, announced that in his opinion there was not sufficient evidence to obtain a conviction and the prisoner was discharged.

1884

Parliament met on the 5th of February and I took my seat, being introduced by my father and my cousin James Lowther, then M.P. for the Isle of Thanet. I generally occupied a place below the gangway on the Opposition side, beyond where the Fourth Party sat, and whenever possible secured it by attendance at prayers. On the first

day of the session evidence was forthcoming of inefficient organization on the part of the Opposition. Mr. Bourke (afterwards Lord Connemara) moved an amendment to the Address upon the question of the Government policy in Egypt. This raised many topics demanding a reply from the Government, e.g. the mission of General Gordon, the abandonment of the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan, General Baker's expedition, etc. Sir H. de Worms seconded the amendment and the expectation was that Sir Charles Dilke would have replied for the Government, but he did not rise and, no member of the Opposition rising to continue the debate, a division was taken during the dinner hour in a very empty house and the subject was incontinently snuffed out. It appeared that Sir Charles Dilke relied upon some unwritten law that a Cabinet minister was not expected to speak between 8 and 10 p.m.

On the following day Lord R. Churchill moved the adjournment in order to call attention to what had occurred and a heated discussion ensued. The end of the matter was that notice was given of a vote of censure which was interpolated into the debate on the Address and occupied five days. The Address did not terminate until the 22nd of February, seventeen days after its inception. But before the regular business of the session began, two other notable incidents occurred. Bradlaugh one day presented himself at the table, without having been called upon as a new Member to take his seat, armed with a book and a piece of paper. He muttered something which was quite inaudible, kissed the book, wrote on the paper and handed it to the clerk at the table. This attempt to go through the prescribed forms was condemned by the House and he was formally excluded from its precincts. The other

interesting event was the resignation of Mr. Speaker Brand after twelve years' service in the Chair. Although very short of stature, Speaker Brand had an imposing and dignified appearance, and in the face of many difficulties created by Parnell and the Irish party, and without the assistance of the Closure, which had not then become a part of the procedure of the House, he had conducted the business with conspicuous success. Brand's name will always be associated with his *coup d'état* when, on the 2nd of February 1881, at 9.30 a.m., after forty-one hours' continuous sitting, he declined to "see" any more members and put the question which had been so long debated. Incidentally I may remark here that the Irish party never forgave him or any of his successors in the Chair. Until that time they had been in the habit of accepting the Speaker's invitations to his official dinners and of attending his *levées* in uniform or Court dress (generally hired for the occasion), but since that eventful day these functions have always been boycotted by them.

Then arose the question of who was to be Sir Henry Brand's successor. Mr. Goschen was obliged to decline the offer, owing to his extreme short-sightedness; Mr. Whitbread, whose fine presence and moderate views seemed to indicate his complete fitness for the position, also declined; and the choice of the Government fell upon Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel. This selection was not approved by the Opposition, partly because Mr. Peel had been a Whip of the Liberal party in days gone by, and partly because it was believed that his health would not stand the strain imposed upon an occupant of the Chair. A meeting of Conservative M.P.'s was held at the Carlton to determine upon their course of action. Although the party possessed in Sir Matthew

White Ridley a man admirably qualified for the post, it was felt that to put him forward at the moment would be futile in face of the decision of the Government and might spoil his chances for the next occasion, which, it was thought, could not be far distant; accordingly Sir Stafford Northcote was instructed to offer a vigorous protest against the appointment of a junior member of the Government, on the ground that the appointment to the Speakership rested with the House as a whole and was not a party affair. Sir Stafford Northcote duly made his protest, but no stretch of the imagination could reasonably call it vigorous.

In less than a month there was another meeting at the Carlton Club. Mr. Gladstone had introduced his Reform Bill, proposing to extend to the counties the household suffrage which the boroughs then enjoyed, the effect of which would be to add some 2,000,000 voters to the Register. At the same time no proposals were submitted for a fresh redistribution of seats or for any protection for minorities. The question for the determination of the meeting was what line the party should take? Were they to accept the extension and press for redistribution, or were they to oppose the whole proposal tooth and nail? After some speeches had been made advocating the latter course, I rose and, greatly daring, ventured to suggest that as the Bill would of a certainty pass into an Act, it would be unwise to put the party into the position of having opposed the grant of the franchise to the new voters, whose suffrages it would shortly have to seek. I cannot say that my remarks were received with much favour, and I gathered that my views were unacceptable and my boldness as a brand new Member in intervening, resented.

On the 27th of March I made my maiden speech.

This is always a trying ordeal, and if it had not been for the encouragement and assistance rendered to me by Lord Percy (the late Duke of Northumberland) and Lord Folkestone (the late Lord Radnor), in whose proximity I happened to be sitting, I should have found it more difficult to "come to the scratch." However, all went well, and I took the line which I had already indicated at the Carlton meeting, and though not opposing the extension of the suffrage, pleaded for a wisely considered scheme of redistribution whilst deprecating the application of a plan, which Mr. Gladstone had indicated, of increasing the representation in Parliament in proportion to the remoteness of the electors from the metropolis. This I dubbed "the centrifugal theory." I also, differing from my party, supported and urged the desirability of treating the Irish elector in precisely the same manner as the English and Scottish, on the ground that only so could the true union of the countries be manifested and maintained; and on a subsequent occasion, when this issue was distinctly raised by an amendment in committee, moved by Mr. St. John Brodrick, I voted with the Government against the rest of my party.

The next day Mr. W. E. Forster, who replied in the debate on behalf of the Government, was kind enough to make a few eulogistic references to my first oratorical effort.

As I have not the intention of attempting to write a history of the times or to record the Parliamentary events which occurred during the period of my membership, except where it may be necessary to refer to them in order to elucidate my share in them, I do not propose to trace the history of the Franchise Bill and its supplement, the Redistribution Bill. Suffice it to record that

the former was rejected by the Lords; that after the prorogation of Parliament on the 14th of August, a series of big meetings was held throughout the country during the autumn, at which the pros and cons of the question were thoroughly discussed; that eventually an agreement was reached by which the Franchise Bill was to be passed after the introduction of a Redistribution Bill, and that the details of the latter measure were to be agreed between the chiefs of the opposing parties. All this accordingly came to pass in the new session, which began on the 23rd of October and lasted until the 6th of December, when an adjournment took place.

I attended and spoke at some of the big demonstrations, e.g. at Stamford, at Beeston Castle, at Rockingham Castle, and at Carlisle, but took no further part in the House of Commons debates. I must admit that my attendance at debates was also somewhat irregular; though once I received a not undeserved reproof from Lord Randolph Churchill for my shortcomings. Lord Randolph took much interest in the younger members of the party, to whom he gave encouragement and advice and to whom in the matter of attendance he set an admirable example. On one occasion I dined with him at his house, where I met Sir John Gorst, Sir H. Drummond Wolf, Sir Charles Dalrymple, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Marriott (a recent convert from Liberalism to Conservatism), Mr. Bertie Mitford (afterwards Lord Redesdale), and Mr. Tom Nash. The last-named was a local barrister at Manchester, a type of the Tory democrat, and was expected to make a mark in the political world, which, however, his death at an early age frustrated. Immediately after dinner, although there was no particular business of importance in the

House of Commons, Lord Randolph insisted on our returning to the House, as he said that it was always impossible to foresee what might arise and it was desirable to be on the spot in view of unforeseen eventualities. This observation reminded me of a saying attributed to Mr. Disraeli, that the attendance of a young Member was the best homage which he could pay to the House.

During this session I served on two select committees dealing with the education of canal boat children and the enfranchisement of copyholds. In both cases our deliberations and reports resulted in some amendments to the Law.

But my time was not wholly devoted to House of Commons work, for in addition to regular attendance on circuit and sessions, I took an active part in the work of the People's Entertainment Society, which was engaged in providing free concerts and entertainments two nights a week in different parts of the poorer quarters of London. The organization of these entertainments and the committal to memory of pieces suitable for recitation occupied a good deal of time, which, however, was well rewarded by the appreciation shown of the fare provided. Lady Folkestone took the leading part in these concerts and gave thousands of people the opportunity of hearing her beautiful voice and finished style.

As Member for Rutland my services were requisitioned by Dr. Thring, the headmaster of Uppingham, at a great function which took place at the school on the 26th of June 1884, to celebrate the ter-centenary of the foundation of that institution. Dr. Thring had achieved conspicuous success as headmaster and I was glad to be able in the most humble way to do him honour,

but he tried me very sorely, for on very short notice he requested me, in the absence of Mr. Johnson, a lineal descendant of the founder, to make the principal speech on the occasion. I found myself thereupon appearing on the platform with a number of distinguished individuals, all of them far more capable than myself of doing justice to the topic in hand, and to my dismay no less than five bishops addressed the audience before I was called upon to speak. My points, hurriedly prepared, disappeared one after the other, and I was perforce driven to repeat in ineffective periods what had already been pointedly and eloquently said by the episcopal quintet.

1885

In January 1885 I took a holiday from my Parliamentary duties and spent the months of January and February in Egypt. At Brindisi I fell in with Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler, M.P., familiarly known as "How do Fowler" from a trick which he had acquired of always saying "How do? How do?" on meeting friends. Fowler was a remarkable old gentleman. Twice Lord Mayor of London, he was for many years a prominent Member of the House of Commons and took an active part in the debates, frequently introducing quotations from the Greek classics. He carried with him a pocket edition of Sophocles' dramas and whiled away the tedium of travel by refreshing his memory in reading over and reciting in an undertone his favourite passages. Besides being a scholar and a successful man of business, he was also a keen sportsman and enjoyed his days with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds like a two-year-old. When travelling in Egypt he never discarded his top hat—a most unsuitable headgear for

that warm climate. I recall an amusing incident at Suez, where we found ourselves on a Sunday afternoon. We hired a boat and endeavoured to sail and row out to the Wells of Moses, on the shore of the Red Sea some two or three miles from Suez. Owing to the shallow water we were unable to reach the shore without wading, and so after divesting myself of my trousers, I got into the water and waded ashore. Sir Robert, however, declared that it was unwise to go into the water without dipping the head in the sea, and proceeded to divest himself of all his clothing before he would venture in, although the water only came up to about the level of his knees. The sun was hot, and as he feared to expose his head to it without any protection, he resumed his top hat, and with that as his only covering, he walked ashore, the boatman following with the rest of his clothes, which he resumed on landing.

Together also we climbed the big pyramid, no mean feat for an elderly and stout gentleman of some seventy summers, and again the top hat was *en évidence*.

Cairo was in 1885 a very different place to what it is now. It had not then become a fashionable winter resort, though a few visitors and tourists congregated at Shepheard's, which was the only hotel adapted to European requirements. The railway only went as far south as Assiout, and thence onward the postal boats carried mails and passengers to Assouan. The big dam was not then made and Elephantine Island was not submerged. Sir Evelyn Baring was the British Consul-General and was already beginning to raise the country from poverty to a sound financial position and was laying the foundations of his great financial and administrative reputation. At Cairo I parted from Sir Robert Fowler and went up the Nile to Assouan. It

was not at that moment possible to proceed farther, as all means of transport were commandeered for the purposes of the Gordon Relief Expedition. On the 26th of January I was at Luxor, but the news of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon did not reach me there until some days later, though the telegraph wires along which the fateful news had sped ran through the town. After visiting the tombs of the Kings and all the usual tourist sights, I returned to Cairo, meeting on the post boat a Cambridge friend, Mr. R. B. Colvin, lately M.P. for the Epping division, and Prince Napoleon, the son of "Plon Plon" and, after the death of the Prince Imperial and of his father, the head of the Napoleonic family. My brother Gerard, who was then a Secretary in the Embassy at Constantinople, joined me at Cairo, and together we made a trip to the Fayoum on a snipe and duck shooting expedition. The Fayoum, a large oasis at some little distance from the valley of the Nile, struck me as offering the pleasantest and prettiest landscape in Egypt. The whole of it being on a gentle slope, gradually descending to the big lake of Birket-el-Kurn, was a relief to eyes which had tired of the monotonous level of the Nile Valley. The mud was deep and smelly and the sun hot, but there were plenty of snipe about, and flight-shooting at the duck in the mornings and evenings afforded good sport. Every day we sent a consignment of snipe to our Consul-General at Cairo, but as we never received any thanks or acknowledgment, it is probable that they never reached him. Our bag during the week was 220 snipe, 20 duck, some quail, pigeon, sandgrouse, and 3 bittern.

From Egypt I returned with my brother to Constantinople, calling for a day at Athens and for some hours at Smyrna. This was my first visit to Athens

and it produced a great impression. For many years I had been reading my classics and was familiar with the history and the names of the places which I now saw. The Acropolis, the Piræus, Ægina, the Bay of Phalerum, the Areopagus, Mount Lycabettus, Mount Pentelicus, Cape Sunium, were to me household words. Standing on the steps of the Acropolis and looking around upon these places, with their immortal names and memories, I experienced a thrill which I can never forget. It was some satisfaction and repayment for the years of struggle with Greek authors and poets, which had given me so much labour and anxiety.

Constantinople was disappointing and the Golden Horn a fraud. My impressions were doubtless influenced by the meteorological conditions, which happened to be unfavourable. I stayed at the Embassy with Sir Hugh and Lady Wyndham, old friends of my parents from Berlin days, and was taken to see the Selamlik, the dancing dervishes, and all the usual sights of that cosmopolitan city. Sir Hugh Wyndham happened to be in charge of the mission during the absence of Sir William White. The staff of the Embassy consisted of a collection of some of the tallest young men whom England could produce, all of them well above 6 feet 2 inches in height. Findlay, Morier, Tower and Sir William White made a "Big Four" which could look down upon the representatives of any other country, and although my brother Gerard was not the equal in height of any of these colleagues, he was no small figure. Mr. E. Goschen and Godfrey Bland, old acquaintances, were also there. When I left, Sir Hugh Wyndham entrusted me with the care of the Foreign Office bag and gave me a special passport which facilitated some of the Customs formalities. In 1885 there was no railway to Constanti-

nople, and the only means of access to Western Europe was by steamer through the Black Sea to Varna, thence by train to Rutschuk, a ferry across the Danube, and then rail to Bucharest and thence to Buda Pesth and Vienna, and so home. It was a slow and roundabout route and in winter very cold. Even in March, when I returned to England by that route, it was very chilly and the snow lay deep in Bulgaria.

I got back to London on the 19th of March and resumed my Parliamentary duties. The situation which I found was that Mr. Gladstone's Government was rapidly going downhill. After the fall of Khartoum the announced policy of the Government was "to smash the Mahdi at Khartoum" and then to evacuate. Lord Wolseley was to advance by Suakim and Berber, making a railway as he went along. The Cabinet were evidently not of one mind, for the policies of "smashing the Mahdi" and evacuation "almost immediately after" seemed to be difficult of reconciliation. In Irish affairs, too, there was no unanimity. Lord Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, was in favour of a renewal of the Coercion Act, which was about to expire. He was strongly opposed by Dilke and Chamberlain. Explosions caused by Irish revolutionaries were of almost weekly occurrence. The Tower of London, the Local Government Board offices, Westminster Hall and the House of Commons were all sufferers. It was a marvel, in view of the knowledge which we now have of the condition of the timber, that the whole roof of Westminster Hall did not collapse with the shock. In the Chamber of the House of Commons the explosion brought down a great part of the Strangers' Gallery and damaged the Members' seats, especially on the Government side of the House, where to this day

some cuts and scars in the benches may still be seen.

Besides these domestic troubles, a serious situation had arisen in Central Asia between Russia and ourselves, known as the "Penjdeh incident," and it had become necessary for Mr. Gladstone to take large credits and make extensive preparations for a conflict, which, however, was fortunately averted.

The chief alteration which I found in the House was that for the first time on the 24th of February 1885 the Closure had been put in force. The procedure rules authorizing it had been passed in the autumn session of 1882, but it had never before been applied. In its then form it was somewhat cumbrous and unworkable, for it originated with the Speaker, upon whom was imposed the invidious duty of declaring that in his opinion the question under debate had been sufficiently discussed; thereupon the leader of the House had to move "that the question be now put." There were also severe conditions as to the numbers voting for and against, and unless these were complied with, the Closure was not carried. On the first occasion of its application it was put in force against Irish obstructives, but a few of the old crusted Tories, from a feeling of resentment at the introduction of this new-fangled procedure, joined with the Irishmen in voting against the motion and very nearly defeated it. Amongst this number was my father. He had been a great personal friend of Arthur Peel, the Speaker, but the latter very much resented my father's vote on this occasion and with difficulty forgave him.

The chief alteration which the House found in me was that, having during my first session been a clean-shaved youth, I returned with a full beard and moustache. The doorkeepers, whose powers of recognition

of the 670 Members of Parliament entitled to pass within the doors of the Chamber are very remarkable, stopped me on my first appearance, and it required some explanation and the assistance of a friend before I was permitted to pass into the sacred precincts.

The Redistribution Bill in the month of April was passing through its final stages in the House of Commons, and a few observations upon the nomenclature of some of the new divisions which it was proposed to create in Cumberland, formed my only contribution to the debates of this session.

In May Lord Aberdeen, having been appointed High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, invited me to act as his A.D.C. at Holyrood Palace during the discussions of the Assembly of the Church at Edinburgh. My duties were purely ornamental, such as attendances upon the High Commissioner at *levées*, at church, at the official dinners and at the opening of the Assembly, so that I had the opportunity of seeing the sights of Edinburgh and neighbourhood under the most favourable conditions and of making the acquaintance of a number of interesting people, amongst whom I especially remember Mr. Smalley, Professor Drummond, Mr. Mahlon Sands, who subsequently died from a fall in Rotten Row, and Lady Isabel Boyle. The first-named was the representative in this country of the *New York Herald*, a man of singular intelligence with a wide knowledge of British politics and politicians. He had the *entrée* to the fashionable society of London, where he lived until his death in or about the year 1916. There was, however, a brief interval in his life when he resided in New York as the representative of *The Times* in America, and the story is told of him during that period that on his praising to his American friends the

English system of so-called "small and early" parties, one of them replied that he was probably thinking of the "Earl and Smalley" ones.

Professor Drummond was a most attractive personality. He was tall, good-looking, had a sandy moustache and side whiskers, was extraordinarily well and neatly turned out, and spoke with great facility and persuasiveness in a most melodious voice, with sufficient accent to charm and not irritate. I presume that he was a professor of theology, for that was his main topic, both in public and in private. His books, especially *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, were deeply interesting and created considerable stir. He died a comparatively young man, whilst travelling in Central Africa.

One of the High Commissioner's duties is to preside at the meetings of the Church Assembly, when all the grave and potent representatives of the Established Church of Scotland foregather to discuss the affairs of their Church or to pronounce upon the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of one of their pastors. It is said that when Lord Rosslyn was presiding as High Commissioner he interrupted the proceedings with the announcement that he had just received an important telegraphic communication the contents of which he felt sure would prove of deep interest, and he then proceeded to read a telegram announcing the result of the Derby.

In June of this year, my old friend, Sir R. N. Fowler, the Lord Mayor, gave a big banquet at the Mansion House in honour of Mr. Speaker Peel, and was kind enough to include me amongst the guests. It was attended by 260 Members of the House of Commons and many Peers, chosen without regard for party, and by the chief officials of the House, Gossett (Sergeant-

at-Arms), Sir Erskine May (Chief Clerk), Archibald Milman (Clerk Assistant), Rev. Francis Byng (Chaplain) and E. Ponsonby (the Speaker's Secretary).

The effect of the Redistribution Act was serious in my case, for it deprived me of my seat for Rutland. Single Member constituencies were set up almost universally, and as Rutland was not large enough either in area or population to be divided, it was converted into a single Member constituency. My colleague, George Finch, was the senior Member, and as he elected to stand again for the county, I had to seek a constituency elsewhere. This I found in the Mid or Penrith Division of Cumberland. I was well acquainted with many of the residents in the neighbourhood of Penrith; I had taken part in political meetings during the great contest between my two relatives, George Howard and James Lowther; Lord Lonsdale, my first cousin, was a considerable landowner in the division; and in June 1885, after selection by the Conservative Association, I commenced my canvass. The constituency in point of area was one of the largest in England, stretching from the district where the South Tyne rises (to the east of the Pennine range) almost as far as the Solway Firth on the north and almost as far as Cockermouth on the west. It was very mountainous, ill provided with railway facilities, sparsely populated, almost entirely pastoral, but with some coal and lead mining districts, and, as motor cars were not then invented, travelling by road from one small village to another took an unconscionably long time. Four towns composed the "quadrilateral," as I named it, of the division, viz. Penrith in the south, Alston in the east, Wigton in the north and Keswick in the west.

The Liberal candidate was Mr. Henry Charles Howard

of Greystoke Castle, a large landowner, a great county magnate, a very popular personage, a formidable candidate and a personal friend of my own.

Within a day or two of commencing my canvass, Mr. Gladstone's Government was defeated on the Budget and resigned. I was present in the House and voted for Sir Michael Hicks Beach's amendment which brought about the climax. There was a display of wild enthusiasm on the part of the younger Members of the Opposition. Lord Randolph Churchill, who occupied the corner seat of the front Opposition bench below the gangway, jumped up on his seat and for some minutes wildly waved his hat—a performance which in those days was an innovation, but in these would not be considered so extraordinary. The defeat of Mr. Gladstone was certainly due to the younger wing of the Conservative party, whose most prominent leaders were Lord Randolph, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. Ritchie and Mr. A. Balfour; and when Lord Salisbury formed his Government these gentlemen were all included therein.

Parliament was prorogued on the 14th of August, and on the dissolution in November I ceased to be M.P. for Rutland.

Every House of Commons has many points of resemblance and many of difference. My recollections of this Parliament are that it was a decorous body, interruptions were few and were politely made, all the Members wore the conventional black coat and most of the Members wore tall silk hats, except Mr. Joseph Cowen, who wore a soft felt hat. There was no 12 o'clock or 11 o'clock rule, and opposed business could come on at any time. Sittings were therefore often prolonged. The Closure was never, or only very

exceptionally, used. It sometimes happened that towards the close of a debate, if the Opposition Whips were not satisfied that their whole voting strength was in attendance, some Member would be put up to continue the discussion until the laggards could be summoned from the Carlton Club or elsewhere. The Member generally charged with this duty was Mr. C. H. Wharton, who was always ready to step into the breach. Mr. Wharton was an imperturbable, elderly gentleman, with a long beard, and was addicted to snuff. He was Member for Bridport, and according to gossip had won the seat in a remarkable manner. Having been sent down to contest the constituency, where he was completely unknown, he made a speech or two and was then taken so ill that he sent for the leading solicitor in the town to make his will for him. In this document, after expressing great gratitude for the generous reception which had been accorded to him, he bequeathed to the various charities and institutions of the borough large sums of money from his (imaginary) estate. Although the solicitor had received strict injunctions of secrecy, the news of his generosity and intended beneficence rapidly spread amongst the electors, and on the polling day he was duly returned; but from that day onward he never visited his constituents, nor did any of his anticipated benefactions ever materialize. Mr. Wharton in the House opposed everything and earned for himself the soubriquet of the "Champion Blocker," bestowed on him by Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Gossett's room, as it was called, was the smoking-room in which Members of all parties met in friendly conclave. Gossett, the Sergeant-at-Arms, provided a liberal supply of whisky, and Members brought their own tobacco. Invitations to the room came from

Gossett himself, who was a cheery old gentleman, immortalized as the beetle in the *Punch* caricatures of the day. Mr. Labouchere was a frequent attendant at these symposia, and there I made acquaintance with this entertaining and cynical conspirator. I call him a conspirator for he was always concocting some political manœuvre either with his Radical, Tory-democrat or Irish friends.

The autumn of 1885 was spent by me in wooing the constituency of Mid-Cumberland, an uphill task, in view of the popularity and local connection of my opponent, and it was not therefore very surprising, although none the less mortifying, when on the 3rd of December the poll was declared as follows:

Henry C. Howard	3,921
James W. Lowther	3,448
Liberal majority	473

The election was on the whole very quietly conducted, but at a final meeting at Penrith two days before the poll, we had considerable uproar. Colonel F. Stanley, Lord Derby's brother, came to speak for me and was well listened to. I followed him, but as soon as I had concluded, crackers and bags of blue powder hurtled through the air and fell upon the ladies and gentlemen sitting on the platform, who were forced to beat a retreat in considerable confusion and with their clothes in some disorder. I ought to explain that the Liberal colours in Cumberland were blue and the Conservative yellow.

The cost of this election presented a remarkable contrast to my former election contest in 1883. Every vote that I polled on this occasion cost on an average 4*s*. 8*d*., whilst on the former occasion they cost £1 3*s*. 3*d*. each.

My father, in the neighbouring constituency of North Westmorland, had a narrow shave, for his majority over Sir James Whitehead was only 10.

Electioneering, however, was not my only occupation during the autumn, for it was then that I became engaged to Miss Mary Beresford Hope, whom I had known for some years and whose many good qualities, charming personality and independence of spirit I had long admired. Our engagement took place at Knowsley, where Miss Hope was staying as a guest whilst I had come over from Lathom, where I was one of a large party collected there to celebrate the coming of age of the then Lord Skelmersdale. There had been some festivities on a considerable scale at Lathom: tenants' dinners, dances at Lathom and Knowsley, fireworks and so forth, and the occasion had also brought together the two brothers, Lord Derby and Colonel Fred Stanley, between whom there had been some estrangement.

It was a curious coincidence that when Miss Mary Beresford Hope had made her first appearance as a "come out" young lady at a dinner party at her parents' house in Connaught Place, it had fallen to my lot to take her in to dinner.

Mr. Beresford Hope was a prominent personage in the literary, political and ecclesiastical world. He was the owner of the *Saturday Review*, which flourished exceedingly under the editorship of Mr. Cook. Nearly all the clever writers of the day were constant or occasional contributors, and amongst them men of such divergent views as Lord Salisbury and John Morley expounded their tenets in brilliant and mordant articles. At one time the tone of the paper became so critical and cutting, that it was nicknamed the "Saturday Reviler." In politics Mr. Beresford Hope, as

Member for the University of Cambridge, took for many years a prominent part. He never joined any administration, but was a free critic of all. In the course of a passage of arms with Mr. Disraeli, wherein he had referred to him as the "Asian Mystery," the latter, alluding to Mr. Beresford Hope's Dutch ancestry (he was a descendant of the Hopes, bankers of Amsterdam), alluded to his "Batavian grace," and this jibe was not soon forgotten.

But it was as a Churchman and a generous benefactor to the Church that Mr. Beresford Hope was chiefly known. He had inherited large possessions and of these he gave freely. He built new Churches, he restored old ones, he founded missionary colleges, he endowed institutions. Their name is legion. He was not a ritualist by any means, but a High Churchman of the stamp of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Liddon, with whom he always remained on close terms of personal friendship, and a humble and devout son of the Church, to which he gave a large part of his worldly goods and of the best years of his life.

Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, a sister of Lord Salisbury, shared her husband's religious and political views, and was his trusted and beloved helpmate. Her death in 1881 was a great blow to her husband, from which he never wholly recovered.

Mr. and Lady Mildred Hope lived in Connaught Place in the corner house, or rather houses, for they had joined together No. 1 and No. 2. There they entertained lavishly, and as the family was large and had many friends and acquaintances, a great number of young people were *habitués* of the house during the London season. Lady Mildred used to drive about in great style with two outriders on grey horses, all the grooms

and servants smartly turned out in blue and yellow liveries. The *cortège* never failed to attract much attention and was often mistaken for a royal procession.

The disappointment of my rejection for Mid-Cumberland was naturally much mitigated by my engagement, which was not announced until the election was over, and my thoughts were diverted from politics to other matters of a more domestic character. Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion to Home Rule, which followed upon the General Election, when the Liberal party found itself without any majority over a combination of Conservatives and Irish, left me, therefore, rather cold, and so far as politics were concerned, I left them for the moment alone and paid a prolonged visit to Bedgebury, the spacious home of Mr. Beresford Hope. This huge house resembled in style a French château. There was a large pleasure ground and park, a chain of lakes and an extensive and beautiful wood. The last was its most attractive feature. The house was capable of taking in a great number of visitors and large parties were frequently entertained there. It is said that on one occasion a guest, who had been taken ill, had retired to his room and for some days the gap made in the party was not observed by the rest, until upon his sending down for the third volume of a novel, attention was called to his completely forgotten existence.

Here I made the acquaintance of Colonel Arthur Brookfield, the elder brother of my old friend Charles Brookfield, but a very different character. Arthur Brookfield had recently been returned as the Member for Rye, the constituency in which Bedgebury Park was situated. He was a solemn personage and took himself very seriously, but he had a considerable vein of humour in his composition. I remember his com-

plaining to me that it was ridiculous that a man of his parts and experience should be compelled to address audiences of yokels upon such a matter as "three acres and a cow," which was one of the topics of the General Election of 1885, when he ought to be engaged in addressing an audience of crowned heads upon matters of world-wide moment. Happening to mention this conversation to his brother Charles, the latter produced an amusing caricature of his brother, standing beside a blackboard, divided into three portions, with a cow in the centre and the audience composed of all the Sovereigns of the time, from Queen Victoria down to the King of the Sandwich Islands.

Arthur Brookfield was excessively annoyed at his brother selecting the stage for his profession, and wrote to him imploring him not to go on the stage "in God's name." The only reply which Charles Brookfield sent was that if he went on the stage he would go in his own name.

Some years later Arthur Brookfield got into a great scrape with Mr. Speaker Peel. Having observed that during a debate Mr. Baumann had risen many times without catching the Speaker's eye, Brookfield passed a note along to him to say that if he would rise again, he (the Speaker) would call him, and signed it A.W.P. Mr. Baumann rose again but was not called, so he remonstrated with the Speaker and produced the note. The Speaker naturally disavowed the note, was extremely annoyed, ascertained who the practical joker was who had written it, gave him a severe lecture and entered his name in his black books.

Arthur Brookfield rated his own capacity very high, and when in 1895 he was not offered the Under Secretaryship for War, on which he had set his heart, he boycotted

the House of Commons and did not put in an appearance there for some years. Eventually, having experienced some considerable financial losses, he left the House and received an appointment as Consul at Danzig, which post he held till his death.

Preparations for our wedding, the selection of a house, the purchase of furniture and similar matters occupied much of my time in January and February, but during that period great political events took place. Lord Salisbury's Government was defeated on the 26th of January on Mr. Jesse Collings' amendment to the Address, which became historical as the "Three acres and a cow" amendment. Lord Salisbury resigned. Mr. Gladstone formed his Government and pledged himself to introduce a Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

Mrs. J. W. Lowther at the Speaker's House

CHAPTER IX

1886-1888

My Marriage—I re-enter Parliament—Appointed a Charity Commissioner

1886

On the 1st of March 1886 our wedding took place at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, one of the numerous churches to which my father-in-law had been a generous benefactor. My brother Gerard, who happened to be at home on leave from Constantinople, was my best man. My wife's bridesmaids were eight in number and included two of her sisters, my two sisters, and Lady Gwendolen Cecil. It was a bitterly cold and snowy day and our intended drive to Holwood had to be abandoned for a more prosaic railway journey to Bromley station. On leaving Connaught Place for Victoria, the Duke of Norfolk, who was always fond of a practical joke, played us a trick by tying an old satin shoe to the back of the carriage.

Holwood was lent to us for the honeymoon by Lord Derby, who at that time and until his death in 1893, never ceased to show us the greatest kindness and hospitality. Lord Derby (Edward Henry, 15th Earl) was the eldest son of Edward Geoffrey Lord Derby, the Rupert of debate, and three times Prime Minister, but was of a totally different character to his father. Whilst the latter was impetuous, vivacious and a brilliant speaker, the former was deliberate, staid and halting of speech. At the same time his speeches were the embodiment of common sense.

It was always a marvel to me how and why two men so totally different in ability, character and outlook as Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby should have been so closely allied in their political views and actions as the history of the years 1850 to 1877, and more particularly the later volumes of the *Life of Disraeli*, by Buckle, show them to have been. When I knew Lord Derby he had completed his political career, so far as office was concerned, but he still took an active part as a protagonist in the anti-Home Rule campaign, and his speeches on that topic were amongst the most weighty then delivered.

I remember on one occasion hearing him speak in the House of Lords. Mr. Labouchere, who was standing next to me, whispered in my ear, "I am off. I shall do what the noble Lord is doing—read his speech."

As a statesman Lord Derby is open to the criticism of dilatoriness in decision. This was due not to any inherent idleness or desire for procrastination, but to his invincible capacity for seeing both sides of a question, with the resultant incapacity of decision. He was an omnivorous reader and buyer of books. His library at Knowsley was on a princely scale. I remember his showing me a History of Hertfordshire which he had recently bought for 800 guineas.

Lord Derby had a remarkable handwriting, large, firm and decided, in contrast to his undecided temperament. He had a thick and peculiar intonation as though the effort of speech was difficult. The effect produced was as if his mouth were full of plums. His services were constantly utilized as chairman of some commission or committee, for the solution of difficult and intricate questions, and until almost the end of his life he continued to render great public service to

his county as chairman of Quarter Sessions at Liverpool. The family motto, which he had inherited, was "Sans Changer," but Lord Derby had more than once changed his political views and allied himself with opposite parties. A prominent member of Mr. Disraeli's Government from 1874 to 1878, he became one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in 1880 and again one of the leaders of the Liberal Unionist party in 1886.

Although he had been Minister for the Colonies, he was not a great believer in the destiny of the British Empire, and I have heard him throw doubt upon the value to us of the Dominions and Colonies. His view was, that provided they would not impose a differential duty against our goods entering their ports, they might sever all connection with the Mother country without either party being the worse for the separation. We have travelled a long way since then.

Up to within a short time of his death he presented a cherubic appearance: he had a round face, a good complexion, and rather a pursed-up mouth. In walking he would take a number of short steps and then halt. He was a slow eater and disliked the rapidity with which Lady Derby endeavoured to get through the family meals. A more devoted couple than this Darby and Joan it would be impossible to imagine. Lord Derby once told me that they had never been separated a single night since their marriage. Their marriage in 1870 had not been popular with either the Stanley or the Cecil family. Lady Derby had been the second wife of James 2nd Marquis of Salisbury, who died in 1868. She was the mother of a large family, and both they and their half-brothers and sisters (the children by the first wife) resented her new matrimonial venture at a

somewhat advanced age, and the Stanley family were also displeased at the union. The differences were accentuated by the events of 1877 and 1878, when Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon deserted Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet, and when Lord Salisbury permitted himself to use the illustration of "Titus Oates" in reference to Lord Derby's action in the matter. From that time there had been no intercourse between the two men until they met at our wedding, where they shook hands; but division had gone too deep for anything but a superficial reconciliation. Both of them, however, signed the register as witnesses of our marriage.

Holwood, Keston and Hollydale were three small properties forming a connected chain of charming woods, lakelets and parks, each with its own house. Lord Derby had acquired these gradually and was never so happy as when spending a week-end or a few days in one of the two former. The latter he reserved for the use of any of his grandchildren or friends. He christened it "The Grandmother's Arms," and in later years he kindly placed it at our disposal for five or six summers. We often tried to make out the relationship between my wife and Lord Derby. The nearest approach that we could get was that he was her step-grandfather-in-law, Lady Derby having been, as I said, the wife of my wife's grandfather.

Our first house in London was at 40 Hans Place, and there we lived until the end of 1886, when we moved into 16 Wilton Crescent, a house which had been found for us by Lady Derby and where we remained until 1905.

In the spring my wife, her sister, Mrs. Alban Gibbs, and I went to Italy and stayed for some time at the Villa Norella, Cadenabbia, on Lake Como, with our

mutual friend Heathcote Long, who had built himself this delightful little house, commanding fine views of the lake and mountains. Whilst staying there we saw a good deal of Mr. W. H. Smith, who, with his daughters, was paying a visit to the Italian lakes.

Heathcote Long was a great amateur pianist and spent many hours a day practising. At Cadenabbia his nearest neighbour was Piatti, the violoncellist, and together they spent much time in making music. It was Heathcote Long who had introduced to my father's notice the estate of Campsea Ashe, which my father bought largely on his recommendation.

Heathcote Long was the younger brother of Colonel Long of Herts Hall, Saxmundham, and consequently, well acquainted with Campsea Ashe. He had been a briefless barrister, but on being asked by a friend to take his place as travelling companion to an elderly lady of considerable means, he performed his vicarious duties so effectively and charmed her so effectually with his piano-playing that he became her heir and lived happily ever after upon the fortune bequeathed to him.

On the 8th of April Mr. Gladstone had brought in his Home Rule Bill in a speech three and a half hours in length, the report of which in *The Times* occupied twelve columns. It was soon evident that there was a considerable split in the Liberal party. Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. J. Chamberlain had resigned before the Bill was introduced; Lord Hartington, Lord Derby and Mr. Goschen were in revolt against its provisions. Mr. Henry Brand, eldest son of the late Speaker, convened a meeting of dissentient Liberals which was largely attended, and eventually on the 7th of June the second reading of the Bill was rejected by a majority of 30

and Mr. Gladstone announced an appeal to the country.

It had been for some little time quite obvious that Mr. Gladstone's Government was in an unstable position, and that a dissolution was possible, and I had begun to stir myself in seeking another constituency. I was invited to attend and speak at a banquet of the South-East Essex Conservative Association, along with some other aspirants to candidateship in that county. The dinner took place at Southend and lasted from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Mr. H. C. Richards carried off the honours on that occasion and was eventually adopted and elected. Grantham was another seat at which I nibbled, but eventually I returned to my former love, the Mid- or Penrith Division of Cumberland. My friend, Mr. Henry C. Howard, who had defeated me there in December 1885, had given an undertaking to his Liberal Association that if they were not satisfied with the vote which he would give on the Home Rule Bill, he would abide by their decision as to whether he should stand again there or no. He voted against the Bill and the Liberal Association rejected him. The Conservative party offered to support him and not run a candidate if he would again come forward, but he considered himself bound by his undertaking and retired from the field. An opportunity was thus offered to me, of which I availed myself, and with Mr. Howard's support I had no great difficulty in defeating Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's eldest son, at the election which took place on the 9th of July. The numbers announced on the following day were:

Lowther	3,676
Lawson	3,032
Majority	644

In the neighbouring constituency of North Westmorland my father's majority increased from 10 to 186. I was thus again a Member of the House of Commons, and this time my connection with the House lasted for thirty-seven years uninterruptedly.

At the end of July there was a meeting at the Carlton Club, at which Lord Salisbury announced that he had offered to serve under Lord Hartington as Prime Minister or to accept him as a colleague in any position which Lord Hartington might select, but that on his declining to adopt either course, he (Lord Salisbury) had accepted the position of Prime Minister. An autumn session was also announced and was duly held for the purpose of winding up the necessary business. It occupied the month of September.

My wife and I went to Scotland at the conclusion of the session and paid a visit to Mrs. Ellice at Invergarry, a beautiful spot on the banks of one of the lochs which form part of the Caledonian Canal.

Deer-stalking and shooting parties at Knowsley, Underley, Campsea Ashe and Tatton Park filled up most of the autumn, but I continued my attendances on circuit and sessions and also undertook an arbitration upon a question of unexhausted agricultural improvements, which occupied some time and demanded much attention.

It is unnecessary to refer in any detail to the exciting events of Christmas 1886, when Lord Randolph Churchill "forgetting Goschen," resigned his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House; but they naturally caused some perturbation to the Unionist party at the very commencement of their administration. Lord Salisbury, on being asked whether the loss of Lord Randolph would not be a serious blow to

his Government, is said to have replied: "Did you ever know a man who having got rid of a boil on his neck wanted another?"

I spent Christmas in London with my wife, and a day or two later went to Campsea Ashe for some shooting and acting. There had been a very heavy snowstorm on Boxing Day, and the magnificent cedars in the garden at Campsea had suffered severely. Over fifty big limbs of cedar were lying in the snow on the lawn. The weight of the snow on the evergreen branches of the old trees had been too much for them and they had broken off, leaving many ugly gashes and wounds, mutilations which nearly forty years' growth since then has not yet obliterated.

1887

The year began rather inauspiciously for the Conservative party. Lord Iddesleigh and his eldest son Henry Northcote resigned the posts they held in the Government, the former in order to facilitate Lord Salisbury's task in the reconstruction of his Government, and the latter out of sympathy with his father. The sudden and tragic death of Lord Iddesleigh in Downing Street just as he was about to bid farewell to his colleagues of many years, cast a gloom on the party, which was intensified by the defeat of Mr. Goschen, who on his acceptance of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, had to submit himself for re-election at Liverpool. Thus when Parliament met on the 27th of January, the day after Mr. Goschen's defeat, the prospect was not rosy. But the party was vigorous, composed very largely of young men with a considerable belief in themselves and anxious to seek an opportunity for distinction.

I do not know with whom the idea originated, probably with Mr. George Curzon, but a number of us met and, influenced perhaps by the precedent of the Fourth Party and its success, conceived the idea of forming a committee or association of the younger Members of the Unionist party, in order to discuss the various issues which might arise and determine the course to be taken upon each by our association. Having been a Member of the 1880 Parliament and being one of the seniors of the juniors, I was voted to the chair and took a hand in framing some of the rules which were drafted for adoption. Amongst our number were Mr. George Curzon, Mr. St. John Brodrick, and Mr. Gerald Balfour.

We held only two meetings, however, and then faded away. Whether the solvent came from outside or from within, I do not know, but it was generally felt that if the experiment were to become a success and should prove capable of influencing the decisions of the Government, it might be extremely dangerous to have a party within a party, with considerable power but without any responsibility. At all events, the proposal came to an abrupt end. We had adopted the initials T.Y.C. as standing for the Two-Year-Old Club.

My first speech in this Parliament was made in support of a private Bill which proposed to run a railway from Ambleside to Keswick, through some of the most beautiful parts of the Lake Country, but which would have greatly developed the material resources of the district. I was supported by Mr. Labouchere, who told with me in the division; but owing to the vigorous opposition of Mr. James Bryce and a formidable phalanx of the lovers of nature and scenery, we were defeated on the second reading by 11 votes. After a sleep of

thirty-eight years the project is, I believe, to be now revived.

The Address took three weeks, a delay which was to a large extent the justification for the new rules of procedure which formed the first item of the Government programme. The first rule, making the system of closure a more workable and simple process, took a month's discussion before it passed, but in the shape in which it was adopted is practically that under which the House of Commons has worked ever since.

I was invited at an early period of the session to join a secret committee at the War Office which sat with the Secretary of War, Mr. Edward Stanhope, in the chair, to consider the existing defences of our ports and coaling stations both at home and abroad, and advise the War Office as to the best method of securing them against attack. I at once accepted the invitation and found that my colleagues were, besides Mr. E. Stanhope, General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., Admiral Sir William McDonnell, Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., Sir William Houldsworth, M.P., Sir F. Bramwell and Mr. Ryder of the Treasury. The investigation proved most interesting. Plans of the defences of all our military ports and coaling stations were laid before us, discussions arose as to how far they were suitable for their purpose, and expert witnesses gave evidence of the latest developments in gunnery and mine-laying, and of new inventions. We sat at the Horse Guards twice a week all through the session, and in addition to that we paid visits to Shoeburyness to witness the firing of the 68-ton gun, to Woolwich to see the 100-ton gun fired with a charge of 1,000 lb. of powder, to Portsmouth dockyard to see mines, to Sheerness to inspect the working of the Brennan torpedo, to Chatham in order

to witness ballooning, pontooning, and the explosion of land mines. Amongst other strange places which I visited was the interior of the Horse Sand fort, one of the round forts in the Solent painted in black and white squares, seldom, if ever, visited before or since by a civilian. Our deliberations resulted in a report to H.M. Government upon which was based the Naval Defence Act of the following session, by which a programme of work and expenditure was by statute laid down, and I am glad to think, carried out.

Another committee of a totally different character upon which I served during this session was the Oleomargarine Committee, with Sir H. Sclater Booth as chairman. Margarine, or as it was then called Oleomargarine, was a novelty introduced from Holland and was often sold as butter. At the instigation of the agriculturists our committee was appointed to devise some means by which this obvious fraud could be stopped. The committee did not hold many sittings but reported in time to permit of a Bill being passed compelling the imitation butters to be called Margarine and imposing penalties for the fraudulent imitation of butter.

In addition to these labours and to occasional visits to the assizes at Carlisle and Manchester, I was a constant attendant at the late sittings of the House. Day after day, or rather night after night, we sat up until 2, 3, 4 and 5 a.m.

The Procedure Resolutions and the Crimes Bill for Ireland, which were the *pièces de résistance* of the session, were hotly and bitterly contested. No less than 500 amendments were put down to the Crimes Bill. Mr. A. J. Balfour, who had succeeded Sir M. Hicks Beach as Chief Secretary for Ireland, had to bear the

full force of the Irish attack, and now first gained the reputation and position which his long connection with affairs has only increased and enhanced.

I was a member of St. Stephen's Club and used nightly to dine with a party of Members, including Mr. John Plunket, Lord Folkestone, Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett and Sir James Agg Gardner, now the sole surviving M.P. of that *côterie*. We dined in a little room downstairs, from which, when the division bell rang, access was obtained to the House in less than the two minutes which was then the time allowed to Members to reach the lobbies before the doors were closed. But although a regular attendant as a rule, I was caught napping on an important occasion. This was when Mr. Atherley Jones moved the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to the action of the police in arresting Miss Cass. Mr. Henry Mathews, the Home Secretary, made an inept reply, and on a division being taken, the Government were defeated by a majority of 5. I was dining at the Garrick with a party of Cambridge friends, including Weldon, Austen Leigh, A. C. Cole, Gurdon, John Willis Clark, and T. K. Tapling, M.P., where we were discussing everything in the world except politics.

This year Queen Victoria celebrated her Jubilee and came once more amongst her people after a long period of seclusion. She was received with great enthusiasm at all the public functions at which she appeared. I was privileged to attend some of them, e.g., the service at the Abbey on the 21st of June, the garden parties at Buckingham Palace and at Hatfield, and a great naval review at Spithead.

The House of Commons on the 22nd of May attended a special service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to

celebrate Her Majesty's Jubilee. We met in the chamber and followed the Speaker to the church, forming ourselves into fours as well as we could, and were received with cheers or groans by the partizans in the crowd as they happened to recognize their favourite friends or special aversions in our ranks. Alongside Speaker Peel, in the front pew, sat two former Speakers, Lord Hampden, Mr. Peel's immediate predecessor, and Lord Eversley (Shaw Lefevre), whose Speakership dated back to the period from 1839 to 1857. He died in his ninety-fifth year. Lord Eversley was a fine tall old gentleman and bore his years in wonderful fashion. It was said of him, with what truth I know not, that at the age of ninety he had ordered himself a new pair of guns.

The sermon was preached by that most eloquent of preachers, Boyd Carpenter, then Bishop of Ripon, who did full justice to the remarkable occasion.

I also took part in a local celebration of the Jubilee at Penrith, and was called upon to address the crowd in the market square, one side of which was occupied by a squadron of the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry. The High Sheriff and I had previously driven round the town in a procession, but our appearance was somewhat marred by the determination of the High Sheriff to protect himself against the sun's rays by holding up a white umbrella, although he was in full uniform.

On the day on which the House rose—the 16th of September—I was offered by Sir W. Hart Dyke (then Minister of Education) the position of Fourth Unpaid Charity Commissioner and accepted it. This was my first step on the official ladder, and I have always been grateful to my kind friend, who recently cele-

brated his eightieth birthday, for the chance which he gave me. The work was not onerous though novel to me. The Charity Commission were charged with the adaptation of ancient charitable endowments to modern requirements, and were an extremely unpopular body. The old Tories objected to the diversion of the benefactions of pious founders to modern eleemosynary fancies, and the extreme Radicals, such as Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. J. Chamberlain, never ceased denouncing our proceedings as being robbery of the poor. As Parliamentary representative of the Commission it became my duty to reply to questions, to defend any schemes which were opposed and came on for discussion after midnight, and to be responsible for the estimate. My colleagues on the Commission, whose office was then in Whitehall, next door to Whitehall Palace, were Sir Henry Longley (son of Archbishop Longley), a dear old gentleman with an obsession for writing notes on every possible occasion; Mr. D. C. Richmond, a very capable official; Mr. Edward Hope, generally known to his friends as Blackie; Mr. E. S. Alderson (Lord Salisbury's brother-in-law); Sir George Young, a Radical of pronounced and determined views; and Mr. Anstie, Q.C., who had been specially added to the Commission in order to carry through a scheme for the application of the City Parochial Charities to the whole area of the Metropolis. We used to meet once a week and discuss the schemes which we were engaged in carrying through, and the objections lodged against them, as well as any questions arising out of the general administration of all charities within our purview.

The Fourth Charity Commissionership had, up to the time that I was appointed, been always held by the Education Minister, and my appointment was a new

departure. It has since 1887 been treated as a separate office, and Sir W. Hart Dyke has, I think, been justified by time in the decision which he then made; but the work of the Commission has now shrunk to very small dimensions and the office itself has been moved into a building in Bury Street, St. James's, which was formerly an hotel.

My son, whom we named Christopher William, had been born on the 18th of January 1887, and when we were searching for a summer abode for him and ourselves, Lord Derby very kindly placed at our disposal the small house and grounds of Hollydale in the immediate proximity of his own delightful possessions of Holwood and Keston. There we spent a good deal of the summer and autumn, which, however, were made melancholy for us by the prolonged illness of my wife's father, Mr. Beresford Hope, who died on the 20th of October, after a considerable period of unconsciousness.

In the winter I joined a shooting party at Knowsley. These shooting parties were rather formidable trials for the unskilled gunner. Every guest was accompanied, not only by his loader, but by an underkeeper, whose duty it was to keep an accurate record of every head of game which fell to the gun and was duly picked up. These records were collated and a table drawn up, showing not only the total amount of the day's bag, but also the score of each individual, and after dinner Lord Derby would read out, fortunately without comment, the several totals with which he had been furnished. If any guest had failed to come up to a reasonable standard of skill, his name was omitted and he appeared as "another."

There was a great quantity of game at Knowsley, but the quality of the flight of the pheasants was not

good, the flatness of the country making it difficult to induce the birds to get up high. Most of the coverts were composed of thick masses of rhododendrons, impenetrable to the beaters, and in order to beat the game up it was the custom to use two packs of spaniels under the command of keepers, which were very successful in attaining the object arrived at, but owing to the deposit of black smoke on trees and grass, were very soon turned from their natural white into a jet-black colour.

Shooting was rather dangerous at times, partly owing to the anxiety of the competing guns to secure a kill and a good place on the game card, and partly owing to the large numbers of lookers-on from Liverpool and St. Helens, who pressed upon the shooters without regard to the danger involved.

At Whitsuntide my wife and I had made a short excursion to Holland, where in a few days we managed to see most of the picturesque old towns on the Zuyder Zee and many of the important picture galleries. It was a most enjoyable holiday and combined a minimum of travel with a maximum of sightseeing.

1888

During this year my new duties as Fourth Charity Commissioner, both in the House and at the office of the Commission, occupied the greater part of my time. Mr. Goschen's Budget, which included the conversion of the 3 per cents. from their sweet simplicity, as Mr. Disraeli had called it, to the more elaborate formula of $2\frac{3}{4}$ and eventually $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill for England and Wales, and the Charges and Allegations Bill, setting up the Parnell Commission, occupied the greater part of the summer

session, while the autumn session, from the 6th of November to the 24th of December, was devoted to Supply and to the passing of the Irish Land Bill, which is known as the Ashbourne Act. Ireland which "held the field" managed to occupy a vast quantity of time and led to a great expenditure of rhetoric.

The new Procedure Rules came into force on the 27th of February, and under them the House met at 3 p.m. and opposed business ceased at midnight. Although the sittings were not so prolonged or embittered as in 1887, constant attendance by the supporters of the Government was essential and many "scenes" occurred. My acquaintance, Mr. Conybeare, was very much to the fore with questions, interruptions and obstructive speeches. He was popularly known as the "Curse of Camborne," for which constituency he sat. In July he was suspended from the House for a month for a gross attack, in a letter to the Press, upon the Speaker's conduct in the chair. Although the House generally supported the Speaker, it was thought by many that Mr. Speaker Peel had been unnecessarily sensitive and that his action in bringing the case before the House had given too much importance to the personality of Mr. Conybeare, whose vulgar offensiveness he could well have afforded to have disregarded. After his return, however, Mr. Conybeare's conduct in the House became much more restrained and orderly.

In October our second son was born, and was christened Arthur James Beresford, the two first names being those of his godfather, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, and the third being a portion of my wife's family name Beresford Hope.

At Whitsuntide my wife and I employed our short holiday in making a trip to see the Castles of the Loire.

That of Chambord was of more than ordinary interest to me, as it was at one time tenanted by an ancestor, Colonel Thornton, of sporting fame. Shortly after the French Revolution, when the estates of the nobility had been seized by the Communes, this gentleman, with his horses, hounds, keepers and dogs, made a sporting tour through France, hiring for the purposes of sport a number of derelict mansions and estates. He spent a season at Chambord, where he hunted the stag and the wild boar and shot game to his heart's content. The castle itself is a huge pile begun in the reign of Francis I, but only partly completed even now; but as the park and domain is surrounded by a wall 21 miles in length, Colonel Thornton no doubt found all the sport that he could want. He published an account of his performances in a book called *Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour in France*, a companion to his better-known work his *Sporting Tour in Scotland*. Besides the account which he gives of his prowess in the field, the book contains some interesting records of his visits to Paris and his interview with Napoleon Bonaparte.

We visited almost all the places of interest within easy reach of the Loire, and returned by Rennes and St. Malo.

It was during this year that London was horrified and puzzled by the mystery of the Whitechapel murders. A series of murders, accompanied by horrible mutilations, of wretched women took place in some of the streets adjoining the Whitechapel Road. Letters announcing the forthcoming event, signed "Jack the Ripper," were received by the police, but the detectives were completely baffled and were never able to bring the perpetrator of these abominations to justice.

For a time a state of consternation and terror reigned in the East End of London, and the atrocities were the subject of general conversation for some months.

À propos of this topic, Mr. Goschen told me rather an amusing story. He had introduced his friend, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, to a lady well known in society, who affected a literary culture and claimed to be what we should now call a "highbrow." As the name of Austin did not appear to convey very much to her, Mr. Goschen explained that he had written a poem entitled "The Human Tragedy." "Yes?" said the lady, "the last Whitechapel murder, I suppose?"

Whilst I was at Liverpool on circuit I saw the old ship the *Great Eastern* lying in the Mersey. She was by far the largest ship built at that time and had been employed to lay the first Atlantic cable, but she had never been a success. I do not know how she would compare in tonnage and horse-power with modern monsters, but she seemed to me stupendous compared to other big ships then lying in the port. She was then thirty years old and this was her last appearance, for shortly afterwards she was beached and broken up.

CHAPTER X

1889–1891

Trip to Tunis and Sicily—The Shah of Persia—Oberammergau—Appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs

1889

Early in the year my wife and I made a trip abroad. Our first visit was to Tunis. The canal, which now gives access to Tunis from La Goulette, was not then made, neither was it possible to get alongside the quay at La Goulette, so that we had to be put ashore in open boats. The sea was very rough and there was a downpour of tropical rain which soaked us to the skin. A long wait for the train and the absence of any possibility of obtaining nourishment after a very rough passage from Marseilles did not add to the pleasures of life. However, in course of time we recovered and during the next day or two visited the sights of Tunis, which included a visit to the Bey's palace, where we saw him dispensing justice from a window, in which he was seated, to the litigants outside, and a visit to the Jewish quarter, chiefly remarkable for the enormous obesity of the Jewish women.

From Tunis we went to Malta, where the Governor, Sir H. Torrens, offered us many civilities and made our short stay most agreeable. Proceeding *via* Syracuse and Catania, we stayed for some days at Taormina. The exquisite views of the coast-line and of snow-capped Etna made an indelible impression. I spent

much time in the Greek theatre and did several sketches there and in the village. We made the acquaintance of a German artist, Herr Geleng, who had domiciled himself in Taormina and had made a speciality of the view from the highest tier of the seats in the Greek theatre. I bought one of his pictures to remind me of this lovely spot, and amongst all the beautiful views which it has been my good fortune to enjoy, I consider this to be the most attractive.

Our short stay at Messina proved somewhat eventful, for we began by experiencing an earthquake in the early hours of the morning, attended fortunately with but little damage, and later in the day on our return journey from a drive to see Scylla and Charybdis, our fly was overturned by coming into collision with a cart and we were precipitated into the road, but again fortunately with no more damage than a bruised elbow or two. After a stay of a day or two at Girgenti and of a week at Palermo, being detained by bad weather, we crossed to Naples, which we made our headquarters for visits to Pompeii, Pæstum and Amalfi, and for an ascent of Vesuvius. Whilst we were at Amalfi, lodging in the old monastery converted into an hotel and since then partly destroyed by a landslip, we walked up to Ravello, a little village in the hills, from which a magnificent view over Capri and the Bay of Pæstum is obtained. Mr. Read, an old friend of my father, entertained us there and told us how shortly before our arrival Mr. Gladstone had been his guest for some days, and how, on the villagers presenting him with an address of welcome and thanks for his interest in Italian affairs, Mr. Gladstone had made them a speech in Italian and completely won their hearts.

From Naples we returned direct to London, arriving just in time for the conclusion of the debate on the Address, which had been somewhat prolonged although the political bill of fare contained no contentious matter.

A Bill to establish local government in Scotland, a considerable increase in the Navy, and a Bill to abolish sugar bounties were the chief items of the programme, but the session was mainly occupied by debates on the administration of the law and of prison regulations in Ireland. The days of the hunger strike were not yet, but some of the Irish prisoners declined to wear prison clothes and preferred nudity to prison garb. This gave rise to many interpellations and motions for the adjournment, and afforded to Mr. Balfour further opportunities for showing his nonchalance and effective debating powers, of which he was not slow to avail himself.

The Parnell Commission, which sat throughout the year, also gave rise to many debates, and culminated in the exposition of the Pigott forgeries and the suicide in Madrid of their perpetrator. It so happened that very soon after these incidents a vacancy occurred in the representation of Kennington, and my brother-in-law, Philip Beresford Hope, was selected as the Conservative candidate. Naturally my wife and I gave him as much help as we could, by canvassing and speaking in the division, but it was uphill work. Wherever my wife visited voters she was followed by a small crowd of females calling out "Mrs. Pigott! Mrs. Pigott!" They would doubtless have treated me in the same way and called me Mr. Pigott, but in view of Pigott's recent death this satisfaction was denied them. We were not much surprised at the result of the poll, which showed that Mark Beaufoy was re-

turned by 630 votes. The elected Member was an old friend of mine since Eton days, where we had been in the same house together and had many interests in common. He was popular in the constituency, where he had a large vinegar and British wine manufactory (whatever the latter beverage may be), and he had been a generous benefactor to the district. He remained a Member of the House, on and off, for a good many years, but never took any prominent part in its debates.

Whilst Philip Beresford Hope failed in his attempt to enter the House, an attempt which he never renewed, his younger brother Charley was successful in entering the London County Council. At the L.C.C. elections in the spring he had contested a seat against Lady Sandhurst, who had been returned. A petition was lodged against her, on the ground that the Act did not contemplate or provide for the election of a woman, and by a decision of the Court of Appeal it was so held and the seat was adjudged to my brother-in-law, who remained a member of the L.C.C. for a number of years.

Towards the end of the session occurred rather a remarkable incident in connection with the Tithes Bill. This Bill was introduced by the Government with the object of permitting tithes to be recovered by the owner by the usual process of an action at law instead of by distraint. The Bill had rather a stormy passage and more than once narrowly escaped defeat. In the course of the committee stage the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) accepted an amendment which transferred to the landlord the onus of paying tithe, which had theretofore been paid by the tenant. Objection was taken that this provision completely altered

the character of the Bill, and Mr. Speaker Peel ruled that the acceptance of this amendment had converted the Bill into one for which leave to introduce had never been obtained, and that it should not proceed further. The Bill was consequently withdrawn. Many years later this was the precedent upon which I founded a ruling which disposed of a Woman's Suffrage Bill, under somewhat similar circumstances.

The legislative harvest of this session was meagre, and its poverty was largely due to the obstructive activities of Mr. Labouchere, who with some friends formed a small party for the exhaustive discussion of the estimates. The Whip of the party was Mr. Jacoby, a well-known Parliamentary figure at the time, and subsequently a generous benefactor to the kitchen staff of the House. From him the party was named the Jacobins.

I took little or no part in any of the debates but gave much time to the Small Holdings Committee, of which I had been appointed a member. Our chairman was Mr. J. Chamberlain, but in his absence I was on several occasions voted to the chair. We sat throughout the session and in the following session we were reappointed and carried on our deliberations.

General Boulanger was at this time a prominent figure in French politics. He had made himself conspicuous by somewhat theatrical methods, and at one moment it seemed as though he would capture the supreme power in France; but his fortune did not continue, for he was tried and condemned in his absence, having fled the country, and the Boulanger bubble burst. He came over to England and stayed for a while in London. I met him at dinner one day at the house of Mr. Marriott, but he did not strike me as a

remarkable personality. He was short, with close-cropped hair *à la brosse*, a pointed beard, and fair moustache, rather a long nose and somewhat heavy features, and his conversation ordinary.

Another visitor to England this summer was the Shah of Persia, for whom the Queen gave a ball at Buckingham Palace, to which my wife and I were bidden. The Shah, who had been dining elsewhere, was rather late in arriving, and when he appeared it was evident that he had been dining not wisely but too well. My wife happened to be in a lobby leading out of the ballroom, when she saw the Prince of Wales supporting His Imperial Majesty by the arm and calling for some one to assist him in conducting the royal guest to the seclusion of some private room, where he could recover from the effects of too much sherbet (?).

A few days later we again saw the Shah at a garden party at Hatfield, where His Majesty took a special interest in an exhibition of glass ball shooting, at which he proved himself quite an adept.

In the autumn my wife and I paid a series of visits to friends in Cumberland and Scotland. At Cumloden we were the guests of Lord and Lady Galloway. At a garden party there, one of the neighbours was expatiating to me on the beauties of the scenery and declared that he "was credibly informed that the view from Newton Stewart railway bridge was the finest in the world." At Ben Damph, a beautiful spot on the shores of Loch Torridon, we stayed with Lord and Lady Lovelace. He was a very remarkable old man and at that time nearly ninety years of age. He seemed to live upon next to nothing. Cayenne pepper and tabasco were his chief diet, but he was vigorous for his age, always out and about, and took a hand in the construc-

tion of a new road along the shores of the loch. Other Scottish visits were paid to Julia Lady Tweeddale at Brahan, Louisa Lady Ashburton at Loch Luichart, and Mr. Alban Gibbs at Ospisdale. Later on we went to the Derbys at Knowsley, the Lovelaces at Horsley Towers, and the Vanes at Raby, that wonderful old castle with moat, drawbridge, and battlemented towers, a noble example of the old feudal castles of the Border country.

In the autumn of this year died Colonel Tomline of Orwell. He had on more than one occasion asked me to stay for shooting at Orwell, and very excellent shooting it was. I remember one day killing ninety-nine partridges there to my own gun. Colonel Tomline was a very remarkable man. He was very tall, had white hair and a high colour. Before Bimetallism became a fashionable creed he had been a bimetallist, and had created considerable stir by sending a large quantity of silver to the Mint and calling upon the authorities to coin the same. On their refusal, a newspaper controversy arose which for the first time raised the question of bimetallism in this country, but he never got his silver coined. He was the founder of that fashionable seaside resort Felixstowe, built the Felixstowe dock and, as I was told, built the railway from Ipswich to Felixstowe, which for some time the Great Eastern Railway Company declined to take over. There is a story that having sold the spit of land on which Languard Fort now stands, and having had some difference with the War Office, he proceeded to cut off the water supply from the fort, justifying himself by the claim that though he had sold the land he had not sold the water.

His humour was delightful. On one occasion on

going into the billiard-room after dinner, he declared that there was a smell of escaping gas. He rang for his butler and asked him if he could smell it. The butler said "No, Colonel," to which he replied: "Then go away and send somebody else who can." On another occasion I was standing by him watching a rubber of whist at which the Duke of Cambridge was taking a hand, though in rather a sleepy and careless fashion. Taking me aside he said: "The Duke will never win a battle by playing at whist, will he?" He kept an astronomer at Orwell, where there is a fine observatory and telescope, and with him he used to discuss astronomical problems and the future appearances of comets, which was the astronomer's speciality. At Colonel Tomline's death his estates passed to Mr. Ernest Pretyman, who devotes himself to their upkeep and improvement.

One of my visits to Orwell resulted in rather an amusing sequel. Although I had met the Duke of Cambridge there, I was somewhat surprised when I received an invitation to dinner with His Royal Highness at Gloucester House; but in order that there might be no mistake, I asked General Bateson, his aide-de-camp and factotum, whom I happened to meet, whether I was expected On being assured that it was so, I duly presented myself, but soon discovered that the Duke had not the faintest idea who I was, and that I was an unexpected guest. However, it was a case of "J'y suis, j'y reste," and I enjoyed the dinner, which had been intended for my cousin and namesake, Mr. James Lowther, who was an old acquaintance of the Commander-in-Chief.

The mention of Mr. James Lowther reminds me of the very remarkable trial which took place this year,

at which the Stewards of the Jockey Club, Mr. James Lowther, Lord March and Prince Soltykoff, tried an action for libel by Sir George Chetwynd against Lord Durham. The controversy arose out of a speech made by the latter impugning the *bonâ fides* of the former in respect of the running of some horse or horses. After a twelve days' hearing Sir George Chetwynd recovered a farthing damages. The remarkable part of this episode was that the three Stewards sat and heard the case, just as judges would, with counsel and witnesses and the whole paraphernalia of the law, in one of the Law Courts in the Strand. Whether this was a unique occurrence or not in the annals of the law, James Lowther seemed to win much credit for the manner in which he presided over the enquiry, and was in the judgment of some well qualified for a judicial appointment.

1890

The House met on the 4th of February, and an unusual circumstance marked the opening of the session, for before the mover of the Address was permitted to rise and make his speech, a question of breach of privilege was raised in connection with the action of *The Times* and the alleged Parnell letters. The discussion occupied the whole of the first evening and it was not until the following day at 12 noon, when the House met for a morning sitting (which in those days took place on Wednesdays), that the unfortunate mover and seconder of the Address, again apparelled in their military and Court uniforms, were able to get their speeches off. I think everybody commiserated with them in their prolonged agony.

Although the Government programme was rather a full one, very little progress was made during the

session with Government Bills, most of the time being occupied with discussions on the report of the Parnell Commission and Irish administration. Although in March at a party meeting at the Carlton Club Lord Salisbury had stated that the Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Bill were essential and must be passed, neither of them found a place in the Statute Book before we rose on the 18th of August. On that day Parliament was prorogued, not adjourned, and the session came to an end.

At the commencement of the session Mr. Speaker Peel had appointed me one of the Deputy Chairmen of the House, and it became my duty on more than one occasion to occupy the place of the Chairman of Ways and Means. Just before the House rose, on the 14th of August, we had an all-night sitting, when the Light Railways (Ireland) Bill was in committee. Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of Ways and Means, asked me to relieve him for a while at about 5 a.m., and I then gained some "kudos" for my conduct in the chair and the impartiality with which I pulled up various irrelevant and discursive speakers, including Mr. Goschen himself. It required some little nerve on the part of a beginner, and a follower of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to venture to interrupt the great man and tell him he was out of order, but he took it in good part, progress was assisted and I had scored a distinct success.

It was largely due to Mr. Speaker Peel that I had first interested myself in the procedure of the House, mastered its leading principles, and studied the rulings of former Speakers and Chairmen. The Speaker had one day called me up and suggested that this was a branch of the work of the House to which I might usefully apply myself, especially in view of the very slight

attention which most Members give to the study of the rules and precedents, under which the daily business is conducted. I need hardly say how grateful I have ever since been to Mr. Speaker Peel for his suggestion and advice.

During the session my work at the Charity Commission kept me occupied, and on more than one occasion gave me an opportunity of raising my voice in the House upon matters connected with the department. A scheme which had been established for the administration of the charities in the parish of Canewdon in Essex being on one occasion under discussion, Sir F. Carne Rasch, who was Member for the division in which Canewdon is situated, pounced upon me, and whilst denouncing the iniquities of the scheme, declared that if I went into the parish my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. This sounded very terrifying, but I was able to prove to the irate Essex Member that the scheme had not been established by the Charity Commission at all, but by the Lord Chancellor, and suggested that his warnings had better be directed to that august official and not to myself.

In June the Small Holdings Committee brought their prolonged labours to a conclusion and presented their report, which was taken up by Mr. H. Chaplin and embodied in his Small Holdings Act of 1892. As soon as the Small Holdings Committee finished, I was put upon the select committee on the Registration of Midwives Bill, and at its first meeting was appointed its chairman. We had only three or four meetings, however, and reported the Bill with amendments to the House.

During the Whitsun recess my wife and I paid our first visit to Aix-les-Bains for a "cure." In 1888 I

had fallen a victim to an attack of gout, and, as this painful illness had from time to time recurred, my doctor strongly advised me to try the cure at Aix. We were there at a delightful time of year and thoroughly enjoyed the lovely scenery of the surrounding country, making trips in various directions, the longest being to the Grande Chartreuse. Sight-seeing and sketching occupied all the time available after the regulation douche, return in a Sedan chair and rest in bed had been accomplished. It was our good fortune to see a good deal of Lord and Lady Aberdare, who were also "doing a cure." Lord Aberdare was better known as Mr. Bruce. He had been Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868 to 1873, and his name was closely associated with the Act which compelled all licensed houses to be closed at midnight. The Bill was an unpopular one with the publicans of London, and although at present we should consider it a very mild piece of legislation, it was then thought to be very drastic, and it used to be said when midnight came that it had "struck Bruce."

Lord Aberdare was a fine-looking old gentleman, full of information, and with a great admiration for the French in general and for Aix-les-Bains in particular. He died in 1895 at the age of eighty, with a fine record of Parliamentary public service to his credit.

His eldest son, the present Lord Aberdare, whose wife was connected with the Copley family, presented to me, when I was at the Speaker's House, a very interesting drawing in monochrome by Copley, R.A., representing the scene in the House of Commons when Charles I came there in order to superintend the arrest of the five members. The picture itself, for which this was a sketch, is in the library at Boston, U.S.A., and

shows some divergence in grouping and composition from the sketch in my possession.

At the conclusion of our stay at Aix-les-Bains we went, as an after-cure, on a driving trip to the Bavarian highlands. Starting from Innsbrück, we drove through some splendid mountain and forest scenery, visiting the romantic and extravagant castles and palaces of the mad King of Bavaria, the friend and protector of Richard Wagner. During this trip we met and travelled with Erb Graf zu Neipperg, the grandson of Marie Louise, Napoleon's widow, who after his death had married her old admirer Neipperg. With him, in whom we found a most cultivated and intelligent cicerone, we visited the curious castle of Hohenschwangau, overlooking the lake, where the King loved to have performances of "Lohengrin"; Neuschwanstein, a magnificent pile perched high up the mountain-side, with huge halls and music rooms, destined for the representation of other Wagnerian operas; and Lindenhof, a miniature Versailles, with gardens, fountains, terraces and grottos to match. At one spot in this romantic neighbourhood we came upon a large hut built around a tree in imitation of the scene in the first act of the "Valkyrie," where Siegmund first sets eyes on Sieglinda. Our driving trip came to an end at Oberammergau, which had indeed been our objective from the first, and there we witnessed a performance of the Passion Play. Although it was in June, the day was very cold, the theatre was open to the sky, and we became so cold that at luncheon time our hands trembled and shivered to such an extent that it was almost impossible to get any food to our mouths. The play lasted from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., with a liberal allowance of time for refreshments in the middle of the day. It has been so often

described that it is unnecessary here to attempt any account of it, but I was immensely struck by the performance as a whole and greatly moved by the pathos of some of the scenes, albeit the pronunciation of the German was in the broadest Bavarian dialect and the performance of the orchestra excruciatingly dissonant.

There being no hotel in the village, visitors were lodged in the cottages, and it fell to our lot to stay two nights in the house of Andreas Lang, who then took the part of St. Thomas.

On the 18th of August Parliament was prorogued, and the somewhat inglorious, at all events unfruitful, session came to an end. My wife and I spent the autumn in paying a number of country house visits, generally combined with some shooting or stalking. The first was to Derwent, a picturesque house in the narrow valley of the Derwent, where we were the guests of Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot. Since 1890 the valley behind and above the house has been dammed and a vast reservoir made, in order to supply the wants of Sheffield, Nottingham and Derby. We stayed at Muncaster Castle, one of the loveliest sites in England, with views in different directions over the sea, towards the Isle of Man, up the mountains to Scawfell and down over the winding valley of the Esk. It would be difficult to find its rival anywhere in Great Britain for position and variety of aspect.

Lord and Lady Muncaster were old friends of my parents and of ours. For many years he was M.P. for West Cumberland, and he was also Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland from the death of my uncle in 1876 until his own death some three or four years ago. Lady Muncaster was a tall and remarkably handsome woman. He was also tall, but of a singularly shy and reserved

disposition, due (it was popularly believed) to the effect produced upon him by the tragedy, which occurred in Greece when he and a party of friends were captured by Greek brigands and some of the party murdered. He was very dark, had much hair on his face, carried his head sideways and forward and looked at you from beneath his shaggy black eyebrows. On the occasion of an election in the county, he was looking out of the window of the train when he was recognized by an opponent, who called out in broadest Cumberland dialect: "Take thy great ugly black mug out of the window!" He was familiarly known as "Monkey" and sometines as "Dismal Joe." His Christian name was Joscelyn. But notwithstanding his tragic and sinister appearance, he was a very lovable personage and kindness itself to old and young who knew him.

At Levens we stayed with Colonel and Mrs. Bagot and admired the old Elizabethan house, practically untouched for three centuries, and the wonderful garden full of old yews cut into fantastic shapes, with the pictures of which every amateur gardener is well acquainted. A visit to Lowther and a shooting visit in Scotland to my brother-in-law, Mr. Alban Gibbs, at Invergeldie near Comrie, filled up our time until we returned to Keswick, where we had taken a little house for the autumn. Before Parliament met again for the winter we were at Knowsley for a shooting party. Some idea of the size of the estate and of its sporting capabilities may be obtained when I record that for four days running two parties of six guns each were sent out in different directions, and that the bags obtained were on each occasion heavy enough to satisfy the most exacting requirements.

Visits to my wife's cousin, Mr. Adrian Hope, at

Bradgate near Leicester, and to Mr. Goschen at Seacox, near my wife's old home in Kent, filled up the time before the meeting of Parliament.

Just before the House met on the 25th of November, the O'Shea divorce case had come before the courts and Parnell had been condemned as a guilty co-respondent and mulcted in damages. This bolt from the blue had an extraordinary effect upon the House of Commons. The Liberal benches were deserted, the Address went through in three hours, and after taking the second readings of the Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Bill, the first part of the session came to a close in a fortnight. Attention was concentrated upon the proceedings of Committee Room No. 15, where the Irish party fought out their disputes as to the continuance of Mr. Parnell in the leadership, and subsequently upon the acrimonious correspondence which passed between Mr. Gladstone and Parnell as to the prospects and probable contents of the next Home Rule Bill.

During the year two very remarkable men, with both of whom I was acquainted, had passed away. Lord Tollemache of Helmingham Hall, Suffolk, at no great distance from Campsea Ashe, was a fine example of the old country squire. He was a great authority on agriculture, and a firm believer in the medium sized farm of about 200 acres as against the large farms of 1,000 and the small holdings of 50 acres. He had divided up his Cheshire estate into such holdings and expended a vast sum of half a million or more in equipping them with the necessary houses and buildings; but he was also a believer in the promotion of the comfort and welfare of the labourers upon the estate, and for them he had provided the three acres and cow, which had become proverbial and of which he was acknowledged

to be the patentee. He used to wear a wig and drove a four-in-hand harnessed, not to a coach, but to a large open brake. He was twice married and had eleven sons and one daughter. On several occasions I went over from Campsea Ashe to Helmingham to play cricket against an eleven composed largely, though not entirely of his sons and grandsons.

The other remarkable man whose death occurred this year, was Dr. Thomson, the Archbishop of York, a Cumberland man, born at Whitehaven, of comparatively humble parentage. He achieved great distinction as a leader of evangelistic opinion and with his wife, Zoë, was a well-known figure in London society. I met him once at Balmacaan on Loch Ness, where Lord Seafield had organized a deer drive of one of the woods in the neighbourhood. It was rather an eventful occasion. The rifles had been posted at various spots where it was expected that the deer might pass. The Archbishop and the ladies, who were anxious to see the drive, had been posted on some rising ground at the back of the line of guns, but whether the host had forgotten to warn the guns of the Archbishop's position or whether in the excitement of the moment the Archbishop had been forgotten, at all events the bullets began to fly in his direction and His Grace and the ladies had to seek cover behind some large cairns, which acted as a protection but also completely blocked their view of the proceedings. Two other details of the day recur to me. Sir Andrew Buchanan was one of the rifles and took up his position attended by his Austrian jäger in full sporting costume. Whilst His Excellency was engaged in aiming at a stag on his right hand, the jäger, whose sporting instincts were too strong for his sense of discipline, was also engaged in aiming at

and succeeded in killing a stag on the left. Finally most of the deer filed past a young man, the factor's son, who discharged a number of shots at them without any result. On examination of his rifle and ammunition at a later period of the day, it appeared that whilst his rifle was of one calibre, his cartridges were of another and smaller bore, and had probably when fired fallen harmlessly a few yards from the muzzle.

1891

The session which advanced with such rapid strides at the start, reduced its pace to a jog-trot after the House met again on the 22nd of January 1891. The much-fought Tithes and Irish Land Bills found their way to the Statute Book, and one or two other important measures got themselves passed before the House was prorogued on the 5th of August. Amongst these was the Free Education Bill, which was read a second time by 318 to 10. I was amongst the 10 who opposed it, chiefly on the ground that my constituents did not want it, as they were quite ready to pay the very moderate fees demanded for their children's education, and that it was against the interests of the voluntary schools, which would lose this item of their revenue.

In the House itself I spoke once on the question of the control of our military ports by H.M. Navy, founding my arguments against the proposal on the evidence which had been given before the Secret Committee on the defence of ports and coaling stations of which I had been a member four years previously. On another occasion I endeavoured to catch the Speaker's eye upon the second reading of a Small Holdings Bill. The debate took place at a morning sitting and I rose six or seven times, but I had no success, and the House

had to make the best of it without my advice and assistance. There was set up a committee, of which I was appointed a member, on a big project proposed by the London County Council for bringing a supply of water to London from Wales and for placing the administration thereof in the hands of the County Council. Sir Matthew Ridley was the chairman of the committee. The investigation occupied the greater part of the session and terminated in the rejection of the proposal. I also sat as chairman of a private Bill committee, and occasionally took the chair in committee of the whole House as a Deputy Chairman.

At Whitsuntide my wife and I went again to Aix-les-Bains, my father accompanying us. We saw a great deal of Mr. J. Mulholland and his family, who were also taking the cure, and who, like ourselves, went on to Chamounix for an after-cure. Mr. Mulholland had been for some years M.P. for Downpatrick, was a staunch, though not a violent, Orangeman, and in the following year was created Lord Dunleath. He was a tall spare man, of very quiet but attractive manners, full of information, fond of his rubber of whist, and altogether a most pleasant companion.

Lord Derby again offered us the loan of Hollydale, and there we spent a good deal of the summer, paying, however, some visits to constituents in Cumberland, and to friends in Scotland. Whilst staying at Newton Don, near Kelso, with Mr. and Lady Nina Balfour, I went over to see an old friend, Sir George Douglas of Springwood. We had been at Cambridge together, where he had played a lady's part in one of our A.D.C. performances. After leaving the University, he devoted himself to literary pursuits and achieved no little distinction as an author and poet. At the time of my visit

there was staying with him Mr. Hardy, the veteran novelist, and in their company I was taken to inspect the Abbey of Kelso.

Towards the end of September Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General, died and was succeeded in that office by Sir James Fergusson, who had for some time been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This latter post was thus left vacant. I was not a little taken aback when I received the offer of the post from Lord Salisbury. It was not without some fear and trembling that I accepted the offer. I had recollections of important debates on foreign affairs in which Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice had, as Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs, taken leading parts, and I doubted whether I had sufficient knowledge or power of speaking to undertake so important a post. Foreign affairs, however, did not at the moment occupy much public attention, and I felt that, after all, I should only be the mouthpiece of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, whose commanding position amongst the statesmen of Europe was then unrivalled. In some respects I felt that I had some qualifications for the position. I had a good knowledge of French and some facility in speaking it (though the latter might be rather rusty from want of use); I could read and understand German and Italian; I had never played an aggressive or truculent part in the debates in the House, had not, so far as I was aware, any violent political opponents, and was, I believe, generally looked upon as a moderate and safe man, who though not likely to make any special mark, would probably not embarrass his party by any foolish blunder. My family's connection with the Diplomatic Service was doubtless another factor in determining the selection.

I soon reported myself at the Foreign Office and got to work. Sir Philip Currie was the Permanent Under Secretary and head of the office. He was a man of broad and sound views, upon whom Lord Salisbury placed great reliance. On many occasions I found him most helpful and he was always ready with his advice and suggestions. Sir Thomas Sanderson, who had been private secretary to Lord Derby, I had known for a long time. It would be difficult to find in the annals of the Foreign Office any man who had a wider or more meticulous acquaintance with the details of the current work in the office. He was one of the hardest workers I ever came across, and never spared himself in the supervision and correction of the work of the department. Sir Thomas Villiers Lister was of a different stamp. He carried his burden somewhat more easily than his colleagues, but he was clever and brilliant, and his minutes were often sarcastic and generally amusing. Mr. Frank Bertie, who subsequently became our Ambassador in Paris, was at that time Senior Clerk, and although I knew him well, my work did not often bring me into communication with him. His talent for telling home truths in a not too disagreeable fashion, had already developed itself during my time at the Foreign Office, but had not reached the sublime height to which it subsequently attained.

As in 1891 it was the custom to place the Commercial Department of the Foreign Office under the control of the Parliamentary Secretary, it became my duty to make myself responsible for this branch of the work. The head of the department was Mr. C. M. Kennedy, and he initiated me into its mysteries. He was a strange-looking, elderly gentleman, with prominent eyes, was short-sighted, and presented rather a tousled

appearance. He was never so happy as when he thought that he had been able to catch Sir Robert Giffen, a well-known statistician at the Board of Trade, napping. There was not much love lost between these two learned officials. I do not know whether Sir Robert Giffen had any name for the minutes which Kennedy used to send to the Board of Trade, but Kennedy used to call Giffen's communications "Giffenage," meaning "Griffonage."

Walter Langley, an old acquaintance, who had been private secretary to my predecessor, became my private secretary and gave me much assistance in starting on the road which I had to pursue and warning me of the pitfalls to avoid.

The legal adviser to the Foreign Office was Mr. W. Davidson, a great Alpine climber and the writer of most laborious minutes in a beautiful handwriting. By the way, typewriting had, at this period, only just commenced to be used in Government offices and most of the despatches received and all the despatches sent out were in manuscript.

The gentlemen named above were those with whom I was chiefly brought in contact during the nine months that I was at the Foreign Office. As to the chief, Lord Salisbury, it was very rarely that I ever saw him officially. He did not believe in interviews, although once a week he was obliged to be accessible to all such foreign ambassadors and ministers as might wish to see him. He was a very quick worker and resented the time spent in the circumlocutions and frills of conversation. He preferred to see in black and white the questions, arguments or information which it was desired to lay before him, and on the despatches so brought to him to inscribe his initial, a bold S., or to

write in a concise, often sarcastic, and generally amusing sentence his view of the situation. He was, as they say, "a glutton for work," and never liked any action to be taken, especially at the commencement of an episode or the initiation of a policy, without being fully informed of it.

In the days of which I am writing, questions used to appear upon the notice paper of the House of Commons on the day on which they were to be asked. The departments therefore had very little time to frame their replies, and as it was necessary to obtain the chief's approval to every answer before I gave it, it was often a very difficult process to get the answers back in time for them to be given.

I found, on beginning my work, that there was an immense quantity of reading to be done. The blue print, which purports to reproduce a copy of all important despatches, received or sent, and was daily circulated to the Cabinet Ministers, also went to the Under Secretary. Every step connected with any of the numerous cases which were being pressed in foreign countries or by foreign claimants in this country also came before him. Many interviews with gentlemen who considered themselves aggrieved by the action of foreign Governments, had to be given by me, and I had to prepare myself for any matters likely to be raised at question time or in debate in the House. All the commercial reports from our missions abroad came to me for revision before being issued, and it also became necessary for me to instruct myself in the history of many questions then pending, which had not come before the public eye. I found my time, therefore, very fully occupied; but there was more to come. One day Lord Salisbury sent for me and told me that he wished me to go out

to Venice to be the British representative at a Conference of the European Powers, to be held there in January 1892, to deal with questions of quarantine and the passage of ships through the Suez Canal.

British shipping firms had for some time complained of the great delays necessitated by the imposition of quarantine upon ships coming from Bombay or other Indian ports, and arriving at the Suez Canal or any Mediterranean ports, whenever there were any cases of cholera in India. As cholera there was almost constant, quarantine was almost a chronic condition and was a great handicap. Lord Salisbury had made an agreement with the Austrian Government, whereby all ships going direct to British ports were to be passed through the Suez Canal without touching the shore, and the days spent on the voyage from India to a Mediterranean port were to be reckoned as being spent in quarantine. This agreement was to be submitted to a Conference of the interested Powers, and provisions were to be made by the Suez Canal authorities and the Egyptian Sanitary Board to carry it into effect. I was accordingly sent out to defend the arrangement and to do my best to persuade the other Powers to accept it.

It had originally been anticipated that the Conference should be held at Venice in the autumn of 1891, but delays intervened and it was not until the 5th of January 1892 that the Conference met.

CHAPTER XI

1892–1894

Venice Conference—Uganda Railway—General Election—Corsica

Venice in winter is not a very enjoyable place. The fog is often so thick that it is impossible to see across the Grand Canal; gondolas are not intended for progression in winter, the hotels are not provided, or, perhaps, to be more accurate, were not then provided with many heating appliances, and it so happened that at the moment when I was there an epidemic of influenza was raging. Dr. Mackie, of Alexandria, the British representative on the Egyptian Sanitary Board, was to be my colleague, and my secretary was Mr. Farnall, a clerk in the Foreign Office, whose almost universal knowledge and marvellous linguistic attainments were and have always remained a wonder to me.

Farnall and I left on the 1st of January, and our misfortunes began in Paris, for our through carriage was shunted whilst we were at dinner; we lost all our hand-luggage and our *lit salon* as well, and it was some days before we were able to recover the former. On the second day of the Conference news arrived of the death of Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, and this necessitated an adjournment. On the 14th of January we heard of the death of the Duke of Clarence from pneumonia following influenza, and this necessitated a further adjournment. On the 24th Mrs. Mackie, the wife of my colleague, who had been seriously ill ever since her arrival, died, and needless to say that this tragedy

added to the general gloom and deprived me of the further assistance of my colleague. Fortunately Sir Thomas Sutherland, who was staying on the Riviera, kindly came to join me at Venice, and as he was the Chairman of the P. & O. Company and deeply interested in the whole question, his assistance and advice were invaluable.

The Chairman of our Conference was Count d'Arco, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Italy. His real name, I believe, was Bogen, German for a bow, for which the Italian is Arco. He was a very capable and affable man and conducted the proceedings in a business-like manner. Count Küfstein was the Austrian, a diplomat of no particular ability and unable to impress himself or his case on the Conference. M. Barrère, together with Drs. Proust and Brouardel, represented France. M. Barrère was a diplomat and had a perfect knowledge of English, which he had acquired during his stay in England at the time when he sought refuge there in order to escape the penalties threatened against the Communards of 1871, of which he was said to have been one. The two doctors were distinguished French civil servants and bacteriologists. Germany was represented by Count Leyden, whom I had known in England, when he was in the German Embassy in London and a frequenter of the social amenities of the London season. Boutros Pasha represented Egypt. We became very friendly and pulled together throughout the proceedings. He was a very able little man and a Copt. He subsequently became Prime Minister in Egypt, but was foully murdered by some fanatical Mahommedan during his tenure of that office. He had a supreme contempt for the Turkish representative, one Colonel Bonkowski, to whom he always referred as *le fumiste du Sultan*

(the Sultan's quack). M. de Willebois was the Netherlands representative, at that time Consul-General in Egypt, and for many years, at a later period, the Netherlands Minister in Constantinople.

I need hardly say that I contemplated the meetings of the Conference with feelings of considerable anxiety and alarm. The prospect of having to make a series of speeches in French upon highly technical subjects was staggering; but I soon realized that, although my command of the language and my pronunciation of it might leave a good deal to be desired, they were far better than those of many of my colleagues, who hailed from Spain, Portugal or Scandinavia. Another difficulty which met me was that it soon became apparent that the proposals which the Austrian and British Governments were making were unpopular and not likely to be accepted, Germany and Italy being our only supporters. The dread of allowing ships into the Mediterranean with possible cases of cholera or plague on board, was a nightmare to the States with Mediterranean ports. I had, therefore, in order to avoid direct defeat, to find a means of escape from our ill-fated Austrian agreement and yet obtain some substantial improvement for our shipping companies. The French suggestions for establishing a disinfecting station at El Tor on the Red Sea, although involving considerable expenditure, seemed to offer a solution; but I was doubtful whether Lord Salisbury would be prepared at short notice to shift his ground and leave Austria, as it were, "in the cart." However, after much telegraphing to and fro in cipher (a laborious process for Farnall and myself), we obtained his assent to the proposals, subject to a delay for further consideration. Eventually a protocol with a convention appended was

signed on the 30th of January, my signature being appended subject to a reservation for further time for examination by the British Government of some of the articles of the proposed Convention. The Treaty was subsequently accepted by Great Britain and the system established by it has been in force now for many years.

We celebrated the termination of our labours by a dinner in the Palace: the Duke of Genoa, who was then the Lord High Admiral, being our host, and placing me on his right and Küfstein on his left as though we had been the successful actors in the just completed piece.

During our stay at Venice Farnall—who was as much interested in Italian art as in quarantine arrangements—and I visited the picture galleries and churches which abound and are so rich in treasures, but we found them so cold and inhospitable, that we were driven to pay a series of short visits to them alternated with rapid walking exercise, in order to restore the circulation and avoid the chills which a longer visit would have induced. Sir Henry Layard, who inhabited a fine *palazzo* on the Grand Canal, was most kind in offering us hospitality and taking us over the glassworks at Murano in which he was largely interested. He subsequently sent us each some pieces of delicate glass, the manufacture of which, through their various processes, we had witnessed. Miss Clara Montalba, the well-known Venetian artist, and her sister gave us also many opportunities of seeing their lovely drawings in their studio; whilst their brother, who knew every nook and corner of the town, initiated us into the mysteries of the picturesque by-paths and alleys of the town which are inaccessible to most visitors, who only

use the canals. The Venice of the pedestrian is a totally different city to the Venice of the gondolestrian. The Municipality gave us a ball at the Prefettura and a gala performance at the Opera, a pretty little house decorated in Louis XV style and illuminated by candle-power.

At the conclusion of our labours Farnall and I spent some days at Ravenna, enjoying the churches, monuments, the old mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries, and the representations of the early Christian ecclesiastical vestments, and the other sights of this deeply interesting, out-of-the-world mediæval city.

Soon after my return I went down to Hatfield and gave the chief a full account of my doings. He seemed at first rather dubious as to their wisdom, but eventually satisfied himself that I had acted for the best and the Government adhered to the Convention, which had been agreed to by the other Powers.

Curiously enough, the matter attracted no attention in the House of Commons, and I do not think that I had to reply to a single question about the Venice Conference, although Lord Salisbury had sent me on the mission as he had expected that the matter would have engaged the attention of commercial and shipping interests.

The only other important piece of work which fell to my lot was to submit a vote for £20,000 for the survey of a railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza. The position of the British East Africa Company in Uganda, where they were nominally established, had become rather shaky. Communication with that distant country was difficult; Colonel Lugard, their representative, found an active quarrel proceeding between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant parties

there, and had much difficulty in maintaining his position; the Company, which was in receipt of a subsidy from the British Government, were threatening to withdraw; the German Government was suspected of being ready to take possession; under the Brussels Convention we had undertaken to take some steps in that region towards abolishing the slave trade, which was carried on for the purpose of providing porters to carry goods from the interior to the coast; and the British Government had come to the conclusion that these points would all be satisfactorily met by the construction of a line from the big lake Victoria Nyanza to the coast.

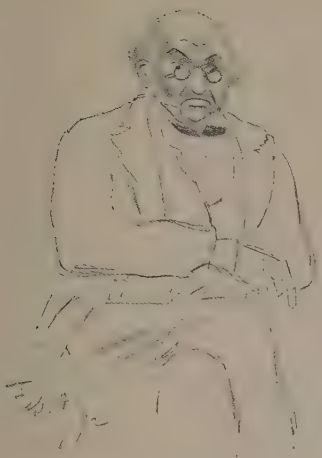
In order to prepare myself for my task, I spent some time in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society, studying the latest maps of that region, at that time very little known to the general public. Sir Clement Hill was the Foreign Office official in charge of this matter, and he placed me in communication with the celebrated explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was enthusiastic about the possibilities of developing Uganda. On the 3rd of March I made my speech and introduced my estimate. From the Parliamentary point of view I may claim that "I was the first that ever burst into that silent sea." The project was scouted by the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt jeered at me for my levity and perfunctoriness, saying that I had treated the matter of the railway as though I were starting a new line of pirate 'buses. Sir C. Dilke scoffed at a phrase which I had used in calling Uganda the "pearl of Africa," which was in reality a quotation from one of H. M. Stanley's books. Mr. Gladstone declared that there was an utter absence of data or information about the whole project. This was quite

true, but was due to the fact that at that time the place was practically an "undiscovered country." However, after two days' debate, the vote was passed by a substantial majority of about 100.

I happened to meet Mr. John Morley, who though no doubt differing *in toto* from the whole policy of peaceful penetration, congratulated me on my speech. In thanking him, I said that I had omitted unfortunately one or two matters which I had intended to bring forward; but he consoled me by saying that it was ever thus, and that he often forgot some of the best things which he had prepared.

On the report of the vote a curious incident took place. Sir Lewis Pelly and two other Members had voted in favour of the grant for the railway survey. Mr. Swift McNeill called attention to their votes and moved that their names should be struck out of the division list on the ground that, as shareholders in the British East Africa Company, they were personally and pecuniarily interested, and after some debate the House so decided. I believe this to have been a wholly wrong decision. The proposed railway was not solely in the interests of the Company, but in the interests of the State generally. These gentlemen's pecuniary interests in the undertaking were altogether too indirect and shadowy to be worth consideration, and the rule, however valuable in certain cases, was never intended to apply in such a case as this. But be this as it may, Sir Lewis Pelly, who was very sensitive about the matter, took it deeply to heart and so worried himself over the affair that he did not long survive the unfortunate incident.

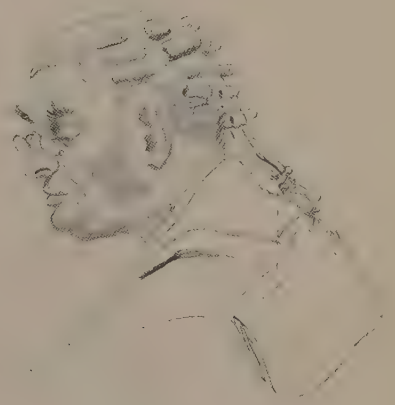
Notwithstanding that the approach of a General Election had made attendance rather slack in the House



Mr. Gladstone

Mr. Jesse Collings

Mr. C. S. Parnell



Sir Archibald Milman
(Clerk of the House)

Drawings by the Author

of Commons, many of the Members spending more time in their constituencies than at Westminster, the legislative crop was small. I was, however, of course, bound to remain in attendance and was not able to get down to Cumberland until a day or two before the Dissolution was announced on the 28th of June.

I had a strenuous ten days of canvassing and meetings. My Liberal opponent was Dr. Douglas of Keswick, who was familiarly known as the "Lal blue Doctor," from his political colour. (Lal is Cumbrian dialect for little). He had been at work in the constituency for some years, making a house-to-house canvass of the villages and holding no meetings until the last few days of the contest. I had been hard at work in the Foreign Office and in the House of Commons, with the result that he ran me very close. The poll, declared on the 8th of July, showed:

Lowther	3,549
Douglas	3,424
Majority	125

My father did not stand again at this election for North Westmorland, and retired from Parliamentary life after twenty-six years' service. His place was taken by Sir Joseph Savory, an ex-Lord Mayor, whose wife was a Westmorland lady.

The result of the General Election gave the Liberals, including the Irish Home Rulers, a majority of 42 over the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. Lord Salisbury did not resign until he was turned out of office on a vote of no confidence, proposed on an amendment to the Address by Mr. Asquith, and carried by a majority of 40 on the 11th of August.

I remained at work at the Foreign Office until the

new Government was formed, and on the 18th of August paid a final visit of adieu to the office, being succeeded as Under Secretary by Sir Edward Grey.

A day or two later my wife and I accompanied my father on another visit to Aix-les-Bains, but we none of us liked it as much in the autumn as we had enjoyed it previously in the spring. Great heat, relieved by occasional thunderstorms, made the climate less pleasant, and the place was full of a fashionable French crowd, in whom we were not particularly interested. The funicular railway to the top of the Grand Revard had, however, just been opened, and the view from the top, looking towards Mont Blanc and the Swiss Alps, was magnificent. We were told that the railway had first been opened on the 12th of August, when a large party had been regaled with luncheon at the summit, and that one of the dishes had been grouse!

We attended a review of 10,000 troops at Chambéry, held by President Carnot, accompanied by two of the Ministers, M. Freycinet and M. Ribot. The effect was rather spoilt by a downpour of rain, but the march past of the Chasseurs Alpins, with alpenstocks and climbing kit, made an effective item.

As an "after-cure" we took a short excursion to Bride-les-Bains, which has now become a fashionable watering-place, from whence we took a very long drive up a zig-zag road to the Hospice kept by the monks, upon much the same lines as the Hospice of St. Bernard. A fine view of Monte Rosa is obtained from there, and we were lucky in having a clear though cold day to enjoy it.

On the way up to the Hospice I had noticed that the steep green slopes of the hills were pockmarked with holes, the purport of which I was unable to discover;

but on the way down the mystery was solved, for each of these holes on the mountain-side was occupied by a cow, which in the intervals of grazing was thus enabled to find a spot to lie down and rest.

1893

The House met on the last day of January and occupied itself with routine business during the first two months. Amongst the matters which came up for discussion was the vexed question of the Solway Fisheries. For many years there had been disputes between the Scottish and the English fishermen in the Solway. Their rights differed on either side of the estuary; the annual and the weekly close times were not identical, the size of the mesh of their nets differed, the Scottish fishermen were permitted to use fixed nets for the capture of fish, the Cumbrians had to wade waist deep into the sea to spread their nets; each side made complaints of poaching against the other; many commissions and committees had enquired into these matters and had reported upon them, but no satisfactory solution had been reached. Although the interests of my constituents were not involved in the dispute, I had been asked to raise my voice on behalf of the Cumbrian fishermen, and I did so. Nothing, however, happened, and it was not until 1922 that I was able in the House of Lords to procure, during the passage of the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Bill, some amendments, which to a certain extent mitigated and may eventually allay the grievances of which the Cumbrians have so long complained.

Other opportunities presented themselves for my intervention in debate upon questions connected with the affairs of Uganda, the Arbitration Treaty with the

United States and the Foreign Office vote; and in those matters, with which from information and experience gained at the Foreign Office I was tolerably familiar, I took a modest but, I trust, a useful part.

The Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone's second attempt to solve the Irish problem, occupied the greater part of the session. It passed its second reading by a majority of 43 on the 21st of April, but it did not finally leave the House of Commons until the 1st of September. During the committee stage party feeling had often run very high and the disputes culminated in the well-known "scene" of the 27th of July, when, during a division in committee on one of the final schedules of the Bill, some personal violence occurred. I happened to be sitting in the gallery on the Government side, facing the front Opposition bench, and my recollection of what occurred was that, a division having been called and Mr. Balfour having left his seat as leader of the Opposition in order to go into the lobby, Mr. Logan, a supporter of the Government, crossed the floor and sat himself down in Mr. Balfour's place. Mr. Hayes Fisher, who had been sitting next to Mr. Balfour, apparently resenting this intrusion, gave Mr. Logan a push, and Mr. Logan pushed back. At the same moment some of the Opposition Members, sitting in the back Opposition benches, rose to come down the gangway and met some of the Irish Members who were leaving their places below the gangway on the Opposition side for the purpose of proceeding down the gangway to their lobby. The sight of the Logan–Fisher incident led to a scrimmage in the gangway and to other acts of violence in that quarter of the House, Colonel Saunderson taking a prominent part and using his fists very freely. There was naturally a scene of considerable excitement, which

Mr. Mellor, the Chairman of the Committee, was unable to quell, and the Speaker was sent for. I shall never forget the stern and reproachful manner in which Mr. Speaker Peel rebuked the offending Members, who seemed cowed by his dignified appearance and commanding tones. Peace was immediately restored, the Speaker left the chair, the division was resumed and the work in hand was completed. A ludicrous incident brought the evening to a close, for, on the next order being called, Sir Reginald Palgrave, the Clerk of the House, read it out in such a whimsical tone of voice and with so much emphasis, that the whole House burst into a shout of laughter. The next order happened to be "Pistols Bill—Second Reading."—*Solvuntur tabulæ risu.*

The Home Rule Bill, on reaching the House of Lords, received short shrift, and by a majority of 419 to 41 was rejected. The Government did not dare face a General Election upon the issue, the Bill being a thoroughly unpopular one, and no further action was taken. Indeed it was not until eighteen years later that another Home Rule Bill was introduced.

Parliament was adjourned on the 22nd of September, with the announcement of an autumn session for certain definite Government business.

We spent the greater part of the autumn at Lairthwaite, close to Keswick, a comfortable little house which we rented from my late opponent in the constituency, the "Lal blue Doctor," and from that centre made a number of riding, driving and walking expeditions with the children and with friends, amongst the beautiful mountains and lakes of the district; but we also found time for some stalking visits to Scotland, for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Goschen at Seacox, and

for a visit to Mr. Austin, the Poet Laureate, at Swinford Old Manor, which he has so well described in his book *The Garden that I Love*. It was a pretty little place, not far from Ashford, and close to Lord Hothfield's park. On the occasion of our first visit there we met Sir John Millais and Sir Francis and Lady Jeune. I remember remarking to Sir F. Jeune, who was then President of the Court of Admiralty, Probate and Divorce, that I supposed he heard more perjury committed in his court than was committed in any other. "Yes," he said, "the perjury in divorce cases is considerable, in Admiralty cases even worse, but it is worst of all in probate. *Auri sacra fames* is responsible."

Whilst we were at Keswick I renewed my acquaintance with Dr. Hornby, who was then Provost of Eton. My previous interviews with him had been about thirty years before as an Eton boy, and of them I retained a painful recollection. Now he was one of my constituents and a neighbour at Keswick, where he had a pretty villa with a lovely view over the hills and lakes.

The autumn session, which began on the 2nd of November, lasted until the 5th of March 1894. It was devoted to two measures, the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill. The former led eventually to a long wrangle with the House of Lords as to the Contracting Out clause. The Liberal party were not entirely behind the Government in their opposition to this proposal, and on one occasion the Government majority dropped to 2. The Lords held firm to their determination to insert a clause enabling contracting out of the Act to be permitted, and the Government, on the 20th of February, dropped the Bill.

I was present in the House on the 1st of March 1894,

and heard Mr. Gladstone make his last speech, a powerful indictment of the action of the Lords, with threats as to its consequences. The effect, however, was discounted by the knowledge that the Government would not appeal to the country for fear that the decision of the electorate would be adverse. Two days later Mr. Gladstone resigned.

The Parish Councils Bill, although the discussion was prolonged, owing to the mass of detail it contained, had a smooth passage and was very ably piloted by Mr. Henry Fowler.

This autumn session was remarkable for the fact that it was carried over Christmas, when we only had three days' holiday, right up to the 5th of March, and that at its conclusion there was an interval of only a week before the next session began.

I must, however, admit that I was not in constant attendance during the whole of the session.

1894

My wife and I had planned a trip to Corsica for the end of January and beginning of February, and as the House of Commons adjourned for a month from the middle of January until the 12th of February, whilst the House of Lords considered the Parish Councils Bill, we were enabled to carry out our programme.

We stayed first at Beaulieu, with Mr. and Mrs. James Livesey, who had a pretty and luxurious villa there, next door to Lord Salisbury's villa, La Bastide. Mr. Livesey had been the contractor for the construction of many of the Central and South American railways, which climb and descend the highest mountain passes in the world. He showed me a chart, giving the respective heights of the summits of some of his mountain

railways, and explained the clever arrangements by which a line could be made to climb along an almost precipitous cliff, e.g. by means of corkscrew tunnels, reversing stations, and so forth.

Lord Salisbury and some of his family were at La Bastide, and we saw a good deal of them during our stay at the Villa Livesey. Taking the small and dirty steamer from Nice to Ajaccio, we crossed in the night, and after a day or two's stay at the latter place, started on a driving tour through the northern part of Corsica. This was before the days of motors, but the ponies which drew our little open carriage were strong and courageous, and although the roads were very steep, we made good progress. The accommodation to be found at the inns was of the poorest character and the food moderate. We lived chiefly on blackbirds, which, when not smothered in oil or garlic, were quite palatable. Occasionally we got a leg of lamb, the smallest leg and the smallest lamb I ever saw, about the size of the drumstick of a chicken. Telegraphic communication was good, and we used to wire ahead for our luncheon or dinner, always in the same formula: "*Préparez deux déjeuners* (or *deux dîners*) *sans huile et sans ail*."

If the accommodation was bad, the scenery and our surroundings were most attractive. Lofty mountains and peaks, mostly snow-covered, rose abruptly from pine forests which themselves arose from the *maquis*, or scrub, for which Corsica is famous. This *maquis* is composed largely of arbutus, bay trees, laurustinus, flowering heaths and similar shrubs, and is highly scented. The heaths are grubbed up for their roots, which are exported and eventually converted into what we know as briar-wood pipes, but which are really the roots of the *bruyère* or heath. At one place, Evisa,

we attempted a high pass through the forest, but found the snow too deep and the road blocked. At Calanche there is a wonderful collection of grotesquely shaped rocks scattered about along the edge of the cliffs just above the sea. I am not geologist enough to know the cause of this phenomenon, but guess that it must be due to the action of water on a comparatively soft stone.

After our return to Ajaccio and a short stay there, we explored the southern part of the island to Sartène and Bonifacio, partly by steamer and partly by carriage. The accommodation was even worse than in the northern portion. The inns were not separate houses, but were flats in large buildings, the occupants of the other flats being mostly of the artizan class and very filthy in their habits. Bonifacio has a quaint little harbour and is an interesting place, but in other respects we did not find much to engage our attention and were glad to get back again to Ajaccio and its comparative civilization. The house in which Napoleon was born and where Madame Mère lived, is still shown, but to my mind the most interesting thing in the town is the statue of Napoleon on horseback with his four brothers at the four corners of the base, who were all Kings. This rise from nothingness to world power, followed by the complete disappearance of these dynasties, forms an unrivalled theme for the moralist and a standing wonder of the world. But a fact, which I often recall to myself, is in my opinion even more remarkable, viz., that Napoleon was born a British subject. He was born in 1769, at a time when the English had conquered and held possession of Corsica. This may not perhaps in point of law constitute him a British subject, but it is near enough and might well have been so.

From Ajaccio we made our way, partly by rail and

partly by carriage (the line not then being completed) to Bastia, at the north-easterly point of the island. Corte, where we stayed *en route*, the ancient capital of Corsica, is splendidly placed on a rock standing out from the rolling uplands, and commands a fine and extensive view. In one of the expeditions which we took from this centre to a village called Calacuccia, I got into trouble. I had ordered our rooms at one inn, but before arriving there, was warned that there was a case of leprosy in the house. We therefore transferred ourselves to the other and rival hostel, and cancelled our rooms at inn number 1. The result was that the proprietor of the spurned hotel, on discovering what had occurred, haled me before the *juge d'instruction* and made me a *procès*, claiming payment not only for the rooms but also for the food which he said that he had prepared and for the wine which I should have drunk. I put in an appearance before the court, pleaded my case as best I could, was careful to say nothing about leprosy, for such a plea would have only augmented the damage against me, laid great stress on the ridiculous nature of the claim in respect of the unordered and untouched wine, and got off with judgment against me for a small sum.

From Bastia we returned to England by Leghorn (passing near Elba on the trip), paid a brief visit to Pisa and Genoa, and so to London in time for the final stages of the long-drawn-out session of 1893–94.

The new session opened on the 12th of March 1894 with Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister. He soon found himself in a peck of troubles. A wise and sensible statement which he had made, to the effect that it would be useless to attempt to pass a Home Rule Bill until the predominant partner (England) had been con-

vinced, was warmly resented by the Irish wing and had to be whittled away. Then Mr. Labouchere, who had been strongly opposed to the choice of Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister and was always ready for mischief, carried an amendment to the Address praying the Queen to create 500 new peerages. This involved the withdrawal of the Address and the substitution of another, with consequent delay and vexation of spirit. It was known that the Prime Minister and the leader of the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, were on bad terms, and this knowledge reacted upon the Liberal party behind them and made them difficult and intractable. The Government decided that a strong forward policy was their best chance of keeping the party together, and we had the curious spectacle of a Government with a small majority of about twenty to thirty, introducing Bills for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, for One Man One Vote, for the imposition of crushing death duties, and similar measures calculated to arouse the most violent opposition. The greatest scandal of all was the Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Bill, which having only passed its second reading on the 23rd of July, was carried through all its subsequent stages by an extreme exercise of the Closure on the 1st of August.

During this session I was appointed to serve on the Scottish Grand Committee, and was also a member of the Select Committee on the work and organization of the Charity Commission, of which I had formerly been one of the Commissioners. A few speeches on Uganda, on the Foreign Office vote and on the appointment of a gentleman to be mines inspector in Cumberland, whom my constituents considered unsuitable, were the only contributions which I made to the debates in the House.

My Parliamentary duties, as late Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, not making much demand upon my attendance, I took advantage of an invitation to join a yachting party in the Mediterranean, which was made to me by my friend Mr. Alfred Farquhar, and spent the month of April with him on his yacht, the *Morven* R.Y.S. I joined the yacht at Naples and found that the party, in addition to Alfred Farquhar and his two sisters, consisted of Mr. A. W. Ridley and his wife and Lord Munster. Ridley, familiarly known as "Jammey," was the well-known Oxford and All England cricketer and a formidable lob bowler, as well as a good all-round bat. Quite at home in the cricket field, he was thoroughly unhappy abroad, having a supreme contempt for all foreigners, their ways and their languages, of the latter of which he was completely innocent. His feelings towards them were not softened when he discovered one day that during a visit to the museum at Naples he had been relieved of his pocket-book containing £20 in notes. Whilst in Naples we visited the usual sights, climbed Vesuvius, inspected the blue grotto at Capri, the ruins of Pompeii and of Pæstum, and the monastery at Amalfi. On our arrival at Palermo we were placed in quarantine for the day, because the number of our passengers did not correspond with the ship's manifest (I believe that is the technical name of the document). I suppose that I was the cause of offence, having joined the yacht after the document had been drawn up.

From Palermo we steamed along the north coast of Sicily, calling at Cefalù to see the mosaics, passing through the Straits of Messina, stopping at Taormina, Catania and Syracuse. After a short stay at Malta we steamed along the south coast of the island of Sicily

to Porto Empedocle (Ye gods! what a name!) in order to visit the beautiful ruins of Girgenti. Thence we made for Tunis, and, the canal from La Goulette having now been completed, were able to proceed right up to the town itself. My experience of Tunis, which I have several times visited, is that it is a regular temple of the winds. There is always a strong west wind blowing and clouds of dust. The bazaars are picturesque and the view of the town from the top of the Kasba, the Bey's official palace, very striking, but all the suburbs outside the ancient city are built in the French style and are uninteresting. From Tunis we laid a course intending to reach Majorca, but encountering a heavy westerly gale, which the Misses Farquhar alone of the whole party were able to confront with equanimity, we made instead for Minorca, and, greatly to the credit of Captain Spriddel, the skipper, we succeeded in running up the long and tortuous approach to Port Mahon, so tragically connected with the fate of Admiral Byng, without the aid of a pilot and on a dark night. When the weather moderated we went to Palma, the capital city of Majorca, a very beautiful spot from which a magnificent and extensive view of the northern part of the island is obtained. My host dropped me at Barcelona, whence I came straight home, delighted with the novel experience of a yachting cruise and invigorated for the labours of the rest of the Parliamentary session, and having read the whole of Dante's *Inferno* in the original.

CHAPTER XII

1894-1895

British Columbia—Theodore Roosevelt—General Election—Visit to Greece

In the autumn of 1894 my wife settled in a house at Sea View in the Isle of Wight, but I again went for a long voyage. This time it was to British Columbia. Ernest Farquhar, with whom I travelled, had had much experience of big game-shooting in the Rocky Mountains and possessed some magnificent trophies of wapiti heads, but he had never tried any sport in British Columbia. I had never done any big game-shooting and was glad to have so experienced a companion for the trip; but it must be confessed that it proved a complete failure. Leaving Liverpool on the 5th of September in company with my sister Mabel, we landed at New York on the 12th, and proceeded without delay *via* Chicago, St. Paul and the C.P.R. to Sicamous in British Columbia. Leaving the main line there, we journeyed south to Penticton at the southern end of Lake Okanagan. My sister left us at St. Paul and proceeded to the ranche of my brother Harold in Montana. The Okanagan district has now been opened up and is the centre of a prosperous farming and fruit-growing region, but when we were there in 1894 it was still an unknown district, and Penticton only boasted a hotel and a store. It is now a large and flourishing city. From Penticton we started off into the mountains, accompanied by an American hunter, Schoonover by name, his Indian wife, who acted

as cook (and a very bad cook too), and a couple of Chinook Indians. Of sport there was practically none. The district had been shot out. We were at least two years too late. In the three weeks that we camped out I only fired three shots (each of them was on a Sunday), and our bag consisted of one white-tailed deer. I saw some Rocky Mountain goat, a few Ovis Montana and a bear, but none of them came to hand. Ernest Farquhar had even worse luck; so, after suffering a good deal from the cold nights and from want of fresh meat, we gave it up, and returning to Penticton, we made our way *via* Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and the Northern Pacific Railway to a station called Billings, whence we drove to my brother's ranche at Northfields. This was the longest drive I ever took in one day—80 miles. There was no road, only a rough track across the prairie. We unhitched the team and rested for a couple of hours about half-way at a store, kept by two brothers whose name I do not now recall. They were subsequently both hanged by the cowboys for horse-stealing.

At my brother's ranche, by the side of the little Mussleshell River, surrounded by a grove of cottonwood trees, we found my sister, and we all stayed there a fortnight or so. The time here was most enjoyable. Ernest Farquhar and I stalked antelope, of which we got several, and shot duck at a lake some 6 or 8 miles from the ranche. I never saw such a mass of wild fowl as lived upon that lake, or rather swamp, but their pursuit was somewhat difficult. We had to stand amongst the reeds with the water well over our knees; we had no boat or dog, and the ducks we shot we had to float round us where we stood. The sky was really black with the wild fowl when they all rose at the same

moment, and the noise of their wings was like that of a passing train. Besides the duck there were some geese and swans, and I also saw a grey wolf cantering along the shore in the distance. We killed a good number of duck, as many as the cart would hold and more than my brother could dispose of amongst his few neighbours in that sparsely populated district. The prairie was then completely open, there were no enclosures or fences. It was, to use the adjective so often applied, boundless. The few residents lived, as my brother did, in log huts by the side of the river, where they kept a few horses and grew some hay for them. The cattle wandered about for hundreds of miles in every direction. Twice a year the residents met, joined forces and had a round up of the cattle, each ranche selecting their own, either for branding or for driving down to the railway to be converted into beef at Chicago. Now the whole place is completely changed. The prairie is all fenced into enclosures, the lake is dried up and partly built over, the antelope are gone, a coal-pit is being worked within a mile or two of my brother's house, oil has been found in the Devil's Basin, our favourite stalking-ground, and a railway runs through the middle of my brother's settlement.

On leaving Northfields my sister and I paid a brief visit to Niagara, Montreal and Quebec. Thence *via* Boston we went back to New York and so to Washington. At New York we met Theodore Roosevelt, who delighted us with some of his cowboy stories and his eager, dynamic personality. He had not then become a great political personage, but was head of the Civil Service Commission and was endeavouring to eliminate from State appointments the party bias which influ-

enced the selection of candidates. One of his stories was of a lonely ranche the owner of which, having occasion to leave it for a time, had left his wife in charge with some cowboys to protect her. The " boys " had reason to suspect that the lady was being courted by some stranger and sat up at night to watch for him. When they saw a figure approaching in the moonlight they fired and killed the man. It turned out to be the husband who was returning, and in Mr. Roosevelt's words " The boys allowed she had the laugh on them." I had also the pleasure of meeting Senator Lodge, who at that time and ever since has played so prominent a part in American politics. My hostess on that occasion, being somewhat doubtful of my willingness to meet him, had warned me that Senator Lodge " discriminated against the English," but this warning did not deter me from meeting the discriminator, whom I found to be the embodiment of courtesy and a most agreeable fellow-guest.

At Washington we found an old friend, Mr. Edward Goschen, then Secretary of Embassy and subsequently our Ambassador at Berlin at the time of the outbreak of the war in 1914. The Marquis Imperiali was also there as Italian Secretary. It will be remembered that he was the Italian representative in London during the whole of the war, and a most popular member of London society at that time. Spring Rice, who subsequently became Ambassador in Washington, was at that time one of the Secretaries at our Embassy. It was also my good fortune to meet more than once the beautiful and accomplished Mary Leiter, who subsequently became Lady Curzon of Kedleston.

During my stay in America the Presidential election took place, when Grover Cleveland and the Democratic

party swept the board. I had rather an amusing experience in connection therewith. Whilst crossing the prairie on returning from my brother's ranche, I met a stout man driving a buggy and team. He pulled up and this was the conversation which ensued:

STRANGER: Is your name Lowther?

SELF: Yes.

STRANGER: Do you come from Northfields Ranche?

SELF: Yes.

STRANGER: Do you drink or smoke?

SELF: Both, but I prefer smoke.

STRANGER (*diving into the back of his buggy and producing a handful of cigars*): Here you are.

SELF: Thank you.

STRANGER: I am a candidate for the post of assessor at this election.

SELF: So? On what ticket?

STRANGER: The Republican ticket. Will you give me your vote?

SELF: Sorry, but I have no vote. You must be mistaking me for my brother.

Thereupon, without a word of annoyance, indignation or protest, he whipped up his team and drove away across the plain, leaving me lighting a cigar.

At the same time as the Presidential election was going forward, the opinion of the electors in the Musselshell division of Montana, where my brother lived, was being taken as to which town was to be the capital of the division. The rival claimants were Albuquerque and Anaconda, but it was thought that Ubet might run them fine. I believe the decision was eventually in favour of Helena. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, when I happened to tell him of this contest of the rival capitals, was delighted with the names of Anaconda and

Albuquerque. "They smell of Trusts, don't they?" said he.

One other recollection of my visit to Washington is a visit to the theatre to see Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle. I suppose that no actor ever played one part as many thousand times as Jefferson played Rip. He did occasionally play other parts, and with success, but this was the one which the public identified with him, and he made it his own. It gave great opportunities, for during the course of the play he had to impersonate youth and age, draw laughter and tears, and combine serious and comic situations. I had seen Jefferson in England in the same play on more than one occasion, and though he was at this time an oldish man, his performance was as vigorous and striking as ever.

1895

I began the year with my annual visit to my constituents at Alston—over the hills and far away; a pretty little place on the east side of the Pennine Range, near the source of the South Tyne. In pre-motor days it was difficult of access from Penrith, although it forms part of the county of Cumberland; the alternatives offered being a drive of some twenty miles over the high mountain pass of Hart Side (often impassable in winter) or a long and roundabout railway journey *via* Carlisle and Haltwhistle. It is little visited by Cumbrians living on the west side of the Pennines, but is a favourite summer resort of Newcastle and Tyneside people. It is in the Diocese of Newcastle and not of Carlisle. There is a very good description of the locality and of its inhabitants in a collection of stories by Miss James of Carghill, called *By the Rise of the River*. The daughter of the Rector of Carghill, she developed great aptitude

for writing, and published several successful novels. A sad misfortune befell her on one occasion, when, having just completed a book, she brought the manuscript of it up to town in her portmanteau. The latter she left at the luggage office at King's Cross, placing the ticket for it in her purse, and sallied out to look for lodgings during her stay in town. Alas! her purse was stolen. As soon as she discovered her loss, she rushed back to King's Cross in the hopes of being able to explain the situation and recover her portmanteau, but she was too late, the ticket had just been presented and the portmanteau, manuscript and all, had been called for and carried off.

The spring of this year was notable for the prolonged frost which, commencing in the first week of January, continued with hardly any intermission until the 5th of March. I had some lovely days' skating on Derwentwater during January and at Hampton Court in February. My children were out on the Serpentine almost daily. The Thames, although not actually frozen over so that a man could cross from one side to the other, was full of a mass of huge blocks of ice, which were carried up and down by the tide and presented a truly Arctic appearance.

Parliament met on the 5th of February, a day or two after the death of Lord Randolph Churchill. He had very evidently been in failing health for some time, and a tour round the world, undertaken in the hopes of benefiting him, was of no avail. Since the time when he made his great mistake, eight years before, and failed in bluffing Lord Salisbury, he had lost his position in the House and in the country. But, to his honour be it said, he never adopted the rôle of a hostile critic, though he often played the part of the candid friend.

If in December 1886 he had succeeded and had compelled Lord Salisbury to adopt his views, what would have happened? Undoubtedly Lord Salisbury would have retired and left Lord Randolph master of the situation. Whither he would have led the party it is hard to say. The guiding hand of the old and respected Foreign Secretary would have been removed, and it is at least open to doubt whether the almost continuous twenty years of Conservative Government would have followed upon the accession to leadership of the younger and more impulsive statesman. Although, during his brief leadership of the Commons, Lord Randolph displayed unexpected qualities and capacity, he was, in my judgment, intellectually better armed for attack than for defence. In opposition he was always watchful, alert, aggressive and generally effective. He had in office not many opportunities for a display of his qualities, but I thought that he was too impulsive and hasty, and inclined to adopt measures, as, e.g., the abolition of the coal and wine dues in the Metropolis, simply for effect.

It was felt that the position of the Government was precarious. The quarrels between the respective leaders of the Liberal party in the two Houses showed no signs of appeasement. The Government Bills to which they were pledged were foredoomed to failure in one or other House. Sir William Harcourt had induced the Cabinet to agree to a Local Veto Bill, which was known to be intensely unpopular in the country. Speaker Peel, it was rumoured, was intending to retire, and it was obvious that there would be considerable difficulty in finding his successor amongst the ranks of the Liberal party. Early in the session, however, Mr. Henry Fowler, Secretary of State for India, secured a great

personal triumph. The Indian Government had imposed certain duties on the import of cotton goods, and Lancashire was seething with indignation over this impediment to the export of their staple article of production. Sir Henry James, as M.P. for Bury, led the attack, but he was answered by Mr. Henry Fowler in a speech which for effect has had few parallels in the House of Commons. It has been often urged that speeches in the House never convince and that the division might just as well come first and the speaking later. I am certain that if this order of things had obtained in the case to which I am referring, the Government would have suffered a heavy defeat. In consequence of Fowler's speech they obtained, I will not say a triumph, but an unexpected victory. Fowler pleaded the cause of the Indian Government so reasonably and persuasively that the greater part of the Opposition who had come to curse remained to bless. Mr. Goschen, following Mr. Henry Fowler, explained that although he was a strong Free Trader, he was not prepared to sacrifice the interests of the Indian to the Lancashire operative. Lord George Hamilton tried to rally the forces of the Opposition, but without avail. The Government and Mr. Fowler scored a big success.

I took some little part in the discussion of matters coming within the sphere of the Foreign Office; first the Cyprus tribute and secondly the French expedition to the Upper Nile. The former raises no special recollection, except that in replying to Sir William Harcourt I made so bold as to imitate and caricature the habit which he had adopted of turning his face towards his supporters behind him and his back on the Opposition, at the same time leaning back upon the box on the table. As I was speaking from the front Opposition

Bench, I was able to give an exact copy of his attitude, and in purporting to quote some of his words I adopted his position, much to the amusement of the Opposition.

On the second matter, I enquired whether the Government had received any information of the mysterious French expedition under Colonel Marchand which was supposed to be making its way through Central Africa towards the Nile, with a view to claiming sovereignty, or at all events a protectorate over the hinterland of the Soudan, and as to the attitude of H.M. Government in the event of the surmise proving correct. It was in reply to my enquiries that Sir Edward Grey, who had succeeded me as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, then stated that we should regard any attempt on the part of the French Government to secure a footing on the upper waters of the Nile as an "unfriendly act." The rumours eventually proved correct and the arrival of Colonel Marchand at Fashoda led to an international complication, known as the Fashoda incident, which only the tact of Kitchener, the firmness of the British Government and the reasonable attitude of the French Government prevented from developing into a serious situation.

In April Mr. Speaker Peel, after having occupied the Chair for eleven years, announced his retirement, to the general regret of the House. His fine presence, commanding tones and dignified conduct in the Chair had made him in the eyes of most of us an ideal Speaker. He had had great difficulties to contend with in the persistent obstruction of the Irish party and in the heated scenes to which the discussions on the Home Rule Bills had led. In his valedictory speech to the House he referred to this as a period of "storm and stress," but it was generally felt that, notwithstanding an occasional

outburst of temper, due to a highly strung and nervous disposition, he had steered the House through many a critical position with a masterly skill worthy of the great name he bore.

The question of his successor led to considerable difficulties. The Government originally selected Mr. Leonard Courtney, who had acted as Deputy Speaker and Chairman of Committees for some years. Mr. Leonard Courtney was a man of great ability and extensive knowledge, a Liberal Unionist, but somewhat of a crank. He had left the Liberal Government in 1884 because they had declined to include proportional representation in their Franchise Bill of that year. He was Chairman of Committees from 1886 to 1892, but his manner in the chair had been rather dictatorial and aggressive; he did not suffer fools gladly, and he was not popular in any quarter of the House. My namesake, Mr. James Lowther, took an active part in raising the opposition to his nomination and the Government dropped his candidature. It was generally believed that considerable pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. S. Whitbread, who had many of, if not all, the qualifications necessary, but he firmly declined the honour—not for the first time. The story went that Mr. Labouchere, sitting one day next to Mr. Herbert Leon, saw a tall, good-looking man passing up the floor of the House and enquired who he was. He was informed that it was Mr. Gully, Q.C., and leader of the Northern Circuit. "Then that is the man for us," said he; and he thereupon busied himself in promoting his candidature.

Although Mr. Gully had been for a few years Member for Carlisle, he was not generally known to the House, and had taken little part in its proceedings; but he was a good-looking, courteous gentleman and evidently a man

of capacity; so he was selected as the Liberal candidate. The Opposition put up Sir Matthew Ridley, whom his party had long regarded as in every way qualified to occupy the post, and who had indeed been the Conservative candidate, though his candidature was not pressed, when Mr. Peel was appointed in 1884. The election to the Speakership led to a somewhat angry scene between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour, but on the division Mr. Gully was elected by 285 to 274. This was on the 10th of April 1895.

The session dragged itself along without any particular matter of interest, except for the Cromwell statue incident. The Government had put down a vote for the erection of a statue of Oliver Cromwell, given by an anonymous donor, within the precincts of the House. This, though violently opposed by the Irish party, was carried by a small majority. The feeling, however, against the expenditure of public money for the purpose was so strong, that the Government dropped the proposal. In the end, the donor of the statue, who turned out to be Lord Rosebery, undertook the cost of erection, and the Office of Works gave the site where the statue now stands, immediately outside Westminster Hall in the centre of the spot where formerly stood the old Law Courts. Lord Salisbury's comment was that it was a well-chosen site, for Cromwell had always been "in a hole."

On the 21st of June the catastrophe came. The salary of the Secretary of State for War, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, was attacked in Committee of Supply, the attack being led by Mr. St. John Brodrick, on the ground of the insufficiency of the reserves of cordite and armaments for military purposes. The Government were defeated by a majority of 7 and resigned.

During the summer I had taken a small part in the discussions which followed upon the report of the Select Committee upon the Charity Commission: I had been commissioned to oppose a motion of Mr. H. Dalziel for the institution of second ballots, in the event of the first ballot not giving the successful candidate a complete majority over all his opponents combined; and in Committee of the whole House I had frequently, as a deputy chairman, been called upon by Mr. J. Mellor to occupy his place in the chair; but I was not present on the occasion of the division, which determined the fate of the Government. As a matter of fact I had had a shrewd suspicion of what was likely to happen, had foreseen a General Election, and had gone down to Cumberland to get ready.

On Lord Rosebery's resignation, which occurred on the day after the Government defeat, Lord Salisbury undertook to form a Government, and then for the first time the Liberal Unionists, who had since 1886 steadily supported the Opposition, but as a separate party, joined the Government and embarked their fortunes with those of the Conservatives.

I was offered the position of Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker (to give the post its proper title), and entered at once upon my duties.

The new Government submitted a vote on account which passed with little discussion, and on the 8th of July Parliament was dissolved.

I must confess that I did not, as on my first entrance into office four years previously, feel any misgivings as to my capability of carrying out my duties in an adequate manner. The forms and procedure of the House had been my special study, impelled thereto by a suggestion from Mr. Speaker Peel; I had been twelve years in the

House and knew its idiosyncrasies and its personnel; I had never been a strong party man; an ardent desire to see fair play was a part of the heritage from my distinguished Parke grandfather; I had had some experience as deputy chairman of presiding in committee; had served on Standing Committees, Select Committees and Private Bill Committees; was tolerably well acquainted with the general organization of the work and staff, and I felt that, to borrow an expression from the stage, "the part suited me."

My immediate predecessor in the post, Mr. John Mellor, had been badly handicapped when he undertook the task, for he had been absent from the House for some years, and, not having the ordinary procedure at his fingers' ends, found himself often at a loss in an emergency. During his absence from the House a good many of the Standing Orders and rules had been altered or modified, and he was not familiar with their working in their amended form. The smallness of the Government majority also imposed upon him a very severe strain, as he was expected, when not occupying the chair, to be tramping round the lobbies at the call of the Government Whips. These adverse circumstances militated against his success in dealing with some of the critical situations with which he was frequently confronted between 1892 and 1895, and I expect that no man heaved a deeper sigh of relief than he, when the defeat of the Government relieved him of his labours.

The result of the General Election, which occupied the last half of July, was to return to Parliament 340 Conservatives and 71 Liberal Unionists, making a total of 411 supporters of Lord Salisbury's Government, and on the other side 177 Liberals, 70 anti-Parnellites and 12 Parnellites, making a total of 259. Lord Salisbury

was thus left with a comfortable majority of 152.

This decisive expression of the popular will was due to strong antipathy to Home Rule on the one hand and to Local Veto on the other. Doubtless the dissensions between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt had weakened the fighting strength of the Liberal party, but the country was thoroughly against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals as made in 1886, and as amended in 1893. The brief period of a small Liberal majority from 1892 to 1895 was only an interlude in the twenty years of Conservative predominance which the Home Rule proposals had evoked.

In my own constituency, the lesson which the election of 1892 (with my majority of 125 only) had taught, was taken to heart. Freedom from the restraining shackles of office had given me more leisure to cultivate the constituency and carry out a more thorough canvass, with the result that although Dr. Douglas again contested the seat, I was able to defeat him this time by the substantial majority of 600, the figures being:

Lowther	3,868
Douglas	3,268
Majority	600

My wife and I had taken for the autumn months a little house on Derwentwater named Derwent Bank, and as soon as the election was declared we went there. Our arrival at Keswick was most unfortunately marred by a sad accident. The crowd, who assembled to greet us in the little market-place of the old town, took the horses out of our carriage and harnessed themselves to the landau. In the crush which followed three men fell, the carriage could not be stopped in time, and one poor

fellow was run over and killed. This tragedy marred the first weeks of our stay at Derwent Bank, which in all other respects proved most pleasant. But before my real holiday began I had to return to town for the completion of the session.

Parliament was summoned to meet on the 12th of August, so the grouse had to be deserted for the grousers.

The only work of this brief session was the completion of Supply, and this was taken continuously, myself being now in the chair, until it was completed. On the 5th of September we rose and I was able to return to Derwent Bank.

With the excuse of celebrating my younger son's birthday and with the intention of affording to the good people of Keswick a somewhat novel fête, we planned a firework display on the edge of the lake. It all came off "according to plan," and provided to those who were on the lake in boats a very charming and picturesque effect, the only drawback to the entertainment being a somewhat chilly atmosphere.

We spent the autumn in our accustomed manner in visiting friends and relations in Scotland: my brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Stratheden at Hartrigge, near Jedburgh, Lord and Lady Galloway at Cumloden, and Mrs. Stuart at Dalness, Glen Orchy, in Argyleshire. At the last-named place I was fortunate enough to stalk and kill three good stags in the morning whilst I was crossing over the mountains from Dalness to the Pass of Glencoe, on my way to Ballachulish.

We left Keswick on the 1st of November and paid a few shooting visits in the south before settling in town. At Campsea Ashe my parents had invited, amongst others, Lord Wolseley to their shooting party. Now Lord Wolseley was a notoriously dangerous shot, and

as soon as the other guests found him amongst their number, their voices rose in protest, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the murmurs were insistent, against the dangers to which they seemed likely to be subjected. I was told off to inform Lord Wolseley that he must not shoot on the morrow—no easy job to tell that to a Field Marshal and a recently appointed Commander-in-Chief! However, I made some excuses about the number of guns, our failure to appreciate that he was a shot, and so on and so forth, which he accepted very amiably, and all ended satisfactorily.

My wife and I had long wanted to see something of Greece, and we were able this winter to gratify our desire; but we combined our trip to Athens with a short stay in Corfu. This enabled me, with the aid of a small sailing yacht, which I hired, to visit several places along the Albanian coast and do some woodcock shooting. My wife did not care about staying on the yacht, which was only a small and comfortless boat, so she remained at Corfu. The pursuit of the woodcock was attended with a good many inconveniences, e.g. the absence of suitable dogs for the sport; the danger of attack upon the party by the large and savage Albanian sheepdogs; the necessity for being accompanied by a *zaptieh* (policeman) wherever one went; the formidable nature of the scrub, composed mostly of thorn trees with the most ferocious-looking thorns imaginable; and lastly, the uncertainty of the presence of any woodcock at all. This depended upon the amount of snow in the mountains; the formula being the more snow above, the more woodcock below. Although the *zaptieh* accompanied me wherever I went, I derived no benefit from his presence. I understood that in consequence of complaints by visitors of the attacks of the fierce sheepdogs and complaints by the

Albanian peasants of their dogs having been shot by visitors, the Turkish Government had insisted on the presence of their official in order to see fair play. It was impressed upon me that I might not shoot one of these dogs, however violent or alarming his attack, but that I might stick him with a knife, and for that purpose I carried a long knife which could be fixed to the muzzle of my gun, like a bayonet. It was evident if any trouble should occur that a dog which was found stuck must have been quite close up to the sticker, but a dog found shot might have been some way off and inoffensive. Fortunately I had no occasion either to stick or to fire at a dog.

We spent Christmas at Corfu and enjoyed the beautiful views of the Albanian coast and the wonderfully picturesque old olive trees in the island. They seemed to be older and larger than any that I had ever seen elsewhere. My wife and I were present one day at a scene which startled us and the reason for which we were never able to discover. As we were walking along towards the Kaiser's sumptuous palace near Corfu, a covered fly came up and stopped a few yards from us. Out jumped four *gendarmes* fully caparisoned and armed. They climbed the fence in a hurry, lay down and began firing at a peasant who was ploughing at the far end of the field. The peasant promptly bolted. The *gendarmes* pursued across the field and were lost to view. The last we saw of the matter was the driver of the fly, who seemed quite unconcerned with the incident, regaling himself from the flasks of wine which the *gendarmes* had left behind in their hurried attack.

From Corfu we went to Athens, saw and enjoyed the beauties of the town and the hospitality of our Minister, Mr. Egerton, and notwithstanding the bitterness of the

east wind, I was able to do a good deal of sketching. We planned and successfully carried out a short tour to various places in Greece, not easily accessible to the ordinary tourist, but had to take bedding and cooking utensils with us, and a competent guide and cook. By means of an open sailing boat we got to Ægina, where we visited the ruins of the temple and stayed a night. Another open sailing boat took us on to Epidaurus, whence we rode to Nauplia, Argos and Mycenæ. Another long ride brought us to Corinth. We took the steamer along the Gulf of Corinth to Itea, the port for Delphi, which we also visited, and finally made an excursion to Olympia, whence we returned to Patras and thence to Brindisi, and home on the 9th of February, just in time for the meeting of Parliament on the 11th.

CHAPTER XIII

1896–1897

Duties as Chairman—Hunting with Mr. Garth—Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria

1896

Almost the first piece of work which the Government submitted to the House was a rearrangement of the Standing Orders relating to Supply and a considerable innovation in the method of dealing with this branch of the public service.

Hitherto the discussions in the votes of Supply had always come at the end of the session and had been of a very perfunctory and unsatisfactory character; discussions were raised on petty items—why were thirteen clerks employed this year when there were only twelve last year? Why was a charwoman employed in one department and none in the other? Such and similar questions occupied an amount of time quite disproportionate to their importance, whilst the "weightier matters of the law" were seldom if ever discussed. Another disadvantage of the old system was that it was impossible to foretell when a particular vote would be likely to be reached. The classes and numbers of the votes were taken by the Committee of Supply in numerical order. Sometimes there might be a run and sometimes a block, till many Members, tired of waiting for their particular vote, gave the matter up in despair. Mr. Balfour's proposals, as eventually adopted, fixed a limit

of days for Supply, fixed one day every week (Friday) for the discussion of any vote which might be asked for, and made arrangements for the automatic closure of Supply at the end of the allotted days. Wednesday still remained the short day, but was appropriated to private Members' Bills.

It was under these rules, therefore, until they were subsequently modified, that most of my work as Chairman of Ways and Means was done. I instituted for myself, however, another rule, viz. not to bind myself as a Government supporter to vote in the Government lobby on all occasions or on any special occasion. I had noticed the hard case of Mr. Mellor, to which I have alluded above, and I also felt that the more I could dissociate myself from the party, the stronger would become my position as an impartial arbiter in the controversies and discussions which I might have to compose or decide. Mr. Balfour's rules, however, were in one respect, so far as the Speaker and I were concerned, defective. They left the arrangement for what was known as "the Speaker's chop" unaltered. The brief interval, originally ten minutes, subsequently expanded to half an hour, which was given to the Speaker and to the Chairman for refreshment, during which the sitting was suspended, was too brief to allow of a meal, however exiguous and moderate (with a cup of coffee, a cigarette and a glance at the *Pall Mall* or *Westminster Gazette*) being comfortably eaten, not to say enjoyed. The process of digestion was dislocated and my unfortunate tendency to attacks of the gout was thereby, I am convinced, largely intensified. At all events, I will not say that I became a martyr to the disease, but I suffered from constant and often severe attacks of gout, which, when the rules were subsequently altered and a more

reasonable interval was allowed, became rarer and less severe.

The officials with whom the Chairman of Ways and Means is brought most constantly into contact, are the Clerk Assistant and the Counsel to the Speaker. The former was, at the time of which I am writing, Archibald Milman, son of the distinguished Dean of St. Paul's, and the latter was Sir Chandos Leigh, uncle of the present Lord Leigh. Milman sat next to me at the table and gave me such assistance as I might require, but he was a very somnolent personage and passed a good deal of his time in the House asleep. He was very bent, whether from much bending over the table in studious contemplation or whether from natural or hereditary infirmity, I cannot say. He was a very helpful and pleasant companion, with a good sense of humour, and this made the long and sometimes dreary hours pass more rapidly. The three clerks at the table were at times all somnolent, and I have seen occasions when they all slept simultaneously, Sir Reginald Palgrave, Clerk of the House, with his head bent forward as though engrossed in giving attention to the papers in front of him, Archibald Milman, Assistant Clerk, with his head supine over the back of his chair as though he were counting the panes in the glass ceiling, and Jenkinson, Second Clerk Assistant, with his head on one side looking preternaturally artful.

Sir Chandos Leigh held the post designated as that of Speaker's Counsel, though his duties bring him into much closer contact with the Chairman than with the Speaker. Those duties relate entirely to the supervision of private Bills. Leigh's long experience as Counsel at the Parliamentary Bar, where he had enjoyed a considerable practice, provided him with all the knowledge requisite

for the post and had brought him into friendly relations with the chief Parliamentary agents with whose conduct of the Bills he was called upon to deal. In his younger days he had been a great cricketer, as well as a fine horseman and a good all-round sportsman. A very serious illness, from which he had not been expected to recover but which he survived for many years, had precluded his continuance of the sports which he had enjoyed, though he remained deeply interested in them to his dying day. Notwithstanding a rather superior and detached manner, he was a very amiable individual and rendered much efficient public service.

My duties were not limited to presiding over the committee of the whole House, but extended to the general control of all the proposed private Bill legislation, and, if occasion required, advising the House upon the best course to take in dealing with any contested private Bill which should come up for discussion. As to the uncontested private Bills, it was also my duty to go through them clause by clause with the agents promoting them, and see that they were in proper form; and another duty cast upon me was to preside over the Court of Referees, before which counsel appeared to argue for or against the admissibility of petitioners against some of the private Bills. This was to me very interesting work, as it involved the exercise of judicial or semi-judicial functions and was by no means routine business. But these matters all took time and had to be undertaken for the most part in the mornings when the House was not sitting. The preparation required to deal adequately with the amendments, especially of a hotly contested public Bill in Committee, was a very laborious affair and involved research amongst previous Acts of Parliament and precedents, as well as the consideration

in each case of the relevance or otherwise of the proposed amendments. As to this point, I was often in doubt until I had heard the arguments, and I made it a practice not to commit myself rashly against the relevancy of an amendment until I had felt that I was in an undoubtedly sound position in doing so. But the most difficult task was to maintain, during the progress of a Bill, a close watch upon the relevancy of the speeches delivered and to decide whether a proposed amendment was or was not covered by some decision already taken, or was anticipating a point which would be better raised by a subsequent amendment. Vigilance and caution were also constantly required in dealing with points of practice or of order in debate, and the exercise of sound judgment and discretion in accepting motions for closure at times of excitement, was essential.

As I have already observed, it is not my intention to attempt to place on record in this book any account of the mass of legislation, good, bad or indifferent, completed or uncompleted, of the passing or rejection of which I have been a witness. The completed legislation is to be found in the Statute Book, the abortive is now of little interest. All that I contemplate is to record some of the incidents connected with my work which remain in my memory and may possibly interest the reader.

The first serious occasion which I had to face was the discussion in committee of Mr. Chaplin's Agricultural Rates Bill, which lasted from the 13th to the 21st of May 1896. This Bill, which proposed to relieve the occupiers of land of one-half of the burden of the rates on land, was hotly opposed throughout, but on the final night there was a great deal of obstructive criticism and action. On the occasion of one division being called it became my duty, in accordance with the usual practice

of the House, to order all Members to leave the House for the purpose of proceeding into the division lobbies and recording their votes. Some Members, viz. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Lewis, Mr. Dillon, Dr. Tanner and Mr. Sullivan, declined to leave. Under the rules, as they then stood, the division could not proceed unless they left. I was powerless to compel them, and my persuasive admonitions were not sufficient to induce them. I accordingly sent for the Speaker and reported the occurrence; he "named" them and they were suspended. On this occasion the sitting lasted from 3 p.m. on Thursday, the 21st May, until 1.30 p.m. on the following day—a sitting of 20½ hours, out of which I remained for seventeen hours in the chair, Mr. Grant Lawson relieving me for a short time at breakfast-time on the Friday morning.

On the final day of Supply it was found that Mr. Balfour's new rule had worked well; there were only some 23 votes which had not been passed, and after four divisions these were disposed of. In subsequent years the number of divisions necessary to bring Supply to a close increased considerably. The appetite for divisions which this occasion affords, has grown. Under the present practice the votes are not put separately but in classes, and yet it seems to be necessary to take some 20 divisions before the end can be reached.

Parliament was prorogued on the 14th of August, and I looked forward with no small pleasure to the enjoyment of a complete holiday.

During the session the Irish party had, as usual, taken a very active part. Foremost amongst the obstructives in that quarter was Dr. Tanner. I believe that he came of a good family in the neighbourhood of Cork, which city he represented, and had been educated at Winchester,

but his conduct belied his birth and education. He was noisy, offensive, violent, and determined, so far as lay in his power, to bring the proceedings of the House into contempt. He was constantly, as the newspapers say, "in collision" with the Chair, to which he was always disrespectful. Altogether he was a severe trial to me, which I had to endure as best I could for some years. The only thing which I can remember in his favour is that, shortly before his death, he came to me one day in the lobby and apologized for all the trouble which he had caused. The only excuse which can be urged for him, if excuse it be, is that he was generally in a state of insobriety. He was popularly known as "The Blister."

The great days of the Irish party, when it contained in its ranks Parnell, John Redmond, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, Tim Harrington and Edward his brother, T. M. Healy, Arthur O'Connor, T. D. Sullivan and A. M. Sullivan, were gone. The Parnell divorce case had broken it up; these men had all been great Parliamentary figures and played leading parts. In 1896 some still remained, but they were only shadows of their former selves.

To my mind Mr. T. M. Healy was the best and most arresting of them, as a speaker. To a good knowledge of the procedure of the House he added a variety of mood, a picturesqueness of illustration, a caustic phraseology and a quickness of apprehension which always caught the attention and often the admiration of the House.

It has been said, I know not with what truth, that when once discussing the long-drawn-out verbal contests in which he had been engaged with Mr. Balfour, he could only remember one phrase which rankled, and that was

when Mr. Balfour, pointing at him, referred to him as "such a man."

I well recollect being much amused at an observation which he made regarding an elaborate speech of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, who had been dilating on the Sanjaks of Armenia. Sir E. Bartlett rose to correct Mr. Healy and explained to him that he had mixed up two things. Mr. Healy's retort was that Sir E. Bartlett had only succeeded in mixing up one.

My wife and I spent the autumn, a very wet one, near Frimley, where we took a small house called Edmonscote. Its proximity to Aldershot gave us an opportunity of seeing, in the rain, a number of big field days on the Fox Hills and Chobham ranges, and of entertaining some of our military friends and relations who were engaged in them. We also paid our annual visit to Scotland for some deer-stalking and stayed with Mrs. Stuart at Dalness and with Alfred Farquhar at Craiganour, on Loch Rannoch. Bicycling had now become a fashionable pastime as well as a convenient mode of getting about the country, and my wife and I visited several places in our neighbourhood, including the beautiful old Jacobean house of Sir A. Cope, at Bramshill, as well as the most interesting remains of the old Roman town of Silchester.

There has recently been some discussion in the newspapers as to the date at which the game of Bridge was first introduced into this country. I hesitate to give a decided opinion upon the point, but I can testify to the fact that it was first introduced to my notice by Sir Henry James in November 1896, at a house party at Campsea Ashe, and he informed us that it owed its introduction into England to Lord Brougham, who had met with it during his sojourn at Cannes the previous winter.

This winter I indulged myself with the enjoyment of a good deal of hunting. The country round Frimley is not an ideal hunting country, but the large open heaths and forests round Ascot and Finchampstead and stretching away towards Reading and Basingstoke, provided a delightful country in which to ride about, and also had the advantage of enabling the keen to continue the pursuit of their sport until the end of April or even into May.

Old Mr. Garth still kept the pack of hounds which went under his name. He was often out himself, though he must have been about eighty at the time of which I write. He had great difficulty in keeping his head upright, it habitually rested on his chest, but at times he would throw it back so as to be able to get a view of what was going on, and so determine in which direction to advance, and then he let it droop forward again whilst he galloped off in the selected direction. His huntsman was a short, fat man, named Brackley, whose cry to his hounds somewhat resembled the words "All hot"; hence he was generally known as "the pieman."

Amongst the followers of the hunt was Prince Christian, who resided at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park, and never missed a meet so long as his health and strength permitted. Mr. Harold Littledale, the celebrated traveller and big game shot, was another keen follower, and Mr. Van de Weyer used to take command in the absence of Mr. Garth. The names of other members of the hunt which occur to me are those of Sir Reginald Cathcart, Sir Robert Wilmot, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Godfrey Walter, Sir Anthony Cope, Mr. Allfrey and Mr. Gosling, who subsequently became the Master of the pack.

The number of ladies also who hunted in this district was very considerable. Wire, although rapidly increas-

ing, had not yet destroyed all the possibilities of a gallop, and though the country could not compare with any of the well-known Midland hunts, it provided me with plenty of exercise and amusement, and being within easy reach of London, I was able for several years to get down twice a week to Wokingham, which I made my centre and where I kept my horses.

1897

The Parliamentary programme which was presented to the two Houses when they met on the 19th of January offered very little matter of interest. The chief item was an Education Bill designed to prop up the failing strength of the Voluntary schools in their competition with the Board schools, which had the rates behind them. The committee stage was lengthy and warmly contested, but the Bill eventually went through.

The Compensation for Accidents Bill, nominally under the charge of the Home Secretary, Sir Matthew Ridley, but in point of fact piloted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, took some little time, but did not provoke any violent opposition.

Military Defences, London Water and an Agricultural Board for Ireland were the only other important matters which occupied the attention of the House. The truth was, I think, that everybody was thinking of Queen Victoria and her Diamond Jubilee, which was celebrated this year.

There was, however, one remarkable debate which occurred early in the session on a motion for the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to a strike of quarrymen on Lord Penrhyn's estate in North Wales. Mr. Lloyd George came now for the first time prominently to the front, and made a vigorous attack on the noble

peer and his policy, which brought the victim into temporary disfavour and achieved a success for the orator. On the other side, Mr. Bromley Davenport made a first-rate speech in defence of his friend and succeeded in assuring for himself promotion on the occasion of an early vacancy in the Government.

I was in trouble one day, on the discussion of the Education Bill in committee, because I did not rise as usual for my dinner interval. An excess of zeal on my part, in my desire to push on with the Bill, was the cause of the annoyance felt by some of the opponents, but a promise never to repeat this gastronomical anomaly soon appeased the injured parties.

Before the Diamond Jubilee celebrations began, my wife and I paid a short trip to Belgium. The object of our brief tour was to see the field of Waterloo, but we extended our journey to Metz, where we visited the battlefield of Gravelotte, to Treves, to Schloss Elz and the Saar district, to Coblenz and to Cologne, returning within a fortnight of our departure.

A family event of interest was the marriage of my eldest sister to M. Paul Vieugué, of the French diplomatic service, whose career has taken him to Argentina, Petersburg, Madrid and Brussels, and finally to a post in the Foreign Office in Paris.

Although London had become an odious place for many weeks before the Jubilee festivities began, owing to the erection of unsightly stands and commonplace decorations along the line of the route of the Queen's procession, it was not until the 20th of June that the House of Commons took any official notice of the event. On that day, being a Sunday, we met in the House at 11.15 a.m. and followed the Speaker in procession to St. Margaret's Church. The Speaker led the way, followed

by the three clerks at the table, who were immediately followed by Mr. Balfour as leader of the House, Sir William Harcourt as leader of the Opposition, Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and myself as Chairman of Ways and Means. We were followed by the rest of the House in fours, Privy Councillors leading. Our route led through the Central Lobby, down St. Stephen's Hall and Westminster Hall and across Parliament Square to St. Margaret's. Lord Peel, the ex-Speaker, sat in the front pew along with those whom I have named. The service was fully choral and the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Farrar, who was then Chaplain to the Speaker. He permitted himself to prolong his address far beyond what was convenient or desirable, and it was accordingly 1.30 p.m. before the conclusion was reached.

On the following day the Queen came to London and received a tremendous ovation. Mr. Balfour in the House moved a congratulatory address, which was seconded by Sir William Harcourt and opposed by Mr. Dillon. Some amendments having been disposed of, the address was eventually voted by 459 to 44.

Tuesday, the 22nd of June, was the day of the Queen's procession round London, and very hot it was. I had three front row places in the stand, built on the little bit of ground known as the Speaker's Green, facing the statue of Boadicea. My wife and a friend, Mrs. Arthur Flower, accompanied me. The sun's rays had a very different effect on the two ladies, for whilst my wife grew paler and paler, Mrs. Arthur Flower grew rosier and rosier. It was 2.30 o'clock before the last procession —that of the Colonial contingents—had gone by and the Speaker was able to invite us in to partake of his hospitality.

At night we joined a party at Chelsea which went down the river in a steam launch to All Hallows pier, where we landed and walked round the city illuminations. My chief recollection of them was the sight of Sir George and Lady Faudell Phillips, then Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on the terrace of the Mansion House, received with enthusiastic cheering and repeatedly bowing their acknowledgments. Both of them had made themselves extremely popular and were easily recognizable personalities.

On the 23rd the two Houses proceeded to Buckingham Palace to present the address voted two days before. We met at 2.15 p.m., the Speaker in his gold robes and all Privy Councillors in uniform. Proceeding by the same route as on the Sunday as far as Palace Yard, the Speaker then entered his coach and, with the escort of one Lifeguardsman, set out for Buckingham Palace. Then occurred a confused scramble of Members in every form of vehicle—landaus, broughams, phaetons, T-carts, hansoms, four-wheelers, and on foot also, all moving to the Palace. The Lords and Commons came into collision, for unfortunately the Speaker's coach charged Lord Rosebery's brougham and took the hind wheels off. Somewhere about this time Lord Rosebery definitely abandoned the leadership of the Liberal party in the Lords, but whether the collision at Buckingham Palace had any connection with his action, I know not. At all events, the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor got safely into the big ball-room at the Palace and duly presented the addresses, and as they left the Presence, they encountered the greater part of the Members of the House in an agitated and perspiring condition, who had arrived too late for the ceremony. The complaints about the mismanagement of the whole affair were so many and so

vocal, that the Queen was pleased, in addition to the other entertainments which she gave, to invite her faithful Commons to a garden party at Windsor on the 3rd of July. This proved a gigantic success. The Queen drove round in a low carriage and all the leading Members of Parliament, including the only Irish representative, Mr. Young, were sent for and introduced to her. I also had that honour. Mr. Young was a Nationalist M.P., but a man of considerable independence of position and character, who although a good attendant, took very little part in the debates of the House. Even in 1897 he was an old man, but he lived many years afterwards, and when he died was, I think, the oldest Member of the House. I believe he was a brewer.

A Naval Review at Portsmouth was another of the Jubilee entertainments in which the Commons took part. The Cunard liner, the *Campania*, had been chartered for our accommodation, and we joined her at Southampton, leaving Waterloo by special train at 8.30 a.m. The crowd on board was insufferable, nobody could say who all the people were or how they got there; at all events, they were not M.P.'s. The scramble for luncheon converted the meal into a danger instead of a pleasure, but notwithstanding a rather dull and sunless sky, the sight of 165 battleships, cruisers, etc., manned by some 38,000 men, was a most impressive one, and the arrangements for our return, which are generally very defective under similar circumstances, on this occasion worked well and got us back to town by 8.30 p.m.

The Jubilee excitements were not compatible with much serious Parliamentary work, the summer was hot, and everybody rejoiced when Supply was closed on the 2nd of August and Parliament prorogued four days later.

This summer my wife and I took a charming little house

in the lakes, called Ravenstone, at the foot of Skiddaw and overlooking Bassenthwaite Lake. It belonged to Mr. Esme Howard, brother of Mr. H. C. Howard of Greystoke, and now British Ambassador at Washington. Here we received a visit from our friend the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin. In personal appearance he was as unlike the traditional poet as it is possible to imagine. Short, very short, of stature, impeccably dressed, with a heavy grey moustache and perfectly brushed hair, he looked more like a distinguished general than a disciple of the Muse. His career when as a young man he was correspondent of the *Standard* attached to the staff of the Prussian army in the Franco-German war, probably accounted for his dapper appearance and for the knowledge he possessed and interest he took in European politics. Like most short men, he was somewhat vain, and was careful, though he pretended otherwise, to let all men (and women too) realize the office he held and who he was. He was deeply interested in politics, was a constant contributor to the *Standard*, and was for some time, I believe, on the staff of that newspaper. We took him one day for a drive all through the Wordsworth country, through Keswick, by Thirlmere, Grasmere and Rydal to Ambleside, where we picnicked on the shore of Windermere. The little poet, by which name he was familiarly known, had a taste for gastronomy as well as poesy, and was not at all satisfied with the sandwiches and other plain but wholesome fare which we had provided for him. He would only condescend to eat the meat of the sandwiches, throwing away the enveloping slices of bread and butter with supreme contempt.

We had brought another poet, Canon Rawnsley, along with us on this expedition, who acted as cicerone to the Laureate, showing him Dove Cottage, the churchyard

at Rydal and Rydal Mount, places intimately connected with the life and death of William Wordsworth. On our return journey, having picked up Walter Crane, the talented and dainty artist whose drawings were for many years the idols of the popular fancy, we stopped at Shelley's cottage at Keswick, and paid our homage to his memory.

Amongst other guests who came to us at Ravenstone were Bishop Bardsley, the Bishop of Carlisle, whose early death was deeply deplored by his diocese, where he was much respected and admired, and Sir Arthur Hayter, who was married to my wife's cousin, an amiable and charming lady who still survives him. Sir A. Hayter played some part in the councils of the Liberal party, of which he had been for a short time a Whip. Later he held the post of Under Secretary to the War Office and was eventually created Lord Haversham. Though not in the front rank, he was a great personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, a capable official, and an agreeable companion, and the political parties which he and his wife gave at their corner house in Grosvenor Square were a valuable asset to his party.

I went in the autumn for the first time to shoot with my friend Mr. R. Rimington Wilson at his celebrated Broomhead moor, where I assisted in bringing down a vast number of grouse. In subsequent years this visit was constantly repeated, and the miracle of 1,000 brace or more of grouse falling to the party of guns in one day without leaving the line of butts in which they were placed, was frequently re-enacted. Mr. A. Stuart Wortley has depicted a grouse drive at Broomhead in one of the best sporting pictures ever painted.

At Ravenstone one of the rooms had been originally designed for a studio, with a large north window, and

taking advantage of this circumstance I induced Mr. Morrison, who was then President of the Liverpool Artists' Society, to come and paint my portrait. It was duly painted and finished, but as the artist was taking it home disaster narrowly overtook it. The picture was too large to go into the carriage which took him to the station and had been laid on the top. As the carriage crossed the bridge over the river at Keswick, a gust of wind lifted it and carried it over the bridge into the river Greta, but fortunately the artist was able to rescue it from the flood before any serious damage was done. The picture now hangs on my walls.

CHAPTER XIV

1898–1900

Death of Mr. Gladstone—Become a Privy Councillor—Visit to Holland—South African War

1898

The *pièce de résistance* this year in the House of Commons was the Irish Local Government Bill, which was in charge of Mr. Gerald Balfour. This Bill was the somewhat belated complement of the English and Scottish Local Government Bills. It did not, of course, satisfy the aspirations of the Home Rulers, but was a useful piece of necessary work, though it took a long time to get through. The committee stage, which lasted sixteen days, cost me a great deal of labour, for I had to familiarize myself with the existing organization of local government in Ireland before I could grasp or deal with the new proposals. It led to no violent or excited scenes, though the talk was often discursive and prolonged, and as it was a dull subject, I was not sorry when it came to an end.

Mr. Henry Lucy, whose death in 1924 was greatly lamented, had been long known to me as one of the most brilliant and amusing of the pressmen in the gallery. His weekly letters to the *Observer* and the "Diary of Toby, M.P.," in *Punch* gave for many years a bright and entertaining account of the personalities and proceedings in the House. I never missed reading them or seeing the drawings, first of Harry Furniss and

then of E. T. Reed, with which they were illustrated. For many years I cut out the drawings and pasted them in volumes, the perusal of which to this day recalls the faces and peculiarities of many members, long since gathered into the fold, or grown old in the service of the State.

Most of these caricatures were free of any malice or animus, but occasionally they were resented by the victims, and I recollect an occasion when Mr. Swift McNeill was so irate with a portrait of himself, that he accosted the artist in the lobby and became so violent in his remonstrances, that the artist feared a personal assault and was glad to escape to a safe and unapproachable stronghold in the gallery.

Lucy and Mrs. Lucy used to give luncheon parties at their flat in Ashley Gardens, where they collected a heterogeneous assemblage of notable personages, and it was their habit to ask their guests to inscribe in pencil their autographs on the tablecloth. These were afterwards embroidered by Mrs. Lucy and must now form one of the most remarkable collections imaginable. At the first luncheon party to which I was invited, I met Sir John Leng, M.P., and his wife; Lord Rowton, better known as Monty Corry (Mr. Disraeli's secretary), and that very clever little actor and artist Weedon Grossmith, the brother of the more celebrated George of that ilk.

On the 19th of May the death of Mr. Gladstone was announced to the House, which at once adjourned. His remains lay in state in Westminster Hall and a plate on the floor still marks the spot. On the following day, before the commencement of business, the leaders of the principal parties in the House referred in touching and suitable terms to the splendid qualities and lifelong

services of this most remarkable man. It has always been a grief to me that, although I had seen and heard Mr. Gladstone some hundreds of times, it was never my good fortune to be personally known to him. As an orator I have never heard any other man who equalled him in fluency of language, in impassioned and lofty diction, in earnestness and intensity, or in the power of elaborate exposition. His wealth and command of language were extraordinary, and the picturesque appearance of this venerable old statesman, with flowing white locks, dark eyebrows, flashing eyes and aquiline nose, once seen could never be forgotten. But what was to me the most remarkable feature about him was the vitality and energy which he displayed in everything he undertook. These would have been conspicuous even in a man of half his years, but in a man of eighty years and upwards were almost miraculous. I remember having had to follow Mr. Gladstone in debate on one occasion (I suppose it was in connection with East African affairs) and complimenting him upon the fact that he had made three important and comprehensive speeches on the last day of a week, which had been more than usually crowded with Parliamentary business demanding his presence and attention.

The Queen's birthday Honours List, issued on 21st May of this year, 1898, announced that Her Majesty had been pleased to summon me to the Privy Council, and about two months later I went down to Windsor, with others upon whom the honour had been conferred, in order to be sworn in.

There were five of us: Sir George Taubman Goldie, distinguished for his administrative work in Nigeria and West Africa; Mr. Wodehouse, M.P. for Bath, an old and respected Member of Parliament; Sir Charles Scott,

the British Ambassador in Petersburg; Mr. Campbell, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's elder brother and somewhat like him in appearance, though shorter, and myself.

The Queen received us in a small room on the north front; she was seated at a table with Mr. Ritchie, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Goschen in attendance. We had been duly coached as to our parts in the function, but a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred nevertheless. The new Privy Councillor goes down on one knee whilst being sworn, and then stretching out his hand, Her Majesty having placed her hand upon his, kisses the Queen's hand. The first of our party to be sworn was Mr. Campbell; he accordingly went down on one knee and was about to take the oath, when the Queen observed that at the distance at which he had placed himself it would be quite impossible for her to reach his hand. He accordingly advanced nearer, shuffling along as best he could with one knee on the ground, and we who were behind him, and in the same position, had also to shuffle along in the same rather undignified attitude.

After the ceremony was over we had luncheon in the Castle and then attended a formal meeting of the Privy Council before returning to town.

At Whitsuntide my wife and I went off for our customary Whitsun trip abroad. This year we went to Holland and, making Amsterdam our headquarters, visited the picturesque little towns along the Zuyder Zee, of which I did as many sketches as time would permit. We also visited Arnhem and Nymegen, from the former of which we drove over to Middachten, the home of Count Godard Bentinck, my former schoolfellow, and subsequently to become the ex-Kaiser's host on his flight from Germany.

My wife, who had long been an ardent admirer of Wagner's music and had on many occasions visited Bayreuth for the festivals and been a guest at Wahnfried, now had an opportunity of showing Madame Wagner some civility. The widow of the Master had come over this summer to hear and see some of her late husband's operas performed in England, and we invited her to meet a small party of Wagner enthusiasts at luncheon at our house in Wilton Crescent. Amongst the guests were Lady Lonsdale, who had visited Bayreuth with my wife; Lady Queensberry and her son-in-law Mr. St. George Lane Fox, also frequenters of Bayreuth; Jacques Blumenthal, the composer; Riversdale Walrond, and Austin Lee. I was rather amused at one observation which Madame Wagner made, in reply to my question whether she approved of the manner in which the operas were being given at Covent Garden. "Oh, yes," she said, "I think you give our operas very creditably." Poor woman! though still alive she has sadly fallen from her high estate; the copyright of her husband's works has run out, or at all events, owing to the fall in the mark, is reduced to practically nothing, and she is in very bad health and in poor circumstances.

On the 12th of August Parliament was prorogued, Supply having been closed four days previously. This year 33 votes remained undisposed of and 15 divisions were taken on the closing night.

The autumn and winter were spent by my wife and family and myself at Farley Hall, close to Alton Towers, which we rented from Mr. Bill, the Member for the division. We were near Dovedale and Beresford dale; the latter had for many years been the property of my father-in-law, Mr. Beresford Hope, and was celebrated for the fact that Izaak Walton's fishing cottage was

situated on the estate. Wootton Lodge was quite near to Farley, a gaunt, uninhabited Elizabethan house, the property of Mrs. Cathcart, whose eccentric conduct at one time occupied a good deal of space in the daily press. Wootton Hall was the residence of Sir Henry Edwards, commonly known as "the Bart." Sir Henry had been for many years M.P. for a Derbyshire division, was a man of culture and taste and loved his comforts. His home at Wootton Lodge was the house inhabited by Jean Jacques Rousseau during his stay in England in 1766.

Alton Towers, in our immediate neighbourhood, was a seat of Lord Shrewsbury, the gardens of which were laid out by Paxton, and being shown to the public on fixed days, were a great attraction to the inhabitants of the industrial towns of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. We used to visit them occasionally, but their very formal and elaborately prepared surprises did not appeal to our taste.

Amongst many other places which we visited during the autumn and winter was Lyme, the magnificent and historical house of our old friend Lord Newton. It lies not far from Stockport, but its station is Disley. In travelling from Farley to Disley we unfortunately missed the connection at Crewe; a glance at the map showed us that a station called Middlewood would be nearer to Lyme than any other which we could hope to reach so as to be in time for dinner. I accordingly despatched a telegram to say we should reach Middlewood at a given hour. We did so, but on arrival we discovered that Middlewood had no connection whatever with the outside world except by train, that there was not a carriage road to it nor even a footpath. It seemed incredible that such a station should exist in England, but so it

turned out to be. The station is well named, for it lies in the middle of a wood, and before we could gain access to the world and civilization once again, we had to follow the station-master down the line, over fences and ditches, through thickets and scrub, stumbling along in the dark, until we reached a high road and salvation.

I had another adventure in the autumn, which fortunately led to no harm, though it might easily have done so. I was deer-stalking at Dalness. The ground is excessively steep and rocky and immediately opposite Altnachauran (I will not vouch for the spelling of the Gaelic name), one of Lord Breadalbane's lodges in the forest of Black Mount, there is a deep chasm in the hillside. I was on the hilltop above the chasm. One of the deer that I was after, when the others moved over the top, went down the hill towards the chasm. I followed. He went on to a steep grass slope forming a tongue immediately above the junction of two burns which ran in a cleft or chasm below. I got two shots at him and hit him twice in the shoulder, so that he rolled down the slope into the burn below. The stalker and I got down to him with great difficulty and performed the last rites of the gralloch, but it was impossible to get him out, and we soon had to give up all idea of being able to move him either up or down. When it came to getting ourselves out, that proved no easy affair. The sides of the burn were steep as walls, and excessively slippery from the water trickling down; the burn was very full and afforded at best but a crumbling foothold on large loose stones; the way up involved a long and weary walk home over rough ground, and darkness was coming on: all that was possible was to cling to the steep sides and change the precarious footholds. By dint of going very slowly and using our sticks, fixed horizontally

into crevices in the rocks, we managed at last to get out, but the stalker vowed that he would never again go into such a fearful place.

1899

Soon after the New Year my wife and I, with my eldest boy Christopher, whose health at that time gave us some anxiety, left for Algeria. Only staying for a night at Algiers, we went to Bougie, and then drove up through the Chabet Pass *via* Kherata to Setif, where we joined the railway for Constantine. The Chabet Pass is a long gorge through the mountains, which, though very steep and precipitous above, offers at the base an opportunity for much sub-tropical vegetation to grow and flourish. The road barely finds room to curl along between the mountains above and the torrent below, but eventually emerges on the uplands, where the soil is fruitful and cultivation advanced. The inhabitants of this district were for the most part Alsatians, who had elected, at the termination of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, to retain their French nationality, and whom the French Government had settled in Algeria. After a short stay at Constantine, the situation of which, almost completely surrounded by a deep cleft in the soil, is extremely remarkable, we went on to Batna and spent a day at Timgad, the African Pompeii. It certainly deserves this name, for in a comparatively small compass the remains of an old Roman city have been excavated and laid bare. A few arches are standing or have been restored, but all the chief features of a Roman town, the forum, the baths, the shops, the streets, the walls and the gates, are easily traceable. As in Pompeii, so here, even the marks of the wheel-ruts in the streets can be clearly seen.

We met with a good deal of incivility from the French officials during our stay in Algeria, for the irritation caused by the so-called "Fashoda incident" had permeated to the officials of the lower ranks and was still affecting them.

At Batna we were received with black looks and opprobrious epithets by some of the soldiery and Spahis as we passed them; at Biskra our letters were opened and we were warned against having any communication with a local Sheik, with whom we had struck up a friendship. Biskra was not then the fashionable winter resort which, thanks to Mr. Hichens' *Garden of Allah*, it has now become, but it afforded much interest in the matter of the local tribesmen's peculiarities of appearance, dress and customs, and the climate in January and February was delightful. My wife and son stayed there for some weeks, but I was compelled to hurry home for the meeting of Parliament, which took place on the 7th of February.

The bill of fare provided for consumption was not exciting. A Bill to deal with Scottish private Bill legislation, a Bill for extending the Service franchise, a Bill dealing with Working Class Dwellings, and a Bill dealing with the rating of Tithe Rent-charge, were among the chief items of the programme. The most important Bill, however, was a Bill to amend the Local Government of the Metropolis, which had been left in a somewhat unfinished condition by Mr. Ritchie's Act of 1888. This Bill, which was often referred to as the Tenification Bill, in contradistinction to the Unification Bill for which ardent reformers had hoped, proposed to abolish the Vestry system in London and to substitute therefore a number of Borough Councils with defined powers of administration and rating. It passed its second reading

by a majority of 127, only took nine days in committee and eventually found its place on the Statute Book.

Soon after the meeting of the House, Mr. Speaker Gully became ill and it became my duty on a few occasions to take the chair of the House for him and sit as Deputy Speaker. There is a curious little bit of formality which marks this occasion. As a rule, when the House is about to meet, and the Speaker, preceded by the Mace and followed by the small procession of train-bearers, chaplain and private secretary, leaves his office and starts down the lobby to the Members' lobby and eventually to the House, the messenger calls out in stentorian tones "Mr. Speaker!" which cry is repeated by the policeman on duty in the lobby; but if the Speaker is absent and unable to process, the cry is "Mace!" The Sergeant-at-Arms, however, proceeds as usual to the House and, entering it with the mace on his shoulder, makes his three bows to the Chair and deposits the mace on the table. The Deputy Speaker takes no part in the procession, but advances from behind the chair and takes his place at the table so as to arrive there at the moment when the chaplain also arrives at the table for the purpose of reading the prayers. The Deputy Speaker has no distinctive dress, like the Speaker, but on these occasions wears evening clothes.

It may be of interest at this point to record that the Speaker and I found ourselves, under the will of Sir William Fraser, the legatees of a large collection of remarkable prints of the House of Commons at various stages of its existence. Although Sir William had never been a Member of the House, he had formed a comprehensive collection of all the prints which he could gather together, showing the Houses of Parliament and the scenes which occurred in them, and this he had be-

queathed to us, not unfortunately for our own enjoyment, but as trustees for the House, and with a direction to make the best use of them for that purpose. The Speaker and I decided that a display of these interesting views, suitably framed and hung on the walls of the rooms about the House, would be the best way of carrying out our trust, and they have accordingly since that time been so displayed. Since then, also, many generous benefactors have given valuable engravings, pictures and relics to the House, and have thereby provided some amenities for those whose duty compels them to spend much time in the reading room, the tea room, and similar resorts.

On the 17th of May I attended the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This was, with the exception of a garden party at Buckingham Palace a year later, the last function at which the Queen was seen in public. The arrangements were so contrived that Her Majesty was able to drive right up to the spot and perform her share in the function without descending from the open carriage in which she sat.

The Prorogation took place on the 9th of August, Supply having been closed on the 3rd, necessitating 18 divisions.

The summer of this year was remarkable for two new inventions, which have now become common in daily life, viz. moving pictures, or, as they were then called, the Biograph, and motor cars. Naturally they have both improved immensely since those early days. The first "movies" which I saw were very unsteady and a sore trial to the eyes, and the first motor cars were equally unsteady and very noisy. A friend of ours, Mr.

Alfred Mulholland, brought his car to Campsea Ashe, and in going round an S curve rather too sharply, it turned turtle and lay down with the four wheels in the air. Fortunately no injury occurred to the occupant, an impetuous French chauffeur, though the car was practically wrecked.

This autumn we again went to Ravenstone, which we had taken two years previously, but our stay there was not as happy as on the former occasion, for my wife contracted a severe chill which developed into neurasthenia and for nearly six months she was confined to her bed. I also suffered from a painful attack of gout, which incapacitated me for some weeks.

Before these untoward events occurred, however, we had the pleasure of a visit from Sir John Gorst and his son Eldon and Miss Gorst, who were on a bicycling tour in the Lake district. They stayed with us more than once during their trip. Sir John Gorst was at that time Under Secretary for India, and had incurred a good deal of criticism for the very outspoken way in which, whilst professing to defend his department, he had slily delivered himself of some rather damaging criticisms. He was often rather cynical in his public utterances, but in private was an agreeable and instructed individual.

I went to Scotland again in September for a stalking visit to Mrs. Stuart of Dalness, and there I met a gentleman, Mr. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, who told me a curious story about himself. He said that when he was a young man he went out to Australia and was for many years engaged in sheep-farming there. On one occasion as he was driving a large flock of sheep down from his farm towards the town, where he was expecting to dispose of them, an old newspaper, which was being blown about by the wind, got round his feet. He disengaged himself

from the encumbrance and resumed his tramp, but the newspaper again got round his feet. This time he picked it up and, whilst resting with his flock, proceeded to read it. In the advertisement columns he found an advertisement enquiring for the whereabouts of one Campbell, presumed to be the heir to the Dunstaffnage estate, and this eventually turned out to be none other than himself. So he thereupon answered the advertisement, returned to Scotland, and making good his claim, entered into possession of the Dunstaffnage property.

Another guest whom I met at Dalness, Dr. Stuart of Nether Lochaber, also told me of a curious incident, which had occurred on the occasion of a visit paid by the Queen to the Pass of Glencoe. It appeared that Her Majesty, having arrived in her yacht at Ballachulish, expressed her wish to drive up to the top of the Pass of Glencoe and revisit the scene where she and Prince Albert had years before gone up for a picnic. She happened to observe that on that occasion the Prince and she had drunk out of a little silver quaich, or cup, and wondered if the cup was still in existence. During Her Majesty's absence Dr. Stuart discovered the quaich and, meeting Her Majesty on her return journey down the glen, produced the quaich, filled it with whisky, and offered it to the Queen. Without appreciating the potency of the Usquebagh, the Queen, who was only expected to take a sip, drained the contents off, to the dismay of Dr. Stuart and his friends, who feared for the consequences. However, all ended happily, and Her Majesty was able to rejoin her yacht at the end of Ballachulish pier without any evil effects making themselves visible.

It was my good fortune this year to get the biggest stag which ever fell to my rifle. This happened in Cumberland on the slopes of Helvellyn, on a cold and

showery day in September. We had seen nothing all the morning, but just after sitting down for a short rest at luncheon time, we happened to spy three stags at some distance above us on the slopes of Glencoin. Whilst stalking them from below, always a risky proceeding, one of them became suspicious and bolted, but we were able to get within rifle-shot of the other two, and although they were in a difficult place and the light was bad, a fortunate shot stopped the big one and a second shot at a closer distance finished him off. He turned out to be a remarkably fine beast with rough horns of eleven points, and his weight as he fell was 28 st. 5 lb.

This was the autumn of the Boer War. President Krüger had presented his ultimatum to us on the 10th of October and within a day or two war was declared. This necessitated the immediate summoning of Parliament, which met for a short session on the 17th of October. The Address was disposed of in two days, a vote in Supply for £10,000,000 was presented, discussed and passed, and embodied in a Bill, which went through by the 27th, on which day Parliament was prorogued.

My youngest brother Cecil was at that time a Captain in the Scots Guards, and on the 20th of October I went to see him and his regiment off to South Africa. So little did the British public know or appreciate the conditions of the campaign upon which they were entering, or the power of resistance of the Boers, that the common expectation was that the campaign would be over before the Guards could reach Capetown. It was two and a half years before my brother returned.

The disasters which overtook our arms and the constant anxiety for our troops, and especially for our friends and relations engaged in South Africa, cast a gloom over

everything, and for many weeks made life a nightmare, and it was not until June of the following year, when Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, that things began to look brighter and the country could breathe again more freely. The general depression also reacted upon my wife's health, and was no doubt a contributing cause to the length of her illness, from which she did not recover sufficiently to allow her to leave Ravenstone until the middle of June 1900.

I was also unfortunate in taking a heavy fall out hunting, my horse crossing his legs whilst galloping across a field, and severely damaged my shoulder. This accident brought on an attack of gout which did not assist in relieving the depression in which we, like the rest of the nation, were plunged.

1900

The South African campaign naturally occupied the chief attention of Parliament when it met on the 30th of January. The time of meeting was coincident with Buller's attempts to cross the Tugela and his discomfiture there. The first ray of sunshine came when Kimberley was relieved on the 15th of February; and an Army Supplementary Estimate of £13,000,000 was voted with more cheerfulness than would otherwise have been the case.

On the 27th news came of the surrender of Cronjé and 4,000 men. It sounded a big affair at the time, but how small it seems now after the experiences of 1914 to 1918! The Relief of Ladysmith followed on 1st of March and the nation breathed again.

So far as my share in Parliamentary proceedings was concerned, there is little to relate. In consequence of the Speaker's illness I sat for him on more than one

occasion, and I presided over the discussions, which were sometimes acrimonious and generally contentious, on supplementary estimates. The Budget resolutions, on the other hand, imposing a further shilling income tax, new duties of sixpence a gallon on whisky and a shilling a barrel on beer, and an extra twopence on tea, went through very rapidly and were disposed of in two sittings. The attempts in various parts of England which an outraged populace made to prevent or break up some "Stop the War" meetings led to motions for an adjournment of the House, but it was evident that the general feeling of the country was behind the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, and in the House itself there was no falling away of the Government majority. The Liberal party was itself divided on the question. The section of which Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Munro Ferguson, Mr. W. S. Robson and Sir Edward Grey were the spokesmen, supported the Government and placed no obstacles in their way in carrying out their policy. That section of the party which was led by Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, supported by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bryce, never lost an opportunity of criticizing, hampering and embarrassing the Government. As time went on, this difference of policy made itself more and more visible, until a point was reached when the party was within measurable distance of a complete split.

At the Easter Quarter Sessions for the County of Cumberland I was this year elected the chairman and occupied the post for some five or six years. The duties were not onerous. They involved an attendance at Carlisle four times a year, at dates which were not incompatible with the performance of my duties in the

House of Commons. The sessions seldom lasted beyond one day; the work came easy to me, as I was well acquainted with the practice of the Court, and I was glad to be able to do something for the county, which had returned me as one of its Members for fifteen years. The only difficulty which I experienced was in the matter of the infliction of sentences. How, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, "to make the punishment fit the crime" was a problem. My predecessor on the Bench, Mr. R. S. Ferguson, had instituted a practice of postponing all the sentences to be pronounced until the termination of the trial of the last prisoner, and then, at a meeting of the Justices present, discussing the punishment to be allotted to each of the convicted. This system has the merit of co-ordinating the punishments by a comparison of their severity, but it had to my mind the fatal defect that there was no security that the magistrates who determined the punishment had heard the evidence. I abolished this system, and took upon myself alone the determination of the punishment; but I soon felt that I had herein gone too far, and eventually the system I adopted was at the termination of each case to suggest the punishment which I thought suitable, and to take the opinion of the Justices present before pronouncing it.

After my wife's serious illness all the winter and spring, it was impossible for her to come to London and take up her usual life at home, so we took advantage of the kind offer made to us by Lady Margaret Cecil to occupy her house at St. Margaret's Bay near Dover, and about Whitsuntide my wife moved there for the summer. We let our house in Wilton Crescent and I went to live at Lowther Lodge with my parents.

The work of the session was not arduous. The war occupied public attention and there were no very con-

troversial Bills in the House of Commons. The Australian Commonwealth Bill establishing the Federation of Australia upon the terms agreed, a Uganda Railway Bill authorizing further progress with that undertaking, an Irish Tithe Rent-charge Bill, a Moneylenders Bill and a Housing Bill found their way without much difficulty to the Statute Book. Perhaps the most interesting episodes of the session were connected with the attacks which Mr. Burdett Coutts made upon the efficiency of the R.A.M.C. and the provision of hospitals and necessaries for the wounded in South Africa. Mr. Burdett-Coutts had visited South Africa, and on his return at the end of June he raised the question in a very capable speech, surveying the whole field of medical administration at the Front, and making a series of most damaging criticisms. For some reason, unknown to me, this was hotly resented by Mr. Balfour, who seemed to impart a personal antipathy into the case (a course of action very unlike Mr. Balfour's usual treatment of debatable matter), and this duel between Mr. Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Balfour was from time to time renewed and culminated in an angry scene on the Appropriation Bill just before the close of the session on the 8th of August.

On the occasion of the closure of Supply on the 2nd of August, Dr. Tanner was more than usually obstreperous, and in the course of an altercation called me "impertinent." This led to his suspension. I suspect that the near approach of the termination of the session emboldened him to use language which he would not have used at an earlier period, when suspension would have had a longer time to operate than it had within a few days of prorogation.

Just before the close of the session I was asked again to luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, and give the names

of my fellow-guests as an example of their cosmopolitan hospitality: The late Speaker, Lord Peel, and Miss Peel; Miss Mary Moore, the well-known actress; Mr. Comyns Carr, cynic, critic and publicist; Sir Sydney Waterlow, City magnate and philanthropist, and Lady Waterlow; Sir J. Seale Hayne, M.P., a Radical millionaire, and Mr. Mortimer Menpes, artist and illustrator.

This autumn and winter my wife and I settled ourselves at Isfield near Lewes, in a small but charming old Tudor house, which had once been a farm with an oasthouse and necessary farm buildings, and had been reconverted into a dwelling-house. Tradition records that it was built by Henry VIII's cook out of the perquisites from the royal table. Be that as it may, it possessed many attractive features in the Tudor architecture of the house, the remains of a moat, a pretty little garden, some fine old mulberry trees (of the fruit of which our neighbour Sir William Grantham was very fond), sporting over a small surrounding estate, some fishing and boating on the River Ouse, a cricket ground in the village, and a rifle range on the property. The distance from town was reasonable, the neighbourhood pretty and attractive, including as it did Crowborough Beacon to the north and the Southdowns to the south; and in the winter hunting with the Southdown pack provided me with amusement and exercise. My wife, too, liked the place, and her convalescence continued favourably except for one lamentable occurrence, viz. the sudden death of her sister Mrs. Newton Mant, who had come to us on a visit. In September my eldest son Christopher went to Eton for the first time, to the house of Mr. E. L. Vaughan, to which a year or two later my second boy followed him.

CHAPTER XV

1900–1902

Augustus Hare—Death of the Queen—King Edward opens Parliament—Obstruction—Hutton John—Education Bill

1900

The Dissolution, which took place on the 25th of September 1900, had, I think, been generally expected. Parliament had run five years of its course, the war had so far progressed favourably as to make it abundantly clear that, though the end might be delayed, the result was certain, and the Government were anxious to have the voice of the people behind them in any terms which they might make with the Boer Government. This election was nicknamed the "Khaki election," and the Government was taken to task for having made use of the national crisis in order to obtain a party victory. If, however, the Government had delayed the election for another year, the same charge would, or could, have been made, with additional reproaches for the delay and for the continuation of Parliament until within a few months of its natural termination.

The election was Mr. Chamberlain's triumph. During the session he had been violently and ignobly attacked on the ground that some of his relations and connections held shares in industries engaged in the manufacture of war material. He was also taken to task for having published certain letters of Sir Henry de Villiers to President Krüger and President Steyn, for the publica-

tion of which, however, Sir H. de Villiers had given his assent. It was now Mr. Chamberlain's turn for his revenge, and he took it. He went perhaps rather too far in labelling every candidate who opposed his policy and himself as a "pro-Boer," but he was signally successful in routing his opponents, whilst he himself and five of his political colleagues at Birmingham were returned unopposed.

The big towns in England went strongly Unionist, and even Scotland returned a Unionist majority.

I hastened down to Cumberland as soon as the Dissolution was announced, but found that in view, no doubt, of the position which I held as Chairman of Ways and Means, and also chiefly because of the distraction of the Liberal party on the subject of the war, the leaders of the Liberal party did not intend to contest the seat, and after a tour of the constituency and a certain amount of personal canvass, I was on the 6th of October duly returned again as M.P. for the Mid- or Penrith Division of Cumberland.

The result of the General Election was to leave the joint Conservative and Liberal Unionist party, or, as it now called itself, the Unionist party, in the satisfactory position of having the substantial majority of 134. Lord Salisbury was now getting distinctly older; the double work of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister was telling upon him. He had lost his lifelong companion, to whom he was deeply devoted, in the preceding November, and very wisely, whilst retaining the office of Prime Minister, he handed over to Lord Lansdowne the duties of the Foreign Office.

Mr. St. John Brodrick, who had been Under Secretary, now became Secretary of State for War, and Lord Selborne was also promoted from an Under Secretary-

ship to be First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Ritchie succeeded Sir M. W. Ridley as Home Secretary (the latter being raised to the Peerage as Viscount Ridley). Lord Ridley, besides the Viscountcy, was also granted a Barony—the Barony of Wensleydale. It is not usual when a man is made a Viscount to make him a Baron at the same time, but in Ridley's case he was doubtless anxious, as the son of Lord Wensleydale's eldest daughter, to revive the title, even though it could not be brought into use.

Amongst the guests who came to stay with us at Isfield was an old friend and acquaintance, Augustus Hare, chiefly known to the world as the compiler of the guide-books to Italy, France, and most of the European countries; his books in their day achieved a great success. He must have devoted an immense quantity of time and labour to their composition. He visited himself almost all the places described, made innumerable sketches of the most striking landscapes or architectural features, and got together endless quotations from countless authors bearing upon the localities referred to. *Walks in Italy* was published in six volumes, and is even now, though of course the information as to hotels, trains, etc., is not up to date, an indispensable accompaniment to a visit to Italy. Hare was a little man with raven-black hair and moustache, an aquiline nose and a nasal pronunciation. He had a fund of information which he did not hesitate to impart freely; his energy was amazing, he was a welcome guest in a country house, and had visited in his time most of the well-known country houses in England. He was never so happy as when he could collect his fellow-guests to listen to his stories. These he would tell in a dramatic fashion, making use of adventitious

aids such as books or chairs to emphasize their thrilling points. Ghost stories told in a dim light pleased him most; and a story of a vampire, in which he used to scratch his book in order to represent the attempts of the vampires to enter a window, was his favourite. His nasal intonation and a prolonged drawl of the conjunctive particle "AND" somewhat marred their effect, and made his stories easy matter for caricature and mimicry. His great industry and the popularity of his books had not, however, brought him wealth. Some ill-advised contract with his publishers resulted in considerable losses, but what little he had he gave away freely, and even after he was able to obtain the lease of a house called Holmhurst and a small policy, as the Scotch would call it, in the neighbourhood of Hastings, he made it a home for decayed governesses, to whom he offered board and lodging for substantial periods, so that his house became for them a veritable home of rest. His means did not afford him many luxuries, but he indulged himself in the purchase of the statue of Queen Anne which used to stand in front of St. Paul's looking down Ludgate Hill. He told me that on passing the spot he one day discovered that the statue was gone from its accustomed place. On making enquiries it appeared that the Corporation of the City, intending to substitute a new statue, had sold the old one to a stonemason, who had taken it down and had removed it. After much difficulty Hare traced it to the stonemason's yard, purchased it, and caused it to be re-erected in a field immediately opposite his drawing-room windows. This happened, I think, about the time of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, and he told me how the Hastings fly-drivers used to pull up in the road at a spot from which the statue could be seen, and point

it out to their fares as that of Queen Victoria erected in honour of her fifty years' reign.

Besides the guide-books, Hare wrote a very charming book about his own family, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, *The Gurneys of Earlham* and *Two Noble Lives*, the biography of a Lady Waterford and her sister, which all achieved much success. His own autobiography, in some six or seven volumes, makes very entertaining reading and is full of anecdotes, some true, some otherwise, for it must be admitted that at times Augustus Hare was inclined to indulge in romance.

In November, happening to have gone to Eton in order to see my son at school, I went with him to St. George's Chapel, and in one of the side chapels there came across a monument to an ancestress, Miss Hannah Lowther, who reached the remarkable age of 103. She was for a number of years Lady-in-Waiting both to Queen Mary and to Queen Anne, and this accounts for her sepulture in the Royal chapel. In one of his letters Horace Walpole refers to her and calls attention to the singular legacy of Sir William Lowther in 1756, who, himself dying at the age of twenty-seven, had left £1,700 a year to this old lady, who was then over 100. Horace Walpole suggested that the old lady could only enjoy it for a year, but as she survived the testator by three years, she obtained the full benefit of his generosity.

This winter there was another short session for the purpose of voting Supply to carry on the war. The new Parliament met on the 3rd of December, when Mr. Gully was of course re-elected Speaker and I was again appointed Chairman of Ways and Means. The Address was soon disposed of, and on the 11th a Supplementary Estimate for £16,000,000 was presented and passed,

and before the end of the week was embodied in an Appropriation Bill, all the stages of which were concluded within the week and Parliament was prorogued. The magnitude of the Government majority was no doubt responsible for the rapidity of the progress of business, but the system of carrying on a war by means of votes, supplementary or otherwise, in Supply, is not satisfactory, and on the occasion of the Great War, 1914–1918, was not attempted. In presenting an estimate it becomes necessary for the Department concerned to calculate for the next three or six months in advance the exact expenditure likely to be incurred. This is an almost impossible task, and yet every proposal to divert a sum of money voted for an object which turns out not to be required, to an object which is required, has to be submitted to the Treasury, considered and approved by them. With the best will in the world this system must cause vexation and delay, as well as giving notice *urbi et orbi* of many directions of proposed policy. I expect that its employment in the South African War was due to the zeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir M. Hicks Beach, then, as at all times, a stern economist, who looked with grave suspicion upon the activities of the spending departments relieved of Treasury supervision.

The year closed with the death of our very kind friend and connection, Mary, Lady Derby. Since the death of Lord Derby seven years previously, Lady Derby had lived in retirement, chiefly at Holwood, and her eyesight, never strong, had been seriously affected; but we were frequently in the habit of visiting her and to the last she retained the almost motherly care and affection for my wife which she had always shown.

In the days of her youth Lady Derby, or as she then

was, Lady Salisbury, must have been a very beautiful woman; she was a clever and good talker, a favourite with the foreign diplomats in London, especially during the period of Lord Derby's tenure of the Foreign Office, and a constant and vigilant guardian of her husband's health and well-being.

1901

On the 22nd of January Queen Victoria died at Osborne. Only a few days before, the British public had been made aware, by a paragraph in the Press, of her failing health, and were prepared for the unavoidable termination of her long and arduous life. I doubt if her subjects then, or even now, have realized what a vast amount of work the Queen did, and what care she took to make herself thoroughly acquainted with the documents presented to her for signature, as well as with the foreign and domestic policy of her Governments.

This is not the place for any appreciation of her high devotion to duty or for the universal sense of bereavement which pervaded all classes on the receipt of the news of her death. From the time of the death of Prince Albert until the first Jubilee in 1887, the Queen had been seldom seen by the London public, but from the latter date onwards she became intensely popular, and she gave her people many opportunities of showing their loyalty and affection, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

Being out of town at the moment, I did not receive the summons in time to attend King Edward's first council on the following day, though I arrived in London in time to attend the meeting of the House that afternoon, at which Members took the oath of allegiance to the new King.

The Queen's funeral, which occupied in all three days, took place on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of February. On the first day the coffin was brought across from the Isle of Wight to Southampton. On the second day the funeral procession passed from Victoria, on the arrival of the coffin, to Paddington, and so to Windsor; and on the third day the actual sepulture took place at Frogmore.

The House of Commons had been allotted a stand in the Mall, just in front of St. James's Palace garden, but as the stand stood some way back from the line of procession, most of the Members left their seats and joined the crowd in front. It was a dull, dark day, and the troops preceding and following the body wore their overcoats. Besides the contrast between the great array of distinguished persons on horseback following the coffin and the simple appearance of the coffin itself, draped with the Union Jack and with a single wreath upon it, the most effective part of the ceremony was the continuous playing of the mounted bands of the Life Guards of Chopin's and Mendelssohn's funeral marches. They had a poignant effect which few who heard them will ever forget.

In the afternoon there was a special service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for Members of the House of Commons, which I attended.

Parliament was opened on the 14th of February by King Edward in person. For many years the Sovereign had not been present on this occasion, and the duty had fallen upon the five Commissioners appointed for the purpose. The novelty of the ceremony attracted a large attendance both of Peers and of Commoners, and when Black Rod appeared in the Commons and summoned the House to attend His Majesty, there

was considerable confusion and irregularity in the crowd of Members, who attempted to follow the Speaker to the House of Lords. Sir Henry Fowler was knocked down and injured and many others were badly jostled and hustled.

This scene led to an investigation a few weeks later by a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, of which I was a member, presided over by Lord Spencer. After some three or four meetings we were able to make some suggestions for a better organization of the procession and for the allotment to Members of the House of Commons of certain reserved seats in the Lords' galleries. These arrangements have since that time been adopted and have worked smoothly, and the unseemly episodes of 1901 have been avoided.

The Address in the Commons, moved by Mr. Harry Foster and seconded by Sir Andrew Agnew, was chiefly remarkable as providing an opportunity to Mr. Winston Churchill to make his maiden speech, which he did most effectively, and marked himself out at once as a young man of great ability who would have to be reckoned with in the future. Another incident of the Address was an attempt made by a new Irish Member to address the House in an unknown tongue, stated to be Irish. The Speaker ruled this out of order.

It was known that the Irish party had come to Westminster in a very truculent mood and there were rumours of all sorts of plots and contrivances for dislocating the ordinary procedure of the House. We had not very long to wait. Soon after the Address, which lasted twelve days, was concluded, a vote on account was submitted in Committee of Supply. It was on the 5th of March. On a vote on account any matter relevant to any of the votes, for which a sum on account is being

asked, can be discussed. It so happened that during the evening the discussion ranged round the Education vote. The Irish party took no part and gave me no intimation that they wished to take any part in the debate, until just before midnight, when one of them rose to discuss some Irish matter. At midnight I gave the closure (the vote on account having generally been concluded in one sitting) and then the torrent broke loose. There was great noise and disturbance, whilst I was putting the question, and when I called upon Members to proceed to the division lobbies, a certain number of the Irishmen declined to leave the Chamber. I tried my best to persuade them to go, but I failed; so I sent for the Speaker and reported the occurrence to him, naming the Members who seemed to me to be the chief offenders. The Speaker endeavoured to persuade them to obey the rules and the ordinary procedure of the House, but he was no more successful than I had been, and thereupon he named the Members in question and the motion for their suspension was put and, strangely enough, carried without a dissenting voice. It then became the duty of the Speaker to carry out the decision of the House unanimously come to. Again he tried persuasion, but failing in this, ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove the offenders. This was equally unsuccessful, and even when the Sergeant called in the assistance of some of his stalwart messengers, he failed to dislodge the recalcitrants.

The Speaker was thus placed in a great difficulty. He had either to see the order of the House disobeyed and set at naught, or he had to make use of superior force to compel its observance. He chose the latter and called in the police. Even they had some difficulty in removing the suspended Members, for the latter, by

jamming their legs against the benches in front and their backs against the benches on which they sat, were able to offer a very stubborn resistance. Mr. Flavin, a tall, raw-boned Irish M.P., proved a hard nut to crack, but eventually the House was cleared, the Speaker left the chair, I resumed my place and the incompleted division was completed. It was altogether a very disagreeable and painful scene and the Speaker's conduct was somewhat severely criticized in the Press, but I have never been able to see, nor do I now see, what other course the Speaker could have taken. The order of the House had to be carried out, and even if the Speaker had suspended the sitting for an hour or so, which, by the way, he had no power under the then existing rules to do, he might have been no further advanced on his resumption of the chair at the conclusion of the interval. There was a sequel to this night's occurrence, for a day or two later one of the Irishmen complained that I had wrongly reported him to the Speaker. As soon as he made the statement, I at once accepted it and offered him an apology for my mistake, and the order for his suspension was cancelled. On the same day a new rule was added to our Standing Orders, making physical resistance to an Order of the House a specially disorderly offence, punishable with a specially long period of suspension.

There was a great deal of obstruction this session; debates were unnecessarily prolonged, the adjournment of the House was frequently moved, all night, or at all events very late, sittings were of common occurrence, the number of divisions rose from 288 in the 1900 session to 482 in the session of 1901. It is my belief that a deliberate attempt was made by the Irish party to bring the work of Parliament and of the nation to a stand-

still. The events of the night of the 5th of March were the first step in that direction. It must be admitted that the rules of Parliamentary procedure, which had been framed by gentlemen to be worked by gentlemen in a gentlemanly spirit, were in many respects unsuited for rougher usage by unscrupulous persons and required considerable additional stringency. The Government programme was of modest dimensions; there were no first-class measures proposed; an Army Reorganization scheme, the settlement of the King's Civil List, a very humble Education Bill and a Factories and Workshops Bill did not seem to call for any severe exertions on the part of the House, and yet it became necessary to resort to some drastic methods of closure in order to get the routine business through.

At the end of the session it was found that out of 150 votes in Supply nearly 100 had never been discussed at all, and if it had been necessary to have put each of those votes separately, in the event of a division being challenged on each, it would have taken at least twenty-four hours to have brought the proceedings to an end; and on the report stage the same process might have become necessary. It became therefore indispensable to devise a new method of taking divisions on outstanding Supply, and the method now in use was adopted, viz. lumping together all the outstanding votes of each class and putting one question on each class. It is an unsatisfactory method, but there does not seem to be any alternative. At all events, instead of taking twenty-four hours on the occasion referred to, this method only took three.

I am afraid that a most inopportune attack of gout, which laid me aside just as the committee stage of the Education Bill was being started, accounted for a day

or two's obstruction, as my deputy in the chair had not then the power of granting closure, and the opponents of the Bill took advantage of my absence to prolong proceedings. But when all the surrounding circumstances and difficulties had been allowed for, it was clear that the new Government had not achieved much success in their first session, and, after all, the first session is that in which most Governments and parties, fresh from success at the polls and full of vigour and enthusiasm, look to pass their chief measures.

Parliament was prorogued on the 17th of August, and I was glad of it, for the session had been an arduous one for me. In addition to my work in the chair, I had served on Lord Spencer's Committee, as I have mentioned above; I had had a considerable number of sittings of the Court of Referees (over which I presided); I had on more than one occasion taken the chair for the Speaker; I had had one or two severe attacks of gout, and the constant vigilance and anxiety after my experiences of the 5th of March, combined with a hot summer, had tired me considerably, and I looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to my holiday.

At Whitsuntide I had been over to Paris to meet my wife, on her return from the Canary Islands, where she had spent the winter, and we had taken the opportunity of staying a few days at Fontainebleau. The forest was frankly disappointing. There are here and there some specimens of old trees, but as a whole it cannot compare with Windsor, Savernake, the New Forest, the Dukeries, or Burnham Beeches. The Palace is, however, magnificent both in its architectural beauties and historical reminiscences, though the hand of decay, through non-use, was even in 1901 leaving its finger-marks.

On the principle of the omnibus driver's holiday, I went to hear a debate in the Chamber, but was unfortunate in the occasion. It was insufferably hot and M. Albin Rozès made an insufferably long and tedious speech about the position of the Alsatians in Algeria. After two hours he asked for leave to stop and refresh himself, and I seized the opportunity to depart.

Hutton John, Cumberland, where we now found a home for the next ten years, was originally an old Pele tower, one of a series built across the broad valley from Helvellyn on the west to Crossfell on the east, designed to serve in the time of Edward I partly as dwelling-house and partly as fortress against the invading Scots. The tower, with its walls 6 feet to 8 feet thick and its battlements, remains intact; wings have been added at various times, the latest important additions having been made in the reign of Charles II and George II. The chief feature of the garden is a row of fine yew trees, trimmed into fantastic shapes, planted about the reign of Henry VIII when this style of work became popular. There is an attractive view looking down the park, at the foot of which runs the Dacre beck, and in the extreme distance the main Pennine Range is seen. In another direction, between the trees, the high hills just above Ullswater lake, about 5 miles distant, are visible; whilst from the top of the park, about 200 feet above the house, a glorious view, stretching from Crossfell on the east to Saddleback, the Keswick hills and Helvellyn on the west, with Greystoke Park and Castle in the centre, is obtained. The history of the old place is briefly this. Up to the time of Henry VIII it belonged to members of the Hutton (originally de Hoton) family. When Catherine Parr (a Westmorland lady) married Henry VIII she took with her as " Mother to the Maids-

of-Honour," her cousin, Elizabeth, wife of Cuthbert Hutton of Hutton John. Their daughter Marie Hutton, brought up at the Court, there met and married in 1564 Mr. Andrew Hudleston, who was himself a Cumbrian and came from Millom and was one of Queen Elizabeth's bodyguard. The house and property passed to their son Joseph in return for services rendered to his uncle Thomas (who had deeply encumbered the estate) and it has remained in his family to this day. It was from a Mr. Hudleston, a descendant of the said Joseph, that I obtained a lease of it. The Hudlestons of Hutton John are a well-known Cumberland family and have rendered many services during the centuries which have passed both to the county and to the State. Until the time of the Civil Wars they were a Roman Catholic family, but in order to save the estate from sequestration the children were brought up as Protestants, though occasionally reverting to type. An instance of this reversion was Father John Hudleston, a younger son of the said Joseph, whose picture still remains in the house, and he was called in to administer the last rites of the Church to Charles II on his deathbed. Whilst Charles was, as he is reported to have said, "an unconscionably long time in dying," one of his attendants said to him, "Sir, I have a priest without, who saved your life after the Battle of Worcester, and is now come to save your soul." This was Father Hudleston, who was introduced into the Palace of Whitehall and gave the King extreme unction.

Hutton John was for us an ideal country home. The garden offered many opportunities for my wife to obtain the colour schemes which delight the eyes of a keen gardener. The climate was not too severe. The park and river provided some sport for my boys, who were

now old enough to enjoy it, and the district afforded innumerable opportunities for the exercise of my amateur propensities as a water-colour artist. The house was in my constituency, at no great distance from its chief town, Penrith. I was able to indulge in my favourite sport of hunting with the pack of hounds which then hunted the Cumberland country. Excursions to the lakes and mountains were easily and frequently made. My friends, Mr. Harry Howard of Greystoke and his wife Lady Mabel Howard, were our nearest neighbours, and Lowther Castle was only some ten miles off. Consequently with all these attractions to keep us at home, we remained there most of the autumn, only finding time for a few Scotch visits, including one to Mr. Balfour at Whittinghame.

A rather amusing incident occurred one day at Cockermouth. Sir Redvers Buller had returned from South Africa and on the occasion of his visit to Greystoke Castle (Mr. Howard, his cousin, being his host) he was given a great reception on arrival. It had been rumoured that he was about to attend a meet of the hounds at Cockermouth, but he did not accompany Mr. Howard there. I happened, however, to go in Mr. Howard's company, and on arrival at the station, found a large crowd, who, mistaking me for the General, gave me the reception which was intended for him.

1902

Parliament was opened by the King on the 16th of January in full state. The arrangements which our Committee had made for the orderly seating of all Members who desired to attend, worked smoothly. The Address was concluded on the 29th, and on the following day Mr. Balfour proposed his new rules of

procedure. The chief feature of them was an attempt to run the work of Government and private Members' Bills and Resolutions along parallel lines at the same time, by having two sittings a day, a morning sitting from 2 to 7, and an evening sitting from 9 to midnight, and allocating the former to Government and the latter to private Members. Mr. Balfour discussed the matter with me and communicated his plans, to which I saw no objection. Another feature of his proposals was to relegate into a secondary and subordinate place the discussion of any private Bills. Such of these Bills as required to be discussed had hitherto stood first on the Order paper, and had been taken immediately after prayers and before questions were entered upon, thus occupying some of the best hours at the disposal of the House, dislocating the public business and rendering quite uncertain the time at which either questions would begin or the orders of the day would be called. This change was not effected without great opposition from the Parliamentary agents, who felt that by the postponement of their business until the evening sitting it might be subjected to the caprice or the manufactured opposition of a section which in a discussion by a full House would be negligible. Mr. Balfour himself was in favour of postponing all private Bill business till midnight and taking it up after the orders of the day had been disposed of, but it was generally felt amongst those whom he consulted that this would be too drastic a change.

Another useful change made was to postpone until the evening sitting the debate upon any motion for the adjournment of the House for which at question time the support of not less than forty Members had been obtained.

This change of procedure was undoubtedly in favour of Government as against private Member, but I think it was fair, and it also had the advantage of giving more ample notice to Members of the subject proposed to be discussed on the motion for adjournment. At all events, it gave to the Minister and to the Department concerned a breathing space of a few hours, in which to prepare their case; but it destroyed the dramatic effect which was often produced by a motion for adjournment and a discussion following swiftly upon some unsatisfactory answer by a Minister.

Other changes made in the Rules were: (1) to substitute Thursday for Friday as the Supply day, and (2) to create a new salaried office of Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means, with full powers to grant closure and perform other duties in the absence of the Chairman of Ways and Means.

These rules did not seem to raise any very deep constitutional issues, but nevertheless they were debated at such length that they were not concluded until May.

I was just at this period unfortunately absent from the House for three months. On the 3rd of February I happened to have gone down to Dover to see my wife off to Abbazia, a winter resort near Trieste. A violent blizzard in the North Sea had temporarily suspended all communication across the Channel, and she had been detained at Dover. Within an hour of my reaching Dover I received a peremptory summons from the Speaker to return and take his place in the Chair, as he was ill. I accordingly took the first train back and succeeded in just reaching the House in time to sit for him; but on reaching my house that night I felt extremely ill and next day developed an attack of pleuro-pneumonia. Fortunately my wife, who had

been detained at Dover by the bad weather, was able to return to look after me; and indeed I required all the help which she and two nurses could give me, for both my lungs were attacked and for three weeks I was in a very bad way. As soon as I was fit to be moved, we went to Pau for the remainder of the winter. The first day at Pau we had the most magnificent spectacle of the whole chain of the Pyrenees, cloudless and snowcapped, and congratulated ourselves on the happy selection of Pau as a resort for convalescents; but alas! although we remained there a month, we never got that view of the Pyrenees again, and it required a visit to Argelès and Bagnères de Bigorre to renew our acquaintance with this magnificent range of mountains. My cousins the Edward Ridleys and my wife's brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Stratheden, joined us at Bagnères, and together we visited the Virgin's grotto at Lourdes, and the Cirque de Gavarnie, each in its own way a remarkable sight. On the way home we broke our journey at Poitiers, where the sight of many interesting old buildings, churches and picturesque mediæval streets made up for the very poor accommodation obtainable. After a short stay in Paris we returned to London on the 22nd of April, to find the discussion on the Procedure rules still in progress. This, however, came to an end on the 2nd of May, although a good many were left over for future consideration and one was left incomplete; and on the 5th of May the second reading of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill, destined to occupy an inordinate length of time, and eventually to be his undoing, was carried by a majority of 237.

We spent a few days at Whitsuntide at Crabbet, the home of Mr. Wilfred and Lady Anne Blunt, but at that time tenanted by Sir Edward and Lady Ridley.

It is a fine Queen Anne house, with a small park and lake, a large walled garden and accommodation for a considerable number of Arab horses, in the breeding and sale of which the Blunts for many years interested themselves. The erection of an unsightly tennis court has, however, done much to ruin the appearance and amenities of the place.

Peace was signed at Pretoria on the 31st of May, and the war, which had lasted for two years and six months, at length came officially to an end. Lord Halsbury had been much jeered at for having said the year before that a "sort of a war" was still going on, but he was perfectly right. For a long time before the signature of peace the Boer armies had been non-existent, although some desultory guerilla fighting was here and there in progress, and De Wet with a band of followers was scuttling about, eluding capture, with the activity of a bit of quicksilver. However, everybody was heartily glad when the Peace was signed. A public Thanksgiving Service was held at St. Paul's, at which the King and Queen attended, and the Houses of Parliament were also officially present, and myself amongst the number.

The committee stage of the Education Bill began on the 2nd of June. Little did the Government or the House foresee the length to which it would be protracted. I think I was in the Chair at every sitting. The end did not come until the 20th of November, after forty-five sittings, and even then it had become necessary to introduce, for the purpose, a "guillotine" resolution, as it was nicknamed, under which a time limit was fixed for each clause or group of clauses. It is an unsatisfactory procedure, for the shadow of the guillotine makes all debate unreal. The Opposition

feels that, however good a case they may make, at a given moment the axe will fall, the discussion end, and the Government supporters summoned to attend for that particular hour, will troop into the lobby against them. The Government, on the other hand, with the same knowledge of what will happen, are indifferent to the arguments used in the discussion and disinclined to make any concessions to meet them.

At all events the discussions, protracted over some four or five months, became extremely dreary and wearisome. The same arguments, put forward on slightly different amendments, were used over and over again. The supporters of the Bill, although generally favourable to its principles, were somewhat doubtful of the possible results and were not in accord with all the details. Mr. Balfour bore the whole weight of the Bill on his shoulders, though he had at first the assistance of Sir John Gorst and subsequently that of Sir William Anson as Vice-Presidents of the Board of Education. The Opposition was carried on most vigorously by Mr. Lloyd George and a small band of Welsh Members, including Mr. Herbert Lewis, Mr. Herbert Roberts and Mr. Samuel Evans, and with a great deal of assistance from Dr. Macnamara and the English Nonconformist M.P.'s. During its passage through the Commons the framework of the Bill was considerably altered in some of its main features, and this no doubt did not add to the celerity or the smoothness of its passage.

In anticipation of the Coronation of King Edward which had been fixed for the end of June, a number of Colonial and Indian troops had come to London and were much in evidence in the streets, which had been disfigured by wooden stands erected in the main

thoroughfares for the Coronation procession. But owing to the King's sudden illness, two or three days before the day fixed, the ceremonies had to be postponed. There was, however, a review on the Horse Guards parade of the troops and a very striking Durbar held in the India Office, at which all the leading Indian potentates and military commanders made their obeisance to the Prince of Wales, going through the action of placing their swords at his disposal. I was a witness of both these ceremonies and I do not remember ever to have seen a more brilliant or interesting assemblage than that at the India Office.

Before the House rose for the summer recess Lord Salisbury announced his resignation of the Prime Ministership, and at the same time Sir M. Hicks Beach resigned his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer. As the sequel showed, these resignations affected very profoundly the fortunes of the party, of which they had both for many years been such wise and capable leaders. There can be little doubt that had they remained in office, Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial Preference schemes, which were brought forward in the following year, would have remained in abeyance or would have been put forward in such a way as not to embarrass the party.

However, Lord Salisbury was feeling the burden of his advancing years; the responsibility of his office weighed heavily upon him: foreseeing the approach of another General Election, he was doubtless anxious to leave the control of the party in younger hands, and he must have felt that his life's work was done. I remember his telling me that he caught himself dropping off to sleep at a Cabinet meeting, and that he looked upon that lapse as a warning that it was time to go.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach's economical soul had been severely tried by the great increase of expenditure in the public service, occasioned by the Boer War; this and the consequent necessity for heavy increases of taxation had wrung his heart-strings; he had repeatedly shown how averse he was from the imposition of these financial burdens, however necessary, and it must have been with a sigh of relief that he surrendered the seals of the Exchequer. I have always looked upon Sir Michael Hicks Beach with the deepest admiration and respect. A country gentleman, fond of country pursuits, a good rider to hounds, a knowledgeable agriculturalist and a practical farmer, he devoted himself during the greater part of his life to the pursuit of politics. I doubt if it was ever with him a very congenial occupation, but he felt that it was his duty, and in obedience to that call he placed his great gifts at the disposal of his party and of the State.

He served in many offices, and in all of them with distinction. He was a good speaker, his tall, handsome appearance adding to the dignity and authority with which he addressed the House; he was an indefatigable worker and a successful administrator. The faults of temper and impetuosity from which his colleagues in the Cabinet or his followers in the lobby occasionally suffered, were never apparent in the House itself. However violent he may have been in his room or behind the Speaker's Chair, when he rose to address the House he was affability itself; but his determination and decision did not fail to make themselves felt and appreciated. Amongst the younger Members he was known as Black Michael, a character in the *Prisoner of Zenda*. I have heard him described as "a bad horse to go up to in the stable," and it may well have been

so. I remember on one occasion, soon after I had taken over the duties of the Chairmanship, having to wrestle with some irrelevancies and impertinences on the part of Dr. Tanner. Sir Michael thought, and I dare-say rightly, that I was giving the Member for Cork too much rope, and edging along the bench he came close to me and in an undertone reproved me in very strong language for what he considered my *lâches*. Although I was only new to the business, I resented his interference and determined not to be influenced by his reproofs, so I said nothing, but gave the Doctor a little more rope. Sir Michael never bore any malice and we were always on very friendly terms. Although Sir Michael retired from the Government, he remained another four years in the House of Commons, of which he became the "Father," before going to the Lords in 1906.

Supply was closed on the 4th of August; on the 7th the twentieth sitting of the Committee on the Education Bill was held, and on the 8th the House rose for the summer recess.

CHAPTER XVI

1902-1904

Coronation of King Edward—Mr. J. Chamberlain's Policy—Death of "Jim" Lowther

1902

Coronation Day was on the 9th of August 1902. My wife and I had places allotted to us amongst the Commons' seats in a gallery on the south side of the choir in Westminster Abbey. Mine was a very bad one, my view being obstructed by two thick pillars which effectually prevented my seeing the actual ceremony of the Coronation, although I could hear the King and the Archbishop distinctly. I have a recollection, however, of gazing at George Wyndham in the brilliant blue mantle of St. Patrick, with his wife, Lady Grosvenor, by his side, sitting in the choir below and opposite, and I also caught a sight of Archbishop Temple falling just after doing homage to the King. Opposite our seats, but above us, were seated the Westminster School boys, who at a given moment all shouted "Vivat! Vivat! Vivat Rex Edwardus!"

The service was long but had been, I believe, somewhat shortened in view of the King's state of health. We arrived at the Abbey at 8.15 a.m. and as the service did not begin till 12, had a long wait, but we were fortunate in escaping early and got home for luncheon about 2.30.

That night we travelled down to Hutton John, and

there we spent the summer, forgoing our usual visits to Scotland, owing to the shortness of the recess.

On the 16th of October the House met again and resumed work on the Education Bill, which continued steadily for a month. After thirty-eight sittings Mr. Balfour determined to take drastic measures to bring this stage to a close, and by means of a guillotining resolution, in which the axe fell seven times on seven clauses or groups of clauses, the end of the 45th sitting and of the Bill was reached on the 20th of November.

It did not take long to get through the report and other stages, and the House was prorogued on the 18th of December.

In this autumn session Sir Courtney P. Ilbert took the place of Sir Archibald Milman as Clerk of the House. Sir Courtney, whose name was familiar in connection with the Ilbert Bill, which under the Viceroyalty of Lord Ripon in India had been a matter of prolonged and bitter contention, had been engaged in the Government draftsman's department and was an adept at that work, but during the course of the preparation of the Education Bill, he had not been able to work with Mr. Balfour on the terms of complete confidence and mutual trust which are indispensable in such a position, and was offered the position of Clerk of the House. Although he had not had any experience of the procedure of the House of Commons, his industry and ability soon enabled him to grasp the difficulties, and his powers of draftsmanship were often called into requisition in connection with the preparation of resolutions or new Standing Orders.

Mr. Jenkinson, the Clerk Assistant, whose health had given way, was replaced by Mr. A. Nicholson.

The latter was a tall, stalwart specimen of humanity, well acquainted with all the intricacies of House of Commons procedure and the minutiæ of the various departments, and often rendered me great assistance in the discharge of my duties at the Table. In his time he had rowed in the Oxford eight, and his love of flowers and of stalking (he was a Scottish laird) formed a bond of union between us. He met with a terrible misfortune for one day, whilst shaving, his hand slipped and the razor cut into his left eye, with the result that he lost the sight of it. Mr. Nicholson had been Second Clerk Assistant, and he was succeeded by Mr. T. L. Webster, a cousin of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice. He has now deservedly mounted the ladder of promotion and, as a reward of his abilities, finds himself the Clerk of the House.

1903

In the spring of this year, by my doctor's advice, and having obtained leave of absence, my wife and I spent six weeks in the north of Italy. We stayed for a time at Porto Fino, and then visited Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua and Verona, returning about the 1st of April. I was not therefore in attendance when the House met, but immediately on my return had to sit once or twice for the Speaker, who was ill. My deputy, Mr. Jeffreys, had filled the chair very competently during my absence.

The Bills which during this session occupied the Committee of the whole House were the London Education Bill, transferring the work of the old London School Board to a Statutory Committee of the London County Council; and the Irish Land Bill, an extension of the

Ashbourne Act, converting Irish tenancies into freeholds on the payment of a fixed number of annuities.

Mr. George Wyndham, who had succeeded Mr. Gerald Balfour as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, piloted the Irish Land Bill through its ten sittings in committee with consummate success; but the Bill, though complicated, had the general support of the Irish party and Mr. Wyndham had few difficulties in that quarter.

The votes in Supply were closed on the 6th of August, but the Motor Bill, which led to a good deal of contentious debate in committee, kept the House sitting for another ten days, and prorogation did not take place until the 14th of August.

The main topic which occupied the thoughts of politicians during this summer was Mr. J. Chamberlain's scheme for Imperial Preference, which he launched upon the world at Whitsuntide. Stated quite briefly, it proposed the imposition of duties upon all manufactured imports, and duties upon all agricultural produce except such as came to us from the Dominions and Colonies. The *Edinburgh Review* nicknamed this policy "Lowtherism," because it was the policy which my cousin Mr. James Lowther had for years advocated in and out of season. But his voice had been that of one crying in the wilderness. When Mr. Chamberlain adopted it and advocated it, Mr. James Lowther was unfortunately in a precarious state of health and could not put his former vigour into its support. It was a tragic incident in his career, for he had devoted his life to the topic and had been persistent and courageous in his pursuit of it.

Mr. Chamberlain's bombshell had an immediately disruptive effect on the Conservative party and placed Mr. Balfour in a great difficulty. The latter was above

all anxious to keep his party together, especially in view of the advent of a General Election, which it was evident could not be long postponed. He struggled hard to ride the two horses abreast, and was so far successful that for another two years he kept his position, at all events in appearance, though in reality it was Mr. Chamberlain who led.

The first crisis occurred on the 8th of June, when the Cabinet decided that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme should form no part of their policy; and this decision enabled the Government to carry on smoothly, for during this session there were no indications of any fissiparous tendencies. These appeared later. On the surface, matters appeared to be progressing evenly and the Government, at the conclusion of the session, could point to a good harvest of legislation. It was not until after Lord Salisbury's death that matters came to a crisis in the Cabinet, when on the 18th of September Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton resigned.

An unexpected termination of the business of Supply, set down for the 2nd of July, gave me an opportunity this year, of which in preceding years I had not been able to avail myself, of dining with the Club, which was sometimes called the 77 Club and sometimes the Tripos Club.

It consisted, as I have already stated, of a number of Cambridge men, who had worked for the 1877 Classical Tripos under the tuition of Mr. H. M. Jackson, or had been members of the same côterie at about that period. On this occasion our old friend, philosopher and guide, Mr. Jackson, was present and in good form. Mr. Edward Lyttelton, then Headmaster of Eton, and his brother Alfred, soon to succeed Mr. Chamberlain as Secretary

for the Colonies, were present; so were Mr. Donaldson, the very popular and efficient Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Mr. H. O. D. Davidson, a Master at Harrow and a charming companion; Mr. Alan Gray, the seven-foot-tall organist of Trinity College, Cambridge; Mr. E. T. Gurdon, a busy solicitor who yet found time to act as our secretary; Mr. Charles Hardinge, who was to win the highest distinctions in the Diplomatic and Indian Services; Mr. A. C. Cole, who when at Cambridge played tennis for his University and was destined to become Governor of the Bank of England; Mr. Herbert Gibbs, now Lord Hunsdon, of the great firm of Gibbs & Co., City merchants, and Chairman of the City Conservative Association; and Mr. A. Soames, for some time Liberal M.P. for a division of Norfolk.

The Club gives an opportunity for those whose lot in life has led them into very divergent paths, to meet again and discuss old times and old friends; but, alas! our numbers are gradually diminishing. The pivot round whom we revolved, Mr. H. M. Jackson, is no more, and of those whom I have named above besides him, there are four whose faces we shall never see again.

Soon after the beginning of the recess my wife's cousin, Mary Lady Galloway, died after a short illness. She had been a kind and dear friend to us and I was her trustee and executor. She was a woman of unusual cleverness and capacity, whose life had been spoilt by a marriage with one who was never her equal in intellectual or moral qualifications, and who in the last years of his life had caused her infinite solicitude and disquiet. She had, however, become a widow a year or two before, and seemed to be at last living her own life in comfort and amongst the surroundings

which she had long sought, when a sudden attack of pneumonia proved beyond the powers of her endurance and she sank under it.

She was the half-sister of Lord Salisbury, and was buried at Hatfield on the 22nd of August, and on that same day Lord Salisbury himself died there. My wife and I came up from Cumberland to attend his funeral, which was of a simple and unostentatious character, though attended by a vast concourse of people.

Owing to my wife being Lord Salisbury's niece, I had for many years been in the habit of visiting Hatfield from time to time, and when I became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1891, I had fuller opportunities of being brought into contact with him. A shy and reserved man with strangers or acquaintances only, he was unaffectedly simple and affectionate in the family circle. He permitted to all his family the utmost licence and candour in their criticisms of his political actions or those of his colleagues. A benevolent smile was sometimes the only reply which he would deign to give. My own relations with Lord Salisbury, though never intimate, were always friendly. All the time that I was his Under Secretary I very seldom saw him. Only once or twice can I recall having had to apply to him personally for instructions. He was not a believer in personal interviews either with Under Secretaries, British or Foreign Ambassadors, or officials of any kind. He got through an immense quantity of work in an incredibly short space of time. His despatches were masterpieces of draftsmanship and of style, and his minutes often brilliantly cynical commentaries. Unlike his successors, Lord Rosebery or Lord Kimberley, he shunned interviews with returning or departing Ambassadors or Ministers. He thought

such interviews a waste of time. Lord Rosebery, I have always understood, regarded a prolonged lecture from an Ambassador freshly returned from his post abroad, as the best method of acquiring full knowledge of the political situation there; whilst Lord Kimberley, I have been told, though equally anxious to interview the returned diplomat, did all the talking himself.

Lord Salisbury spoke with ease and fluency, and had some wonderfully deep tones in his sonorous voice. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, he never indulged in any gesticulation, but trusted to the aptness of his epigrams and the sound common sense of his criticisms to carry conviction. An occasional bitterness in political controversy formed a curious contrast to his well-known kindness of heart and deeply religious feeling. He was averse from public appearances or display and never cultivated the minor arts of obtaining popularity. He once told me that the speech which gave him the greatest anxiety and trouble in preparation was the 9th of November speech at the Guildhall, which, as Prime Minister, he was annually expected to make; for many of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers would call to see him in the days following upon its delivery, seeking for explanation and elucidation of some of its phrases.

The resignations of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, were followed a few weeks later by that of the Duke of Devonshire, who as a confirmed Free Trader, was finding his position in the party extremely ambiguous.

My wife and I spent most of the summer and autumn at Hutton John, varied only by one or two Scotch visits and a visit to Campsea Ashe to celebrate the

golden wedding anniversary of my parents. All the family were present with the exception of my next brother Gerard, who was at that time Minister in Chile. My eldest sister, who had married M. Paul Vieugué of the French Diplomatic Service, and my younger sister, who was then unmarried, were there, and so were my two other brothers, Harold and Cecil, the former having just returned from his ranche in Montana, U.S.A., and the latter home on leave from his regiment, the Scots Guards.

1904

At the beginning of this year I took over the Mastership of the Blencathra Hounds, which have their kennels in the neighbourhood of Keswick and hunt the mountains of the Lake district. It is a farmers' pack, kept partly for the sake of the sport provided and partly in self-defence against the hill foxes, which would otherwise take too serious a toll of the lambs on the fellsides. Everybody has heard of John Peel, the famous huntsman who "lived in Caldbeck once on a day" and hunted his pack for fifty-five years. The Blencathra have some of the strain of John Peel's hounds in them, and still hunt a good deal of John Peel's country; but John Peel included a good deal of low-land country in his sphere of influence, and the Blencathra limits its activities to the higher ground. Peel's famous run from "Low Denton side to Scratchmere Scar" was over country which a horse could negotiate, and indeed I have taken part in a run with the Cumberland foxhounds over the same ground, but in the reverse direction, viz. from Scratchmere Scar to Low Denton side; but the Blencathra country is not rideable, it

is on the hilltops and sides, far too steep and rocky for any horses. The most serviceable mount available might be a bicycle for the roads, along the bottom of the valleys, but the man who wishes to see any of the sport must trust to a sturdy pair of legs to take him to the tops and to a pair of glasses to enable him to see what is going forward. Between John Peel and myself there had been only two Masters, viz. the Croziers, father and son; but the hunt continued the tradition of the "coat so grey" and retained the local popularity which it had achieved under its original Master. John Peel lies buried in the churchyard at Caldbeck, his tombstone decorated with representations of trophies of the chase and of his whip and horse. I have often visited it in my peregrinations, and on one occasion, the Cumberland Hounds having killed a fox close by, the fox was broken up on John Peel's grave.

I inaugurated my Mastership of the Blencathra by organizing a joint meet with the Ullswater foxhounds, kept by the late Mr. John Hasell of Dalemain. It was a pack of the same character as the Blencathra. We met at Gowbarrow just above the lake of Ullswater on the 14th of January, had a large concourse of followers, one very good run, and killed two foxes.

During the years which followed I was occasionally out with my pack, but Parliamentary duties after 1905 became more insistent and my opportunities of joining in the sport more limited.

The Parliamentary session, which began on the 2nd of February, made an unfortunate start. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, was ill in bed and unable to attend the House. Mr. Akers Douglas, who was then Home Secretary, was overweighted with the task

of explaining the situation of the Government *vis-à-vis* Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign, and the Ministry cut but a poor figure. A defeat on one of their supplementary estimates did not assist them, and it was not until the Opposition moved a vote of censure on the subject of the importation of Chinese labour into the mines of the Transvaal, that the supporters of the Government got together and gave them a majority of 57. The chief legislation of the session comprised a Trades Union Disputes Bill, an Aliens Bill, a Scotch Education Bill, a Licensing Bill, and a Defaulting Authorities Bill. All of these occupied some little time in Committee, the longest being the Licensing Bill, which was not completed until its twelfth day in Committee, after the application of a guillotining resolution. The Compensation Bill was in charge of Sir Edward Carson, whose handling of that difficult and contentious subject filled me with admiration and respect for his great Parliamentary abilities.

During the session the Speaker was on several occasions in ill health and unable to carry out his duties in the Chair, and it devolved upon me, in addition to my own duties, to sit as Deputy Speaker.

The Prime Minister, in his determination to keep his party together at all costs, was fertile in inventing formulæ for that purpose, and on the whole was outwardly successful. He was anxious not to break with Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reformers, and he was at the same time seeking to retain the support of the Free Traders in the ranks of the Conservative party. On all questions, except on the Fiscal question, the party was united and gave Mr. Balfour substantial majorities, and doubtless he felt that as the Parliament had only run three and a half years and as he had a majority, he

was not justified in plunging into a dissolution, the upshot of which must be uncertain. But the changes since 1900 had been very considerable. Queen Victoria, under whom the Parliament had been summoned, was no more. Lord Salisbury was gone. Of the Ministers who had been his colleagues in 1900 Mr. Balfour had lost the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Goschen, Sir M. Hicks Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord George Hamilton. Very few of the old Cabinet were left, and those by no means the most prominent or best known politicians. It is true that the Liberal Opposition was in a not much more harmonious condition than the supporters of the Government, but at least they were united on the Fiscal question, and in the by-elections which occurred during 1904 and the following year, with disconcerting frequency, the Liberals were fighting on the Fiscal policy with a united front, whilst the Unionists were uncertain where they stood and regularly suffered defeat. Another important factor in the determination of the by-elections was the Nonconformist vote. This had been cast in the 1886, 1892 and 1900 elections against Home Rule, but Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1901 had largely alienated the Nonconformists, and if not actually voting against the Unionist candidates, their abstentions were sufficient to ensure a Unionist defeat.

In the meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain and his friends were busy everywhere capturing the control of the party organization, and even in some cases running Tariff Reform candidates against the officially selected Unionist candidate and with success. The feeling that a dissolution could not be much longer delayed also had its effect upon Members in the House itself. Those

of them who were not going to submit themselves again for election, grew indifferent as to the work in the House, whilst those who proposed to stand again busied themselves more with their constituencies than with Westminster. There was therefore a feeling of unreality about the debates in the House, though the Government kept its majority on any important occasions for which a special Whip was issued.

We had a very long sitting to finish the committee stage of the Finance Bill on the 19th of July. Taking the Chair at 2 p.m. on the Tuesday, I did not leave it, in order to report the Bill to the House, until 4 p.m. on the Wednesday. The sitting lasted twenty-six hours, of which I spent eighteen in the Chair. I took an interval of an hour and a half at home for breakfast, and an occasional brief interval for refreshment in my room at the House, but it was a fatiguing experience, and the only consolation was that having overlapped the hour at which the House should normally have met on the Wednesday, there was no sitting that evening, and an early bed soon restored the exhausted energies of the previous night.

Supply was closed on the 9th of August at a late sitting, and four days later the Prorogation came.

At Whitsuntide this year my wife and I had our first experience of a prolonged motor trip. Our friend Mr. Arthur Flower, who was debarred by lameness from walking, had taken up motoring in its early days as a means of enjoying country air and English scenery, and invited us to join him in a trip. We spent Whitsuntide at Longford Castle with Lord and Lady Radnor, and joined Mr. A. Flower at Salisbury.

The first day's run took us to Exeter, whence we went to Falmouth, which we made our headquarters

for a day or two, and on the home journey stayed at Bournemouth and at Bath, getting back to town in time for the meeting of the House at the end of the Whitsun recess, delighted with what was then a novel experience.

Sir William Anson, who combined the Wardenship of All Souls with the Under Secretaryship of the Board of Education, invited us for a week-end to stay with him at Oxford. Our fellow-guests were Lord and Lady Londonderry (he was then President of the Board of Education and Anson's chief) and Mr. J. and Lady Gertrude Cochrane (he was then Under Secretary for the Home Office). Sir W. Anson and his two sisters, who lived with him, were cousins of my wife, and we had always been on friendly terms. The weather was hot and we spent most of the time in the garden.

A curious incident happened to me on the first night of our stay. Sir William had invited a few friends to dinner and amongst them Canon and Mrs. Ottley. Happening to sit next to the latter and by way of opening the conversation, I asked her if she had read a book which I had recently read with much amusement, called *Modern Bœotia*. It had been quite recently published anonymously and had attracted a good deal of attention by its humour and clever delineation of rustic character. "Yes," she said, "I wrote it." I had never had any reason to associate her name with the book, nor was I even aware of her name until a few moments before dinner, and can only consider it a very remarkable coincidence.

Other visits which we paid during the summer were to Wynyard, where Lord and Lady Londonderry used annually to entertain a large party at the beginning of September for partridge shooting and for Stockton

races. Wynyard is a fine house with stately rooms, in a good position overlooking a large piece of water, but in disagreeable surroundings. The atmosphere is thick with the smoke of coal-pits, ironworks, blast furnaces and other industrial activities, the trees are consequently stunted and the foliage assumes a dirty hue. Notwithstanding the difficulties, Lady Londonderry had achieved a great success with her garden, to the long herbaceous borders and the surprise vistas of which she had devoted much care and attention. She was an ideal hostess, clever, brilliant, amusing, extremely well read, very fond of politics and withal a great lady in London society. Although she was not tall, she carried herself so well and had such a fine, dignified and handsome appearance, that her presence was always distinguished and often commanding. The words of Virgil are applicable to her: "Vera incessu patuit dea." Lord Londonderry was a cheery and genial host, with a strong sense of humour and himself full of anecdote. He had not perhaps the ability and talents which make a statesman of the first class, but he could speak sufficiently well, was indefatigable in his work for the Conservative party, and was one of the few speakers in the House of Lords who could stir that assembly into any appearance of enthusiasm. As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he had carried out his duties in a princely manner, and had left behind him an honoured reputation. Our visit to Wynyard this year was the first of a long series, always paid at about the beginning of September, which only came to an end with the death of our host in 1915.

Whilst we were at Wynyard my cousin and namesake, Mr. James Lowther, died at his home, Wilton Castle, Redcar, about fifteen or twenty miles from

Wynyard, on the other side of Stockton. Mr. James Lowther, or as he was generally called "Jim Lowther," had gone into politics as a very young man, soon after leaving Cambridge; he filled a minor post in Mr. Disraeli's Government in 1866 to 1868; the highest position to which he reached was that of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1874 to 1878; after having sat for York for a number of years, he was defeated there in 1880 and had some difficulty in finding another seat, but eventually became M.P. for the Isle of Thanet, for which constituency he sat until his death. He belonged to the old school of Toryism, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson used to call the "Long-horned Tories," was a staunch supporter of Protection, a capable though rather cumbrous speaker, a cheery, popular personage, and an ardent supporter of the Turf. In appearance singularly plain, he dressed whilst in London like a countryman and in the country like a Londoner. His devotion to his old father, Sir Charles Lowther, who was blind, was remarkable and touching. He left me his executor and, until his nephew Mr. J. G. Lowther came of age, trustee of the Wilton estate; but his affairs were in such good order that this responsibility was not arduous or troublesome. In the capacity, however, of his executor I succeeded to the trusteeship of the Lowther estates, which was a much more serious undertaking and has ever since demanded much time and attention. Jim Lowther had a wonderful knowledge of "slang" terms, which he would introduce into private conversation much to the amusement and mystification of his audience; but in public speech he never made use of it, making use rather of somewhat ponderous and circumlocutory diction. He had been a great friend and ally of Lady Londonderry,

politics and the Turf being their bonds of union, and she was much concerned at his death. From Wynyard we went over together to Wilton to attend his funeral.

Whilst we were at Hutton John in the autumn we had the pleasure of visits from numerous friends, including Lord and Lady Rayleigh. Lord Rayleigh, whom we had several times visited at Terling, Essex, was a very pleasant and agreeable companion. Notwithstanding the eminent position which he had achieved in the scientific world, he could and did take great interest in lighter matters, could tell a good story and enjoyed hearing one, had a great sense of humour and enjoyed the relaxation which Society small-talk and chaff afforded; but when at home he was fond of showing his guests over his laboratory, and of testing their eyesight for colour blindness. Once when he was searching for the gas which he eventually discovered and named Argon, he took us all down to his cellar, where he was engaged in weighing large bottles, which to the uninitiated eye appeared to be empty. I remonstrated with him on his *gaucherie* in showing us empty bottles in a wine cellar.

In October my eldest son went to stay for a time with a family at Montauban in the South of France, for the purpose of improving his knowledge of French, and my wife and I accompanied him thither, and after depositing him in their charge, made a short trip to Toulouse, Carcassonne, Nîmes, Arles, Aigues Mortes, les Beaux, Orange and Avignon, a very delightful little tour, which gave us the opportunity of seeing the country of Daudet's inimitable Tartarin and making the acquaintance of the architectural remains of the old Roman civilization as well as of the many picturesque spots in the valley of the Rhone.

I got back in time for Quarter Sessions at Carlisle, which were this year unusually heavy, involving the trial of twenty-eight prisoners, most of whom were concerned with charges of rioting at Harrington in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven. The duty also fell upon me of drafting the new rules under which the compensation levy on licensed premises was to be established and the Licensing Committee of the County to be set up. My draft was accepted by the Justices, and with slight modifications still remains the code under which these proceedings are carried on.

End of Volume I

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